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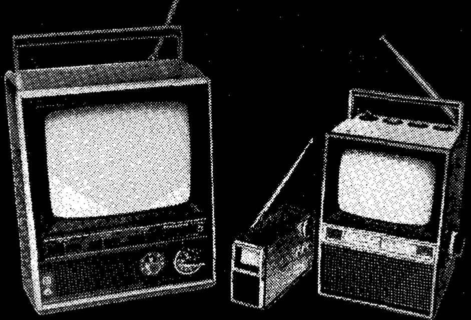

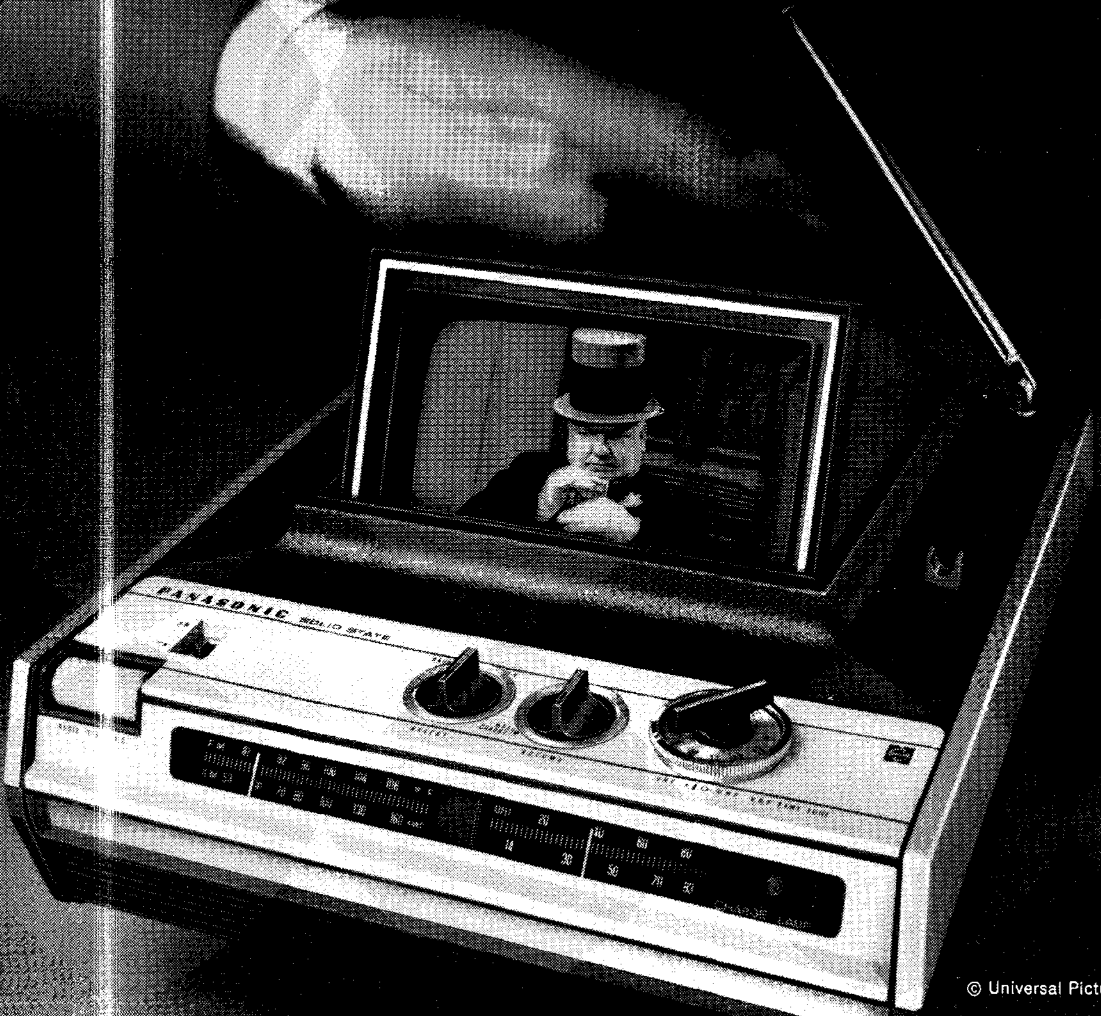

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AC/DC—A London import by Heathcote Williams, directed by John Hirsch. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 7.)

Acrobats and **Line**—A brace of one-acters by Israel Horovitz. "Line," by far the longer of the two, is a comedy with sad and grim undertones about a group of people jockeying for position in a line that goes nowhere. The characters are droll and the actors—Barnard Hughes, John Randolph, John Cazale, Richard Dreyfuss, and Ann Wedgeworth—do them full justice. The curtain-raiser is a brief, alarming skit about a pair of acrobats. James Hammerstein was the director. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little—A play by Paul Zindel, starring Julie Harris, Estelle Parsons, Nancy Marchand, and Rae Allen. Directed by Melvin Bernhardt. Preview Wednesday evening, Feb. 24. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 25. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30.)

Four on a Garden—Carol Channing and Sid Caesar in some dreary driblets of playlets, all set in a dreary house facing a dreary garden. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gingerbread Lady—Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen are superlative in a play by Neil Simon that is funny and sad and a touch too earnest for its own good. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna playing the women of Joyce, Shaw, O'Casey, Yeats, Synge, Stephens, Beckett, and others, in a show imported from London. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, satiric, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Macbeth—Awful. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays, except Feb. 24, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 1; and Thursday, Feb. 25, at 1:30, plus an extra performance on Wednesday, March 3, at 11 A.M.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—A version that owes nearly as much to the idiosyncratic notions of the director, Peter Brook, as to the author, who never blotted a line and never *had* a director. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1:50. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

Pinkville—A play by George Tabori, with music by Stanley Walden. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—An entertaining production of Harold Pinter's early, funny, scary play, **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY**, with Betty Field. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except March 6, at 8; Sundays at 7:30; and Saturday, March 6, at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays, except March 6, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 14.)

The School for Wives—A creditable, uninspired production of Molière's marvellous comedy. Brian Bedford plays the distracted cornu-

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COVER: *Donald Reilly*

DRAWINGS: *Ed Fisher, William Steig, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Frank Modell, Edward Frascino, Alan Dunn, Henry Martin, Edward Koren, Mischa Richter, Al Ross, Warren Miller, Richard Oldden, Vahan Shirvanian, Lee Lorenz, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, Charles Barsotti, Donald Reilly*

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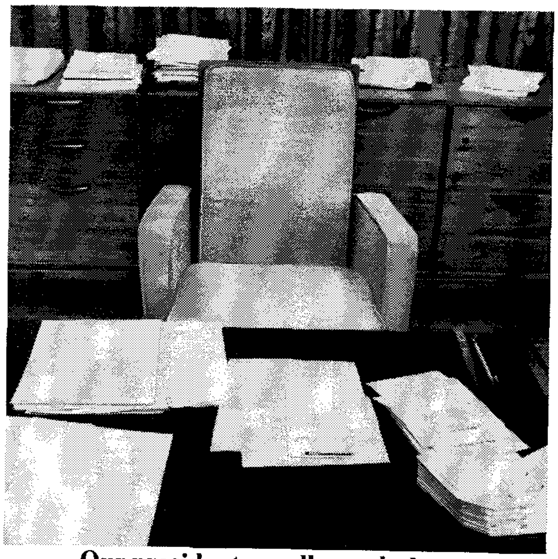

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tophobe. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Slag—A London play by David Hare. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Sleuth—Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre—Paul Sills' happy animation of some fairly Grimm material. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Subject to Fits—A fantasy that takes off from "The Idiot" (and stays aloft intermittently). In form, it is less a play than a ballet with words. Some of the words are Dostoevski's. A new playwright, Robert Montgomery, makes his local début. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Two by Ibsen—**A DOLL'S HOUSE:** A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . **HEDDA GABLER:** Miss Bloom's Hedda is quite good, though not all it might be, and she is given rather weak support by the rest of the cast. Monday through Saturday, March 1-6. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom moving. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. With Pamela Payton-Wright. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Do It Again!—Margaret Whiting, Clifton Davis, and several others in a program of Gershwin songs. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Earthlight—A rock musical with a score by a group called Pure Love and Pleasure. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 533-8270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	1	2	3	4	5	6

No, No, Nanette—Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash hit. Raoul Pène du Bois has provided sets and costumes that literally scintillate, and the splendid cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rothschilds—Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy account of their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tarot—An entertainment of mime and folk-rock music. Reopens Thursday, Feb. 25. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat complacent, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Danny Kaye in a dreary reënactment of the story of Noah. God promised Noah that the Flood would never happen again, and it would be wise to exact the same promise from Broadway. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **COMPANY:** Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** And putting on his stiff collar and rebellious tie, he spoke to them, chiding them, and to his dangling watchchain. His hands plunged and rummaged in his trunk while he called for a clean handkerchief. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Agenbite of inwit. God, we'll simply have to dress the character. I want puce gloves and green boots. Contradiction. Do I contradict myself? Very well then, I contradict myself. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Mercurial Malachi. A limp black missile flew out of his talking hands. —And there's your Latin quarter hat, he said. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **HAIR:** Elizabeth did not quite equal her father in personal contentment. Thirteen years had seen her mistress of Kellynch Hall, presiding and directing with a self-possession and decision which could never have given the idea of her being younger than she was. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** For thirteen years had she been doing the honours, and laying down the domestic law at home, and leading the way to the chaise-and-four, and walking immediately after Lady Russell out of all the drawing-rooms and dining-rooms in the country. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Moves on Tuesday, March 2, to the Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St., 982-9815. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Thirteen winters' revolving frosts had seen her opening every ball of credit which a scanty neighbourhood afforded; and thirteen springs shown their blossoms, as she travelled up to London with her father, for a few weeks' annual enjoyment of the great world. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7050. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. No performances Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 24-25.). . . **PURLIE:** An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Moves," unnamed ballet No. 1 (première), and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Secret Places," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Moves," unnamed ballet No. 1, and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "Secret Places," and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Trinity," "Sea Shadow," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 28, at 2:30: "Petrouchka," "Sea Shadow," and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 28, at 7:30: "Moves," "Confetti," "The Lesson," and "Trinity.". . . ¶ Tuesday, March 2, at 8: "Petrouchka," unnamed ballet No. 1, and "Astarte.". . . ¶ Wednesday, March 3, at 8: "Moves," unnamed ballet No. 2 (première), and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Thursday, March 4, at 8: "Olympics," unnamed ballet No. 1, and "Astarte.". . . ¶ Friday, March 5, at 8: "Moves," unnamed ballet No. 2, and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "The Still Point," and "Façade.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 8: "Moves," "Confetti," "Sea Shadow," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, March 28.)

City Center American Dance Marathon—An eight-week winter series of appearances by nine companies; through Saturday, March 13. **NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE.** Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Somniloquy," "Structures," and "Tent." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Divertissement II," "Scenario" (première), and "Tent." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Structures," "Scenario," and "Tent." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2:30: "Somniloquy," "Scenario," and "Structures." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Echo," "Tent," and "Tower." . . . ¶ Monday, March 1, at 7:30: "Divertissement I," "Echo," and "Tower." . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 2, at 8: "Somniloquy," "Scenario," and "Tent." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 3, at 2: "Somniloquy," "Scenario," and "Structures." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 3, at 8: "Divertissement II," "Echo," and "Tent." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 4, at 8: "Divertissement II," "Scenario," and "Structures." . . . ¶ Friday, March 5, at 8: "Somniloquy," "Structures," and "Tent." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 2:30: "Divertissement I," "Echo," and "Tower." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 8: "Somniloquy," "Scenario," and "Tent." (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Dion, more straightforward and blues-oriented than he used to be, is onstage through Sunday, Feb. 28. A couple of girls called the New Seekers start Friday, March 5. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples. Closed Monday, March 1, and Wednesday and Thursday, March 3-4.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from ten to two. Hal Galper is on electric piano, working with a bass player. On Tuesday, March 2, they will be relieved by the Charlie Brown trio—piano, bass, and guitar. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy is here, along with a bassist. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—One of the best one-woman shows in the performing arts is put on by Mary Lou Williams in communion with her piano. Michael Fleming's bass is her background from eight to one every night but Sunday. But Sundays are not wasted: From seven to twelve, Sammy Price, on the same piano, revives jazz of prehistory.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—On dreary old Tenth, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers music from the instrument it is named for, along with an acceptable version of soul food. Ted Dunbar will be on guitar and Larry Ridley on bass through Sunday, Feb. 28, after which a mini-festival of one-night stands begins: Tuesday, March 2, George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli; Wednesday, March 3, Jim Hall and Ron Carter; Thursday, March 4, the Joe Puma duo; Friday, March 5, Gene Bertoncini and Linc Milliman; Saturday, March 6, Kenny Burrell and Wilbur Little. Music Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—A smooth, generally inventive quartet whose rhythm section consists of Ross Tompkins, Mousey Alexander, and Victor Sproles is on the stand six nights a week. Saxophonist Al Cohn will be the fourth man through Saturday, Feb. 27. Fridays through Sundays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Eddie Thompson knows where jazz piano began and how it grew, and this knowledge is implicit in his competent and often very dynamic keyboard work. He plays alone Mondays and Wednesdays. Fridays through Sundays, Dr. Lyn Christie is added on bass. On Tuesdays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn fresh. No music Thursdays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old reliable, a haven for solid Dixieland. The musicians will be Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi until Monday, March 1, when Jimmy McPartland will replace Eldridge on trumpet. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (477-9532)—A new center of warmth and amity. Pianist Cecil Young, a stylistic virtuoso, does a lot of things on his instrument and then tops them off with double-talk and scat singing. He is assisted by Hal Dodson on bass and Bobby Hamilton on drums. Music from nine Wednesdays through Sundays. Collard greens, black-eyed peas, and so forth.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—This nostalgic and gilded re-creation of *temps perdu* offers a banjo band, beer, and occasional old movies. Also plastic boaters and stuffed polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel swell. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Jazz most nights from nine until closing by a quartet led by reed man Pharoah Sanders. On Tuesday, March 2, bassist Charles Mingus will bring in a quintet. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Closed Mondays.

Village Gaslight, 116 Macdougal St. (674-2580)—Dark, cramped quarters where coffee, tea, and cider are consumed. Singer-guitarist Buzz Linhart will be here until Wednesday, March 3, when Alec Taylor, the older brother of James and Livingston Taylor, comes in to sing his family's kind of songs. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, and two shows the other nights of the week. Tuesdays are irregular, with visiting performers on stage.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Ahmad Jamal trio is carrying on with its usual aplomb, giving way on Tuesday, March 2, to Billy Taylor's nearly impeccable trio. On Mondays, the trio is off, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Jazz, pop, and dancing. The schedule: Through Thursday, Feb. 25, Elephant's Memory, Roy Ayers Ubiquity, and Birdsong; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, Elephant's Memory; Sunday, Feb. 28, Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Research Arkestra; Tuesday through Thursday, March 2-4, J. F. Murphy & Free Flowing Salt; Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, J. F. Murphy & Free Flowing Salt and Factory. On Mondays, Symphony Sid presents Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 24-25. From Friday through Sunday, Feb. 26-28, Rahsaan Roland Kirk's active sextet will be up. Drummer Elvin Jones arrives with his quartet on Tuesday, March 2. On Mondays, the place throbs to the big sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being played here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, Feb. 28, tenor saxophonist Al Cohn will sit in with the regulars. The remainder of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish room, where jollity is promoted by all sorts of predictable devices.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant. The crowd, a svelte one, dances to 45s on a little floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is quite ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records over a good sound system. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—This ornate room would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, Los Vegas play and sing. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Motor City motifs on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, and heavy music, from both records and live musicians. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A discothèque that changes little over the years except for a few cosmetic touches. It remains one of the most comfortable places around, with very danceable records and a sleek appearance. Action from nine-thirty to three-thirty nightly. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel,* loud and clear, from seven until one. Dance music for all hands. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The undergraduate athletic program devised by José Molina's school of the ballet is as conscious of the nineteen-seventies as it is of early-settler days in Spain, and it is in force (almost gale force) every night of the week. On Thursday, Feb. 25, this troupe will be succeeded by a new import from the Iberian Peninsula: the Manuel Santaella set of flamencans. . . . ¶ Down the hall is **CHÂTEAU DISCO** (371-5155), from whose Pierian spring issues a never insistent stereophonic sound that is all languishing Latin lyricism and the Mod music that goes with it. For either sitting or prancing, nine to four, and a fine idea.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Buddy Greco's world begins and ends in show business, which is why he knows what it takes to bring a tune to life, liberty, and happiness. He moves out on Wednesday, March 3; next evening, the Temptations, those whirling, chanting dervishes, move in. . . . ¶ In the

First you judge an airline by what it's done.

1927 First U.S. airline to offer international service.

1928 First airline to order aircraft built to its own specifications.

1929 First airline to develop and employ instrument flying.

1929 First U.S. airline to develop a complete aviation weather service.

1929 First airline to employ flight stewards and serve meals to passengers.

1929 First airline to fly to the Caribbean.

1930 First airline to fly to South America.

1932 First airline to install galleys (kitchens) aboard its aircraft.

1934 First U.S. airline to fly to Siberia.

1935 First airline to install facilities for heating food on board.

1935 First airline to fly the Pacific.

1936 First airline to inaugurate cargo service over the Pacific.

1937 First U.S. airline to offer service to Bermuda.

1939 First airline over the Atlantic with mail and passenger service.

1940 First airline to assign a flight meteorologist to aircraft crews.

1940 First airline to inaugurate direct air service between the U.S. and Alaska.

1941 First airline to inaugurate regularly scheduled service to Africa.

1942 First airline to complete a round-the-world flight.

1942 First airline to offer international service with all-cargo aircraft.

1945 First airline to show full length movies.

1946 First airline to fly the great circle route to Tokyo.

1947 First airline to build and operate hotels in foreign countries to insure adequate accommodations for air travelers.

1948 First airline to provide regularly scheduled low-cost tourist service anywhere in the world.

1948 First airline to offer menu selection aloft.

1948 First airline to offer service between the West Coast and Hawaii.

1951 First airline to publish a comprehensive international travel guide. ("New Horizons® World Guide," most popular travel guide ever published.)

1953 First airline to introduce a pay-later plan.

1955 First airline to order U.S. commercial jets.

1958 First airline to operate scheduled transatlantic service with U.S. built jets.

1959 First airline to open a scheduled round-the-world jet service.

1961 First airline to offer a worldwide marketing service for shippers and importers around the world.

1962 First airline to make 100,000 transatlantic flights.

1962 First airline to establish a global electronic reservations system.

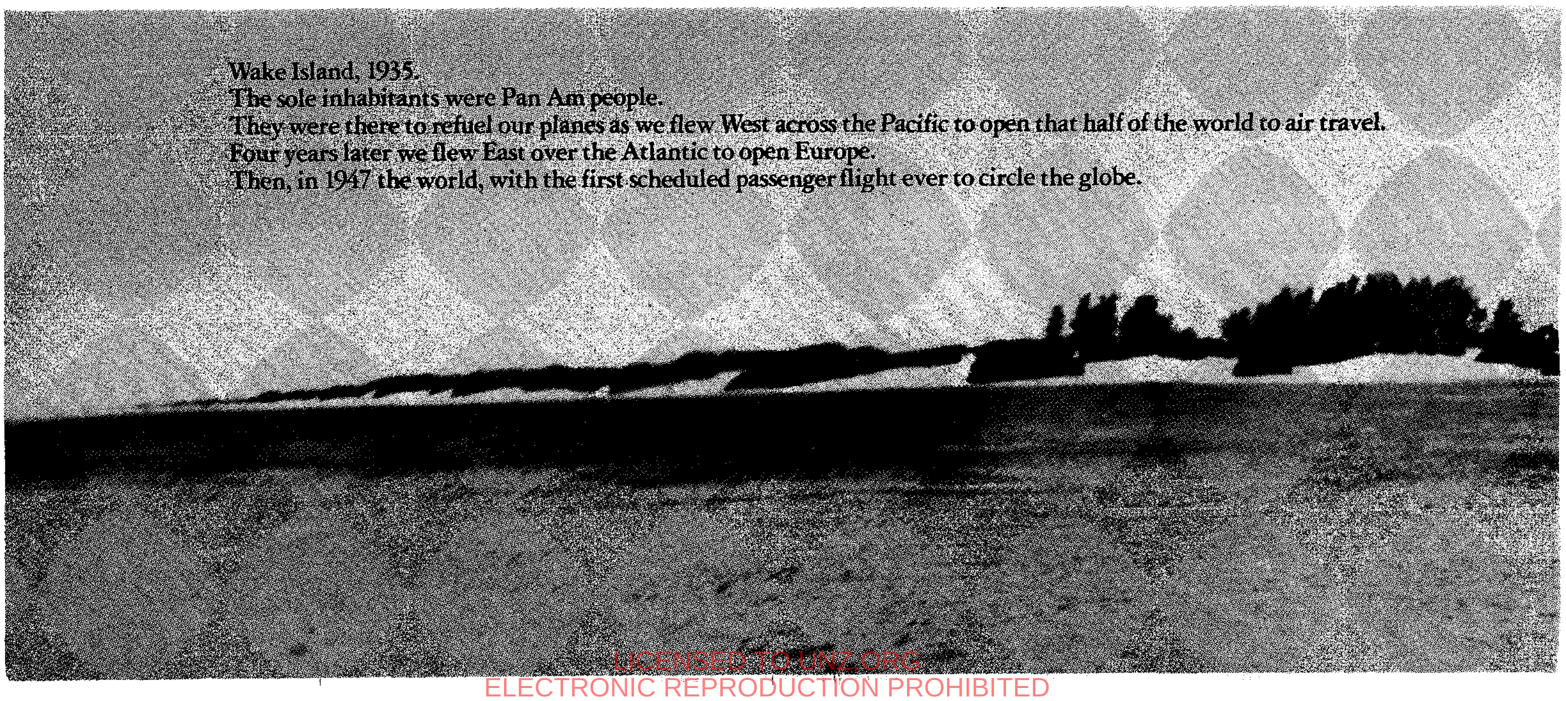
1964 First airline to relay in-flight messages via Satellite Syncom III.

1965 First airline to operate round-the-world jet freighters.

1966 First airline to order the Boeing 747 superjet.

1970 First airline to fly the 747.

1970 First airline to fly one million passengers on the 747.



Wake Island, 1935.
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Four years later we flew East over the Atlantic to open Europe.
Then, in 1947 the world, with the first scheduled passenger flight ever to circle the globe.

Then you judge it by what it does.

1. The most important thing an airline can do is make it easy for you to travel. We make it easier for you to travel the world than any other airline.

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2. Chances are, you'll be carried by the most popular plane ever flown. The quiet, spacious Boeing 747.

We introduced this great ship to the world on January 21, 1970 and now fly more 747's to more places in the world than any other airline.

Further, during 1971 every single 747 in our fleet is being sent back through the factory for extensive engineering improvements and modifications that will help our people make your flight more pleasant and comfortable than ever.

In case you're wondering why we continue to improve upon a plane as good as the 747, it's simply because that's the way we are.

3. We're that way about the service aboard our planes too. Back in 1935 we served the first hot (sort of) meal ever served aboard a plane.

Since then our chefs have turned dining aloft into such an art that on many flights we even serve the cuisine of the country you're flying to.

At present, you can enjoy these epicurean delights on flights to England, France, Germany, Belgium/Holland, Scandinavia, Portugal and Brazil. First class *and* economy.

And you'll soon be able to enjoy them on our flights to the other side of the world. Over the Pacific to the Orient.

4. In addition to the joy of good food, we make your flight seem shorter with the pleasure of good movies. And for the standard $2.50 you have a choice of two. Current or classic (very old favorites).

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5. However, like many people, you may not wish to be left alone after you arrive.

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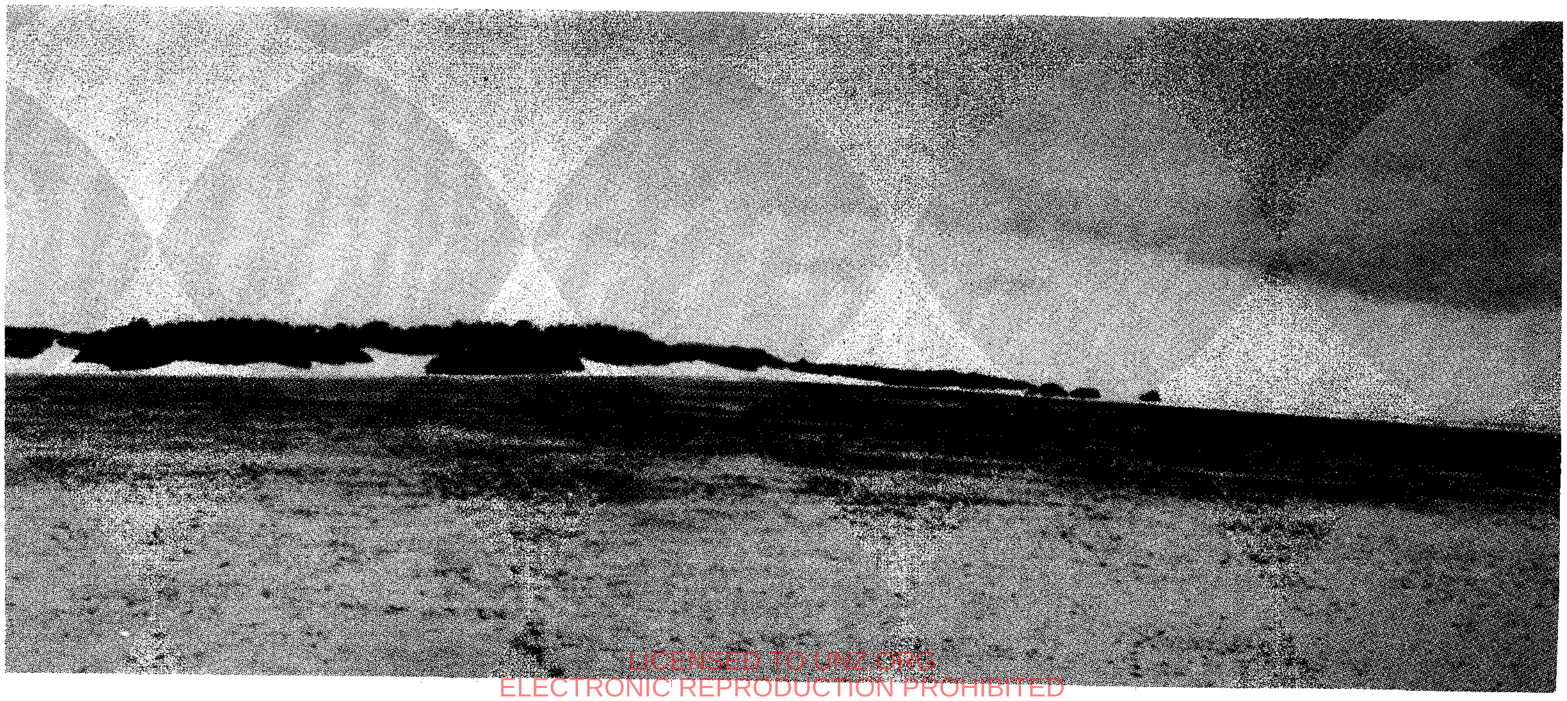

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas still take off at frequent intervals, bringing back such music acts as the Companions and the Wonderful World of Charlie Brown.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**LA FORÊT:** The kings and queens are in their countinghouse eating bread and honey—the bread Parisian, the honey Phil Wayne's skillful little band. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Dancing every night in the mannerly **CAFÉ,** as well as (Tuesdays through Saturdays) Viennese *nachtmusik* by Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who have the proper Imperial touch.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** Lainie Kazan does a bird-of-Paradise sort of song recital at nine and eleven-thirty. Burt Farber's exuberant orchestra and Mark Monte's crew, the old family retainers, are the musicians. On Wednesday, March 3, a new bird of Paradise takes over: Abbe Lane, who arrives at ten-fifteen. Thereafter, she, too, will be twice a night. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9 MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933), the Second City group of players takes *Time* by the forelock and translates its news of the day into enough sketches and blackouts to make a good evening's worth of revue. The players: David Blum, Jim Fisher, Roberta Maguire, Judy Morgan, Brian Doyle Murray, Joseph O'Flaherty, Dan Ziskie; the plays: at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, at eight-thirty and eleven Fridays and Saturdays, at four and seven-thirty Sundays. Improvisations (an hour's supply) are appended Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Baldwin Bergersen, a composer of note, does his own works and those of his compeers as entr'acte piano every night. . . . ¶ The **EDWARDIAN ROOM** undulates gently to Sandu Marcu's fiddle, seven to ten-thirty, except Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** fiddle from four-thirty to six-thirty every afternoon and from nine to one every evening but Sunday. Gunnar Hansen, peer of this realm, does the Wednesday-through-Saturday night shift.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Carmen McRae, a fine broth and a fine breath of a soprano, means every word she sings. She ends her dinner and supper sets on Wednesday, March 3, and one night later the pagan rout assembled by Louis Prima (bandsmen, jumpers, shouters) moves in. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Life here is lively, long, and often luxe: pre-theatre buffet, plus piano, from five-thirty until seven-thirty in the **ST. REGIS ROOM;** then dinner and supper in both **LA BOITE** (likewise garnished with piano) and the **MAISONETTE** (Quintero's brilliant Latin orchestra and Hal Turner's neat little band, which shuttles between Rodgers and Hart and palatable rock); last of all, a late-evening reprise of the **ST. REGIS ROOM** (Jason & Maryhazel—stalwart young composer and guitarman, plus a lass with a delicate air, plus persuasive meeting of voices). The St. Regis Room is closed on Sundays, the other rooms on Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On Tuesday, March 2, Louis Armstrong, the old Mississippi riverboat calliope, will move his band into the **EMPIRE ROOM,** where (on every one of his twice-a-night séances) he will probably have to sing "Hello, Dolly." A good vantage point for the viewer is, like a good man, hard to find. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Mabel Mercer, Delphic but never oracular, answers—in rhymed words and music—the questions that most concern mating man and maid, and answers them wryly and wittily. Jimmy Lyon's piano is her background. She departs on Saturday, Feb. 27, and on Monday, March 1, Bobby Short and his two grenadiers, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, will resume their musicales. Closed Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking begins at ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, at eleven the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of which is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Israeli bop, the song (Ron Eliran) is sort of Israeli pop. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** below-stairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionably Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? Well, it's "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, and it's anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and of the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers, epitome of the Angry Young Woman, blows her top (and sometimes everyone's mind) in conversation pieces sprinkled with occasional notes of cheer. Never before nine-thirty, or on Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
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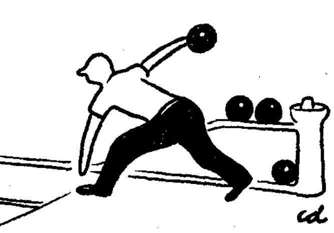
SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Robert Poitevin, whose piano once sent Piaf's songs on their wistful way, is in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a town house can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, a celebrated Ringmaster (from the Viennese Ring, naturally), does hierarchical piano (and occasionally non-hierarchical words) from eight-thirty until one-thirty. He begins a sabbatical on Saturday, Feb. 27, and on Monday, March 1, Greta Keller, whose lifelong love affair with Vienna is, as always, set to three-four time, commences a brief return to this country. No sound on Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, led by Rudy Barron, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): A part of the seacoast known only to the natives, never to tourists. The life is quiet, the music (every night but Monday) is the piano of Wayne Sanders, a musician who makes nostalgia a not at all broody occasion. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **PIG 'N' WHISTLE DINNER THEATRE,** 36 W. 48th St. (247-3070): Up one flight in an old family manse, a handful of characters in search of an audience set forth, on a tiny stage, their carefully curtailed synopsis of this or that good musical of the recent past, and set it forth with drive, dint, and delight. Seven-thirty and nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, plus an eleven-thirty extra Fridays and Saturdays.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Richard Anuszkiewicz—New paintings by a leading Optical artist; through Saturday, March 6. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

François and Bernard Baschet—More of these artists' sound-making sculptures, which have received wide attention; through March 13. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

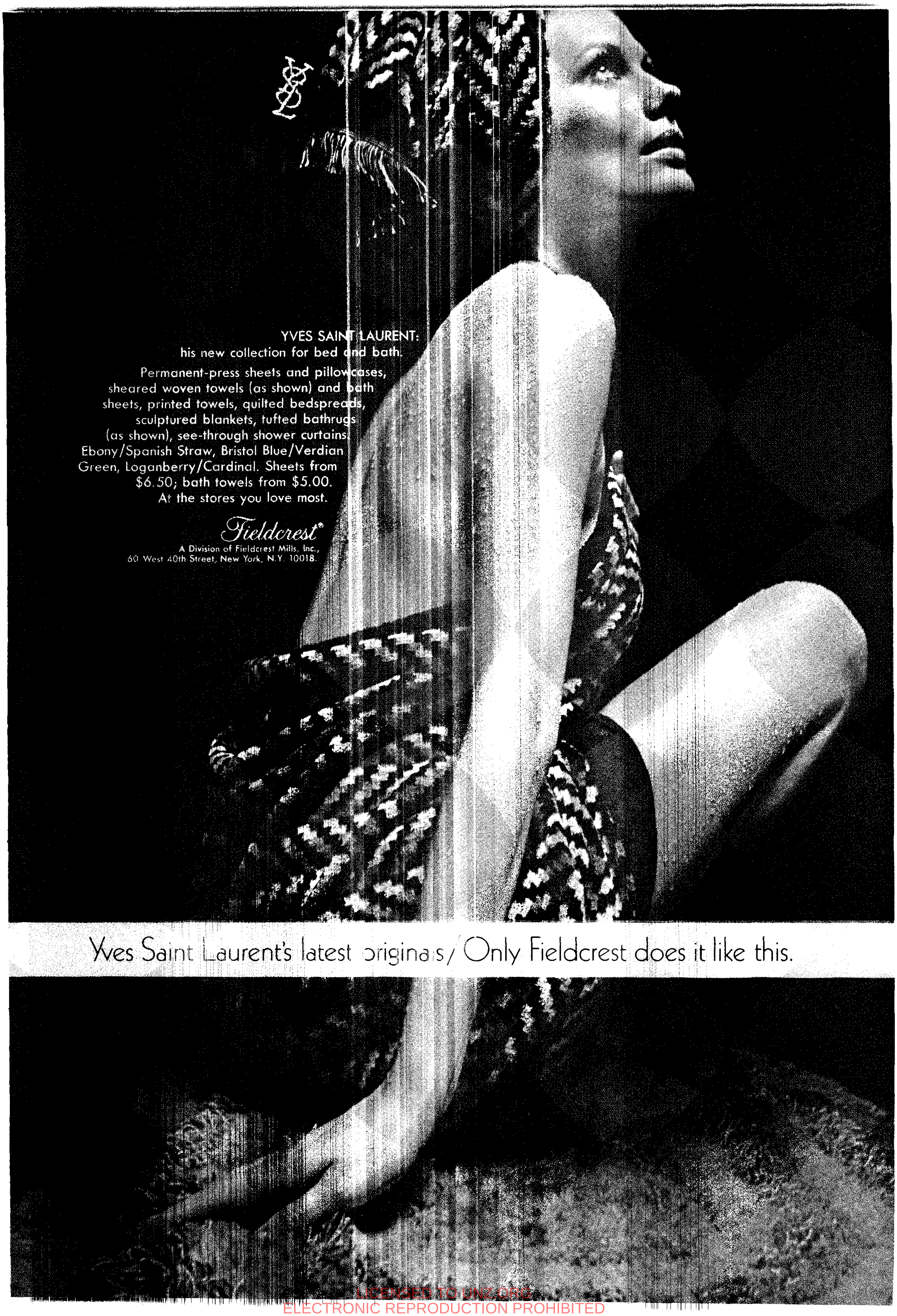
William Baziotes (1912-63) **and Adolph Gottlieb**—Works by two leading Abstract Expressionists: late paintings by the former, recent works on paper by the latter; through Saturday, March 6. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gifford Beal (1879-1956)—Watercolors and some pastels, done between 1915 and 1950, of landscapes and figures; through Saturday, March 6. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Bruce Beasley—Cast-Lucite sculptures by a West Coast artist; starting Saturday, Feb. 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Virginia Berresford—Watercolors, mostly of Maine and Martha's Vineyard, and still-lifes; through March 13. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Brauner (1903-66)—Paintings of fan-



YSL

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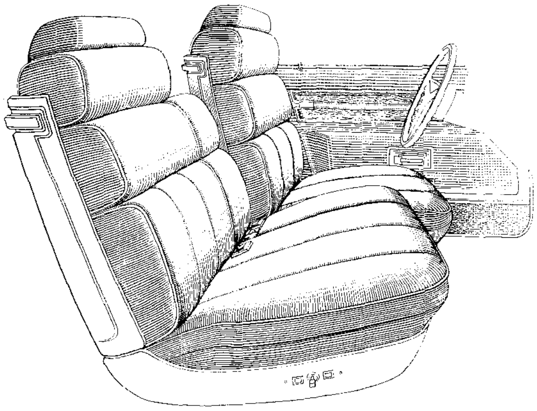
The dramatic, sculptured beauty of the new Cadillacs gives them a magnificence that distinguishes them from all other cars. The Fleetwood Sixty Special Brougham offers a new padded vinyl top, which is molded and carried smoothly to the body contour line. Handsome new exterior opera lights are available to provide added distinction.

The more spacious interiors carefully consider your comfort and convenience. The rich new fabrics and leathers merely hint at the comfort of the seats. These are totally redesigned and so constructed that you can drive relaxed for hours. A Dual Comfort front seat (standard on the Sixty Special Brougham and available on DeVille models) provides separate adjustment for the driver's section and wider passenger section.



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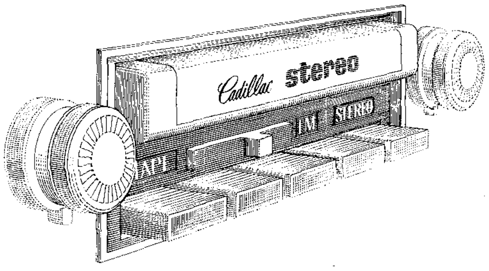

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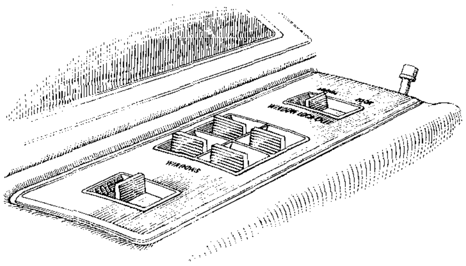

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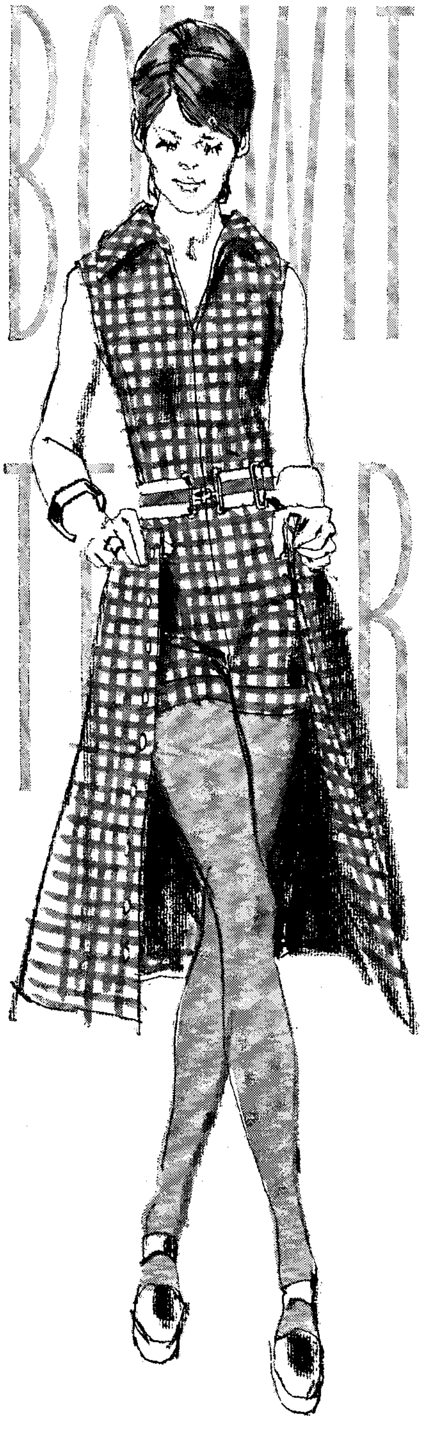


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tastic creatures done between 1940 and 1965 by this prominent Surrealist; through Saturday, March 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Brooks—New paintings by an early Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Paintings by a veteran New York abstractionist; starting Saturday, Feb. 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gene Davis—Large paintings by this composer in stripes; through March 11. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Major drawings on canvas and paper done between 1928 and 1964; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St.)

Paul Delvaux and Paul Wunderlich—Paintings by the former, a Belgian Surrealist who specializes in mesmerized nudes in unexpected settings, and paintings and gouaches, some of nudes, by the latter, a German Surrealist; through March 20. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Laddie John Dill—Settings created by tubes of colored lights; through March 20. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Feldstein—Hard-edge paintings in a square (four feet by four feet) format; through March 11. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rubens Gerchman—The first one-man show in the United States by a Brazilian sculptor who incorporates words in his constructions; through Saturday, March 6. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sante Graziani—Paintings and graphics based on Old Masters, by the head of an art school in Massachusetts; starting Saturday, Feb. 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Red Grooms—One huge construction with objects duplicating the contents of a Midwestern discount store; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Hans Hartung—A substantial number of paintings and drawings by this leading German Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, March 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Harvey (1916-67)—School of Paris oil paintings, pastels, and drawings of nudes, still-lifes, and interiors by an American expatriate; starting Saturday, Feb. 27. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Budd Hopkins—Abstract collages; through Thursday, March 4. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margaret Israel—Figurative painted-plaster wall pieces and sculptures; through Saturday, March 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Jacobs—Constructions in combinations of wood, vinyl, Plexiglas, and metal; through Saturday, March 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

William King—Six satiric figure sculptures made of painted canvas; through March 13. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings and prints of this artist's social subjects, and portraits; through March 13. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Kubin (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Rider" group; through March 13. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mon Levinson—Abstract constructions in Plexiglas; through March 11. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Manning—Paintings, mostly of architecture; through Saturday, March 6. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Maril—Landscapes, seascapes, and interiors, some with figures; through Friday, March 5. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Willard Midgette—The artist's life situation in New Mexico, presented through painted panels and a reconstruction of his environment; through Saturday, March 6. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

J. Pindyck Miller and Barry Lieberman—Geometrical sculptures in aluminum or aluminum and wood by Mr. Miller, and abstract paintings by Mr. Lieberman; through Saturday, March 6. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Armando Morales—Abstract paintings; through March 20. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bruce Nauman—A multiple-projected film of a rotating sphere by a conceptualist; through Saturday, March 6. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Bentley Nick—Realistic paintings of houses, streets, boats, and so on; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Peter Paone—Subjective landscapes and fantastic still-lifes; through Saturday, March 6. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Oil paintings not hitherto shown in the United States, also watercolors, drawings, and recent graphics; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

George Picken—Realistic landscapes and still-lifes; through Friday, Feb. 26. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Harvey Quaytman and George Kuehn—Shaped color-field canvases by the first, and structures of rope, chain, and water by the second; through March 11. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Ron Robertson-Swann—The first exhibit in America of abstract paintings in oil and watercolor by an Australian artist who is also a sculptor; through March 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Morton Rosengarten—The first one-man show in New York of heads in bronze by this Canadian; through March 13. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Alvin Ross—Still-life paintings in hyper-real style; through Saturday, March 6. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Ryman—New paintings; through Thursday, March 4. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raymond Saunders—Small works on paper in colored pencils and inks that combine Abstract Expressionism and Pop imagery; through March 13. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roberta Shute—Vacuum-formed plastic sculptures, some with lights; through Wednesday, March 3. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Signac (1863-1935)—Drawings, watercolors, and graphics; through March 13. (Loeb & Krugier, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Smith—Large, shaped canvases; through March 17. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Jack Tworkov—Paintings of the last two years by this former "first-generation" Abstract Expressionist. The show is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum. Through March 10. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

David von Schlegell—Abstract steel and aluminum sculptures, some huge; through Tuesday, March 2. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Fifty early drawings by this American of the Paris School; through March 13. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jack Youngerman—Recent examples of this artist's emblematic paintings, also stainless-steel sculptures, gouaches, and a portfolio of silkscreens; through March 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **bodley**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Drawings by Léger, Klee, Picasso, Matisse, and others; through Saturday, March 6. (Closed Mondays.). . . **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Artists associated with the Bauhaus—Feininger, Kandinsky, Schlemmer, Klee, Moholy-Nagy, and lesser figures; starting Tuesday, March 2. . . . **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Mayan sculptures, reliefs, vases, sections of buildings, and hieroglyphic writings in stone, jade, bone, and other materials; through March 28. (Daily, except

Mondays, noon to 6.)... **DANENBERG,** 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and sculptures of the twentieth century; through March 27.... **GOLDOWSKY,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jo Baer, David Budd, Dan Christensen, William Crozier, and Peter Young; through Saturday, Feb. 27.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: About sixty works by Sanford Robinson Gifford (1823-80), a Hudson River painter, along with paintings by other Hudson River artists, among them Durand, Cole, Bierstadt, Church, and Doughty; through Saturday, Feb. 27.... **KNOEDLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: A hundred and forty works, ranging from folk paintings by the earliest Colonial artists through W.P.A. art, addressed to the enigma "What is American in American Art?"; through Saturday, March 6.... **LOEB STUDENT CENTER,** Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Four Latin-American sculptors working in advanced modes; through March 18. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to midnight.)... **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: An anniversary exhibit of gallery artists, including Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, William Thon, Waldo Peirce, and Doris Rosenthal; through March 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **O.K. HARRIS,** 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Works on paper by Manny Farber, realistic paintings by John Kacere and Stephen Woodburn, and sculptures of rope and string by Steve Chapin; through Saturday, March 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **PALEY & LOWE,** 59 Wooster St.: Paintings, prints, and sculptures by ten artists; starting Saturday, Feb. 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through March 27. (Closed Saturdays.)... **VISUAL ARTS,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, and prints emphasizing common elements in different current styles, with works by Bonnard, Van Buren, Nancy Graves, Warhol, and others; through Tuesday, March 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)... **ZABRISKIE,** 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Drawings of the past fifty years by Katherine Schmidt, Morris Kantor, and Louis Lozowick; through Saturday, March 6. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through June 1.... ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—dating from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23.... ¶ Forty-five collages by Joseph Cornell, celebrated for his boxes; through Sunday, Feb. 28.... ¶ Boxing scenes in paintings, prints, and drawings by George Bellows (1882-1925); starting Monday, March 1.... ¶ Three hundred drawings by fifty-four artists of eighteenth-century Italy, among them Tiepolo, Domenico, Guardi, and Piranesi; through March 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Collection of Gertrude Stein and Her Family," more than two hundred paintings once owned by Gertrude Stein and her brothers, Leo and Michael, and by the latter's wife, Sarah, gathered from many sources; through Monday, March 1.... ¶ Approximately two hundred and twenty-five photographs by Walker Evans, one of America's leading documentary photographers of this century; through April 11.... ¶ Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by Rodchenko (1891-1956), an important Russian avant-garde artist of the period around the First World War, supplemented by book designs, a poster, and photographs of lost or destroyed works; through April 11.... ¶ Prints by Jasper Johns, together with work proofs; through March 21. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Visitors to the Stein exhibit will be admitted at 10 on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixth Guggenheim International Exhibition, comprising paintings, sculptures, and conceptual, environmental, and process art by around twenty artists of the United States, South America, Canada, Europe, and Japan; through April 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty-seven watercolors, oils, drawings, and etchings constituting a centennial exhibition covering all periods of the career of John Marin (1870-1953), famous for his New England seascapes and paintings of New York City; through March 28.... ¶ Thirty-nine paintings (by as many artists) done between 1950 and 1970 and organized around the idea that they are primarily structured by means of color. Among the artists are Albers, Hofmann, Newman, Noland, Poons, Reinhardt, Rothko, Stella, and Still. Starts Thursday, Feb. 25.... ¶ Ten paintings representing a turn toward a new orderliness by Jack Tworkov, a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through March 14. A complement to this exhibit is his show at French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fourteen major paintings and drawings by Vincent van Gogh, borrowed from the artist's nephew and the van Gogh Foundation in Holland; through April 4. (Admission is $1.)... ¶ Lithographs, etchings, Japanese prints, newspaper engravings, and photographs collected and studied by van Gogh; through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Japanese folding screens dating from the late sixteenth century to the mid-nineteenth; through March 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Approximately two hundred and fifty prints by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), containing the human and animal themes of his celebrated sculptures; through March 7.... ¶ Forty-five paintings by Dutch, Flemish, British, and Italian artists of the fifteenth century through the eighteenth; starting Thursday, Feb. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of four hundred photographs by W. Eugene Smith; through April 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective exhibit of Henri Laurens (1885-1954), consisting of more than a hundred sculptures, as well as reliefs, constructions, graphics, and drawings; also fourteen paintings and five sculptures by Georges Braque (1882-1963), who was a friend of Laurens. Through March 21.... ¶ A hundred and twenty works in a variety of modes by forty-four artists, most of them young, representing "the Swiss avant-garde;" through March 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

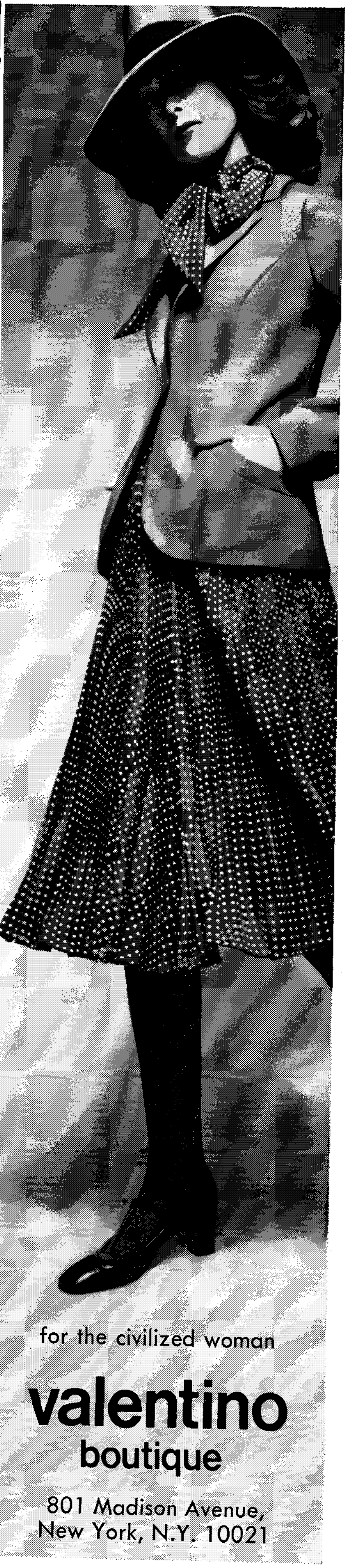
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recent acquisitions that fatten the Library's Berg Collection—original manuscripts and letters of major English, Irish, and American writers. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Feb. 24: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gail Robinson, Franco Bonisolli, Sherrill Milnes, Fer-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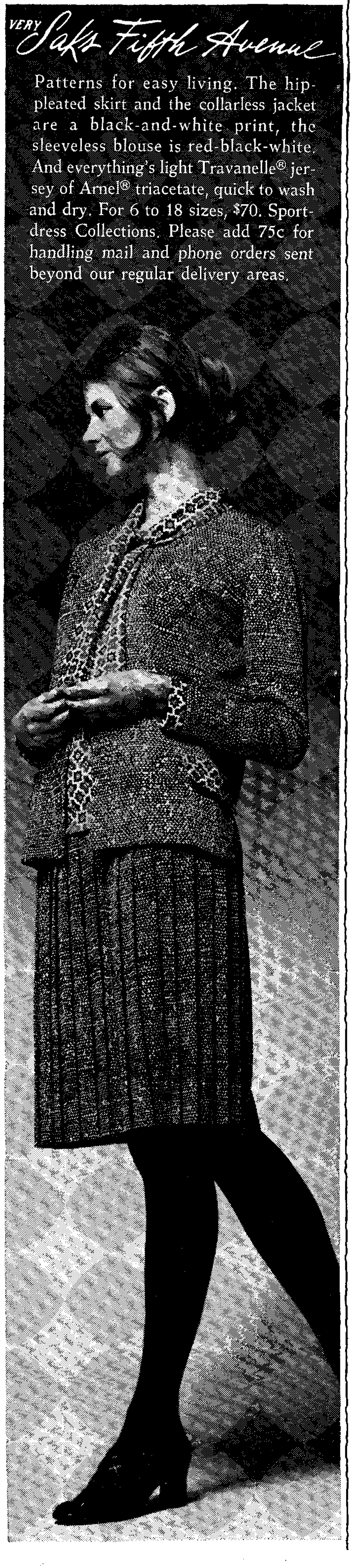

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 25: "Fidelio," with Catarina Ligendza, Edith Mathis, Helge *Brilioth, William Dooley, John Macurdy, and* Paul Plishka.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 26: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 27: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Jean Madeira, Robert Nagy, and Thomas Stewart. ... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 27: "Werther," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena. ... ¶ Monday evening, March 1: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 2: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Lili Chookasian, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, and Raymond Michalski.... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 3: "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Colette Boky, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, and Robert Goodloe. A nonsubscription performance.... ¶ Thursday evening, March 4: "Werther," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena... ¶ Friday evening, March 5: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Lili Chookasian, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Raymond Michalski.... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 6: "La Bohème" (a performance in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dorothy Kirsten's Metropolitan Opera début), with Miss Kirsten, Colette Boky, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, and Robert Goodloe. ... ¶ Saturday evening, March 6: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Jon Vickers, and Mario Sereni. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2:30, and Saturday, March 6, at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Nicholas DiVirgilio.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Susanne Marsee, Sandra Darling, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, Herman Malamood, and Dominic Cossa.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Milena Dal Piva, Carol Bayard, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Robert Hale.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Patricia Wise, Johanna Meier, Norman Treigle, and John Darrenkamp.... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 28, at 1:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 28, at 7:15: "Louise," with Carol Neblett, Elaine Bonazzi, George Liccioni, and Joseph Rouleau.... ¶ Tuesday, March 2, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Wolff, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Wednesday, March 3, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Johanna Meier, Norman Treigle, and David Clatworthy.... ¶ Thursday, March 4, at 7:15: "Louise," with Carol Neblett, Elaine Bonazzi, Georges Liccioni, and Joseph Rouleau.... ¶ Friday, March 5, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Milena Dal Piva, Carol Bayard, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa.... ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 2:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Salvador Novoa. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Karlheinz Stockhausen conducting a program of his own music on Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:30 (with the Group Stockhausen). ... ¶ A program on Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30, conducted, variously, by Philippe Bender, Mario Benzecry, and David Gilbert, assistant conductors of the Philharmonic. ... ¶ Karl Böhm conducting on Thursday, March 4, at 8:30; Friday, March 5, at 2; Saturday, March 6, at 8:30; and Monday, March 8, at 7:30 (all with Claudio Arrau, piano).

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 3, at 8:30.)

Atlanta Symphony Orchestra—Robert Shaw conducting, with Theodore Lettvin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 4, at 8:30.)

Munich Chamber Orchestra—Hans Stadlmair conducting, with Christoph Eschenbach, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Justino Díaz, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 27-28, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

New and Newer Music—Karlheinz Stockhausen conducting the Juilliard Ensemble, with the Group Stockhausen, in another program of his own works. The third in a series of five concerts at which five contemporary composers conduct some of their own works. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3.)

Handel Society Orchestra and Chorus—Stephen Simon directing a performance of Handel's *oratorio "Solomon," with Patricia Wise,* Irene Jordan, Phyllis Curtin, and Evelyn Mandac, sopranos; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; Martin Isepp, harpsichord; and other vocal and instrumental soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 1, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Roger Wagner directing Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a program of vocal chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 6, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

André Watts—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Alexander Tcherepnin and Paul Olefsky—A program of Tcherepnin's music for piano and cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The second in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8:40.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in a recital postponed from Jan. 6. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Feb. 26, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Beaux Arts Trio—With Walter Trampler, viola, in the last in a series of recitals. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:40.)

Ivan Davis—Piano, in a recital postponed from Jan. 23. The second of two recitals. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:40.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 2:15.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 2:30.)

Ernst Haefliger—Tenor, in an all-Schumann lieder program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 7:30.)

Patricia Brooks—Soprano, in a lieder recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Ursula Oppens—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Aaron Copland—Playing the piano and commenting on a program of his music for "Our

Town," "The Heiress," and other films. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, March 2, at 8:30.)

ALDO PARISOT—Cello, with Elisabeth Sawyer, piano; Charles Libove, violin; Yehudi Wyner, conductor; and the Yale Chamber Players. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 2, at 8:30.)

MURRAY PERAHIA—Piano. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, March 2, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

HUNGARIAN QUARTET—Two concerts presenting the Bartók cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, March 2, and Friday, March 5, at 8:40.)

JUDITH ALSTADTER—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 3, at 8:30.)

JOHN EMERY RANCK—Piano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, March 3, at 8:30.)

EARLY MUSIC CONSORT OF LONDON—A program of vocal and instrumental music of the Renaissance and baroque periods. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 3, at 8:40.)

JACQUES KLEIN—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8:30.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Classic guitarist, in the second of two recitals. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8:30.)

MICHAEL LORIMER—Classic guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 6, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Frans Brueggen and Louis Bagger will give a recorder and harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 7, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, March 1, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

NEW IMAGE OF SOUND—The fourth in a series of six programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed by the Dorian Woodwind Quintet. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:40.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

BEACH BOYS—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8 and at midnight.

MELANIE—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8.

FLEETWOOD MAC, BLACK WIDOW, AND VAN MORRISON—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, at 8 and 11:30.

GORDON LIGHTFOOT AND HAPPY & ARTIE TRAUM—Fillmore East. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 8.

BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS—With Thelonious Monk. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday through Wednesday, March 1-3, at 8.)

THREE DOG NIGHT, STEVIE WONDER, AND BLOODROCK—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 5, at 8.

QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE AND ERIC BURDON AND WAR—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, at 8 and 11:30.

GARY BURTON QUARTET—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8:30.

THE CLANCY BROTHERS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 6, at 8:30.

SPORTS

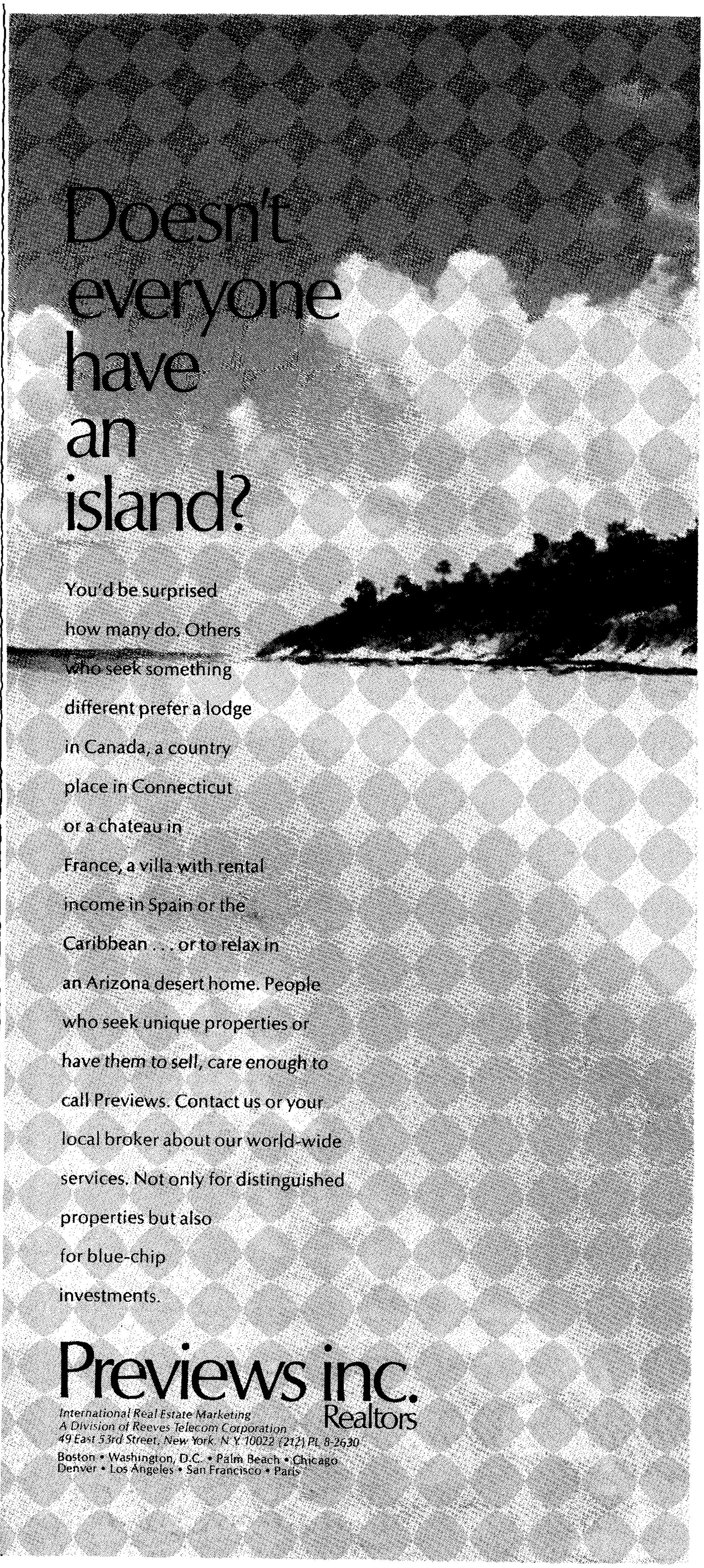
(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8: Knicks vs. Portland. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 2, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 8: Knicks vs. Boston.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 28, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Vancouver. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 3, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Oakland.

KARATE—All-American Open Karate Championships, Saturday, March 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Tournament of Champions, Sunday, March 7, at 3. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden.)

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:15;



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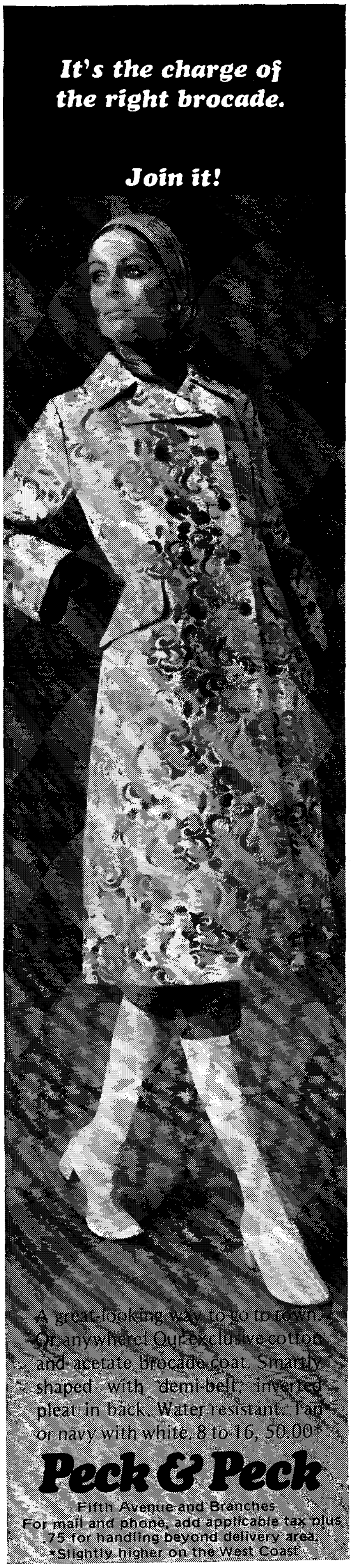
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, April 17. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 27.

TRACK MEETS—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 245-1540.)... ¶ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 26, at 7.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 2.... **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Wednesday, March 3, through Saturday, May 22.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society in an all-Benjamin Britten program, with Emily Frankel, dancer; Myung Whun Chung, piano; and Dee Victor, narrator. The final children's concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

THEATRE FAIR FOR CHILDREN—The first in a series of three weekend programs, sponsored by the New York State Council on the Arts. Saturday, March 6, at 1 and 3:30: The Paper Bag Players presenting "Hot Feet."... ¶ Sunday, March 7, at 1 and 3:30: Voices, Inc., presenting "Song of the Black Journey." (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. For information about tickets, call 753-6431.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)... **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2:30.... ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Feb. 28, and Saturday, March 6, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NEW YORK CHILDREN'S THEATRE CENTER:** "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," Saturday, Feb. 27, at 1.... ¶ "Pinocchio," Saturday, March 6, at 1. (Town Hall. 489-0120.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Hot Feet." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 1 and 3.)... **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "Creative Puppetry: 1971." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 1:30. Children under four not admitted.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "From the Great Bear to the Southern Cross." Starting Tuesday, March 2, there will be a new show, "The Steering by the Stars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

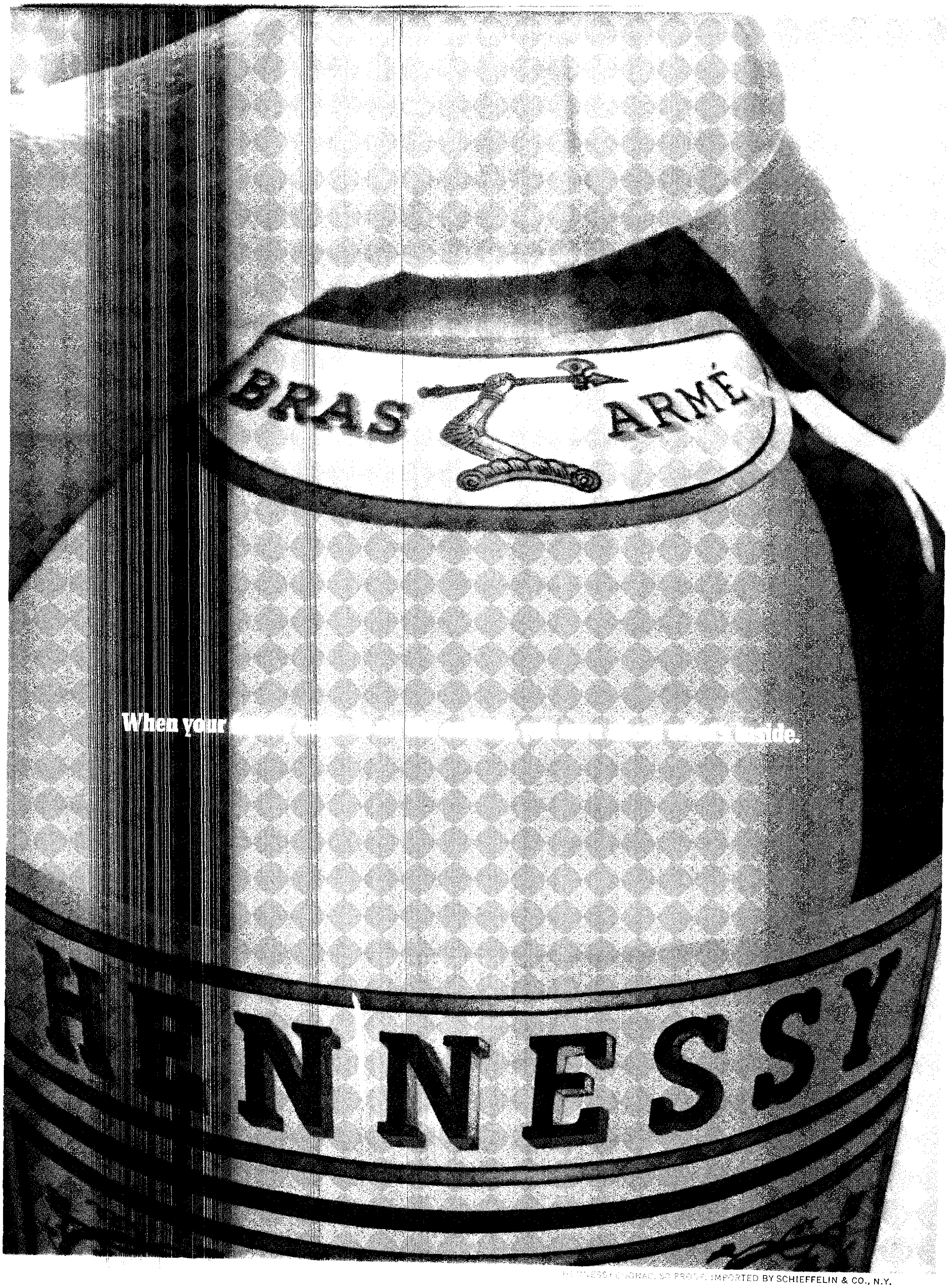
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

LECTURES—At **COOPER UNION'S ENGINEERING AND SCIENCE BUILDING:** "Mothers of Composition," by Lukas Foss. (51 Astor Pl. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:15. Admission is free.)... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): "Man's Function in Universe," by Buckminster Fuller, Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.... ¶ Ralph Nader speaking about consumer affairs and the environment, Thursday, March 4, at 8.... ¶ "Planetary Planning," by Buckminster Fuller, Friday, March 5, at 8:30.

NATIONAL ANTIQUES SHOW—This year, the emphasis is on Art Deco. Over three hundred dealers are displaying objects from this period between the two World Wars, in addition to the traditional furniture, jewelry, and decorative accessories. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 24-27, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, Feb. 28, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 2: Barbizon and other nineteenth-century paintings, drawings, and watercolors; from a number of sources.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese art, including snuff bottles, pottery, and porcelains; from various owners.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2: American furniture, pewter, blown glass, lighting devices, and hooked rugs, as well as historical blue and white Staffordshire; from the collection of Mrs. Morris Freidsam.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 24 at 2 and 5:30: "The Inquiry" (1970), in Italian, directed by Gianni Amico.... ¶ Feb. 25 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Spider's Stratagem" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Giulio Brogi and Alida Valli.... ¶ Feb. 26 at 2: "The Tenth of June, 1940: Three Directors Reconstruct the First Day of War" (1970), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, Franco Rossi, and Florestano Vancini; no English titles.... ¶ Feb. 26 at 5:30: "Poverty by Choice: An Hour with Dorothy Day" (1970), in Italian, directed by Alfredo Di Laura; no English titles.... ¶ Feb. 27 at 11:30: "Cabiria" (1913), directed by Piero Fosco.... ¶ Feb. 27 at 3 and 5:30: "The Clowns" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.... ¶ Feb. 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Socrates" (1970), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini.... ¶ March 1 at 12:30: "Francis of Assisi" (1966), in Italian, directed by Lilliana Cavani, with Lou Castel; no English titles.... ¶ March 1 at 6 and March 2 at 2: "Orphans of the Storm" (1921), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish.... ¶ March 2 at 5:30: "The Clowns" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.... ¶ March 3 at 2: "Acts of the Apostles" (1969), a six-hour Italian film, directed by Roberto Rossellini; no English titles.... ¶ March 4 at 2 and 5:30: "David Harum" (1915), directed by Allan Dwan, with William H. Crane and Harold Lockwood.... ¶ March 4 at 8: "David Harum" and "Manhandled" (1924), directed by Allan Dwan, with Gloria Swanson. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of French films. Feb. 24: Surrealism in French cinema.... Feb. 25-26: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1944), directed by Robert Bresson, with Maria Casarès.... Feb. 27-28: "Ruy Blas" (1947), directed by Paul Billon, with Danielle Darrieux and Jean Marais.... March 3-4: "Les Carabiniers" (1962), directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Marino Mase. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly.... ¶ At the **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.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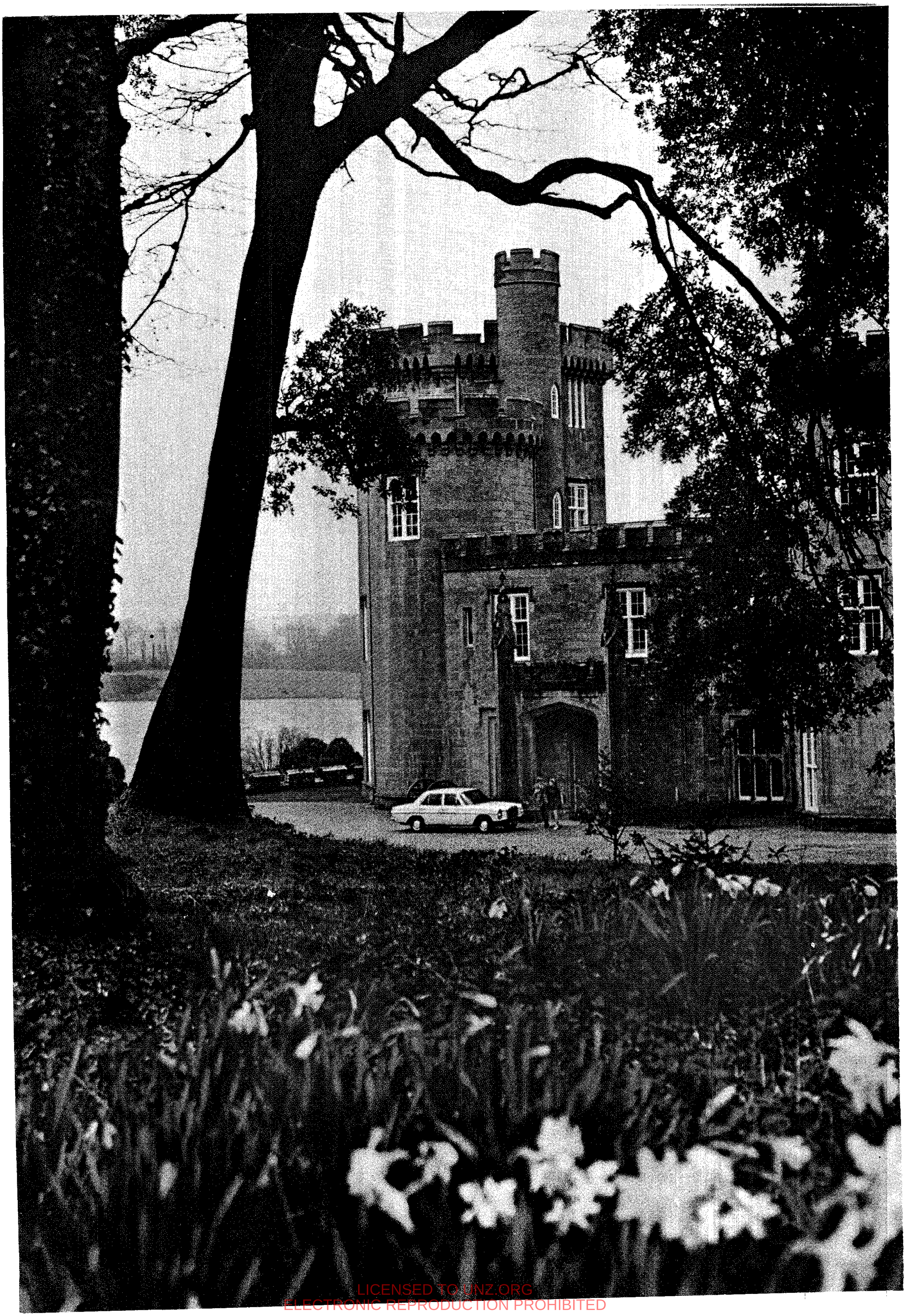

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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	1	2	3	4		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Trash."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Women in Love" and "Live for Life."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 2: "There's a Girl in My Soup" and "Getting Straight."
From March 3: "Where's Poppa?" and "The Thief of Paris."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 2: "Perfect Friday" and "The Landlord."
From March 3: "Brewster McCloud."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 25: "Julius Caesar."
Feb. 26-27: "The Wild Angels" and "The Intruder."
Feb. 28-March 1: "The Raven" and "The Haunted Palace."
March 2: "Atlas" and two Roger Corman sci-fi films.
March 3-4: "The Premature Burial" and "The Little Shop of Horrors."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Sudden Terror."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Puzzle of a Downfall Child."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Feb. 25: "Pigeons."
From Feb. 26: "The Priest's Wife."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Bed and Board."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Gimme Shelter."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Pursuit of Happiness."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Feb. 27: "The Music Lovers."
From Feb. 28: "The Sporting Club."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Night Visitor."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Joe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Husbands."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Feb. 27: "Ramparts of Clay."
From Feb. 28: "Wanda."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Little Murders."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Claire's Knee."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 2: "The Owl and the Pussycat."
March 3-4: "Flirtation Walk" and "Dames."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Zachariah."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Last Valley."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Five Easy Pieces."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 2: "Soldier Blue."
From March 3: To be announced.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Doctors' Wives."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 2: "Thunderball" and "You Only Live Twice."
From March 3: "Get Carter."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Feb 24: "Zabriskie Point" and "Blow-Up."
Feb. 25-March 3: "My Night at Maud's" and "My Life to Live."
From March 4: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Where's Poppa?" and "The Landlord."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 2: "Perfect Friday."
From March 3: "Brewster McCloud."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 27: "The Projectionist."
From Feb. 28: "Ramparts of Clay."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Feb. 24: "Isn't Life Wonderful" and "The Birth of a Nation."
Feb. 25: "America" and "Intolerance."
Feb. 26: "Sally of the Sawdust" and "The Birth of a Nation."
Feb. 27: "Abraham Lincoln" and "The Struggle."
Feb. 28: "The Birth of a Nation."
From March 1: "The Blood of a Poet," "Lot in Sodom," and "Salome."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Promise at Dawn."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"My Fair Lady."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6760)
"Freaks." (No performances on Sunday, Feb. 28.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Wild Country."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Wuthering Heights."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Night Visitor."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Feb. 27: "Zachariah."
From Feb. 28: "Pigeons."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Body."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Garden of Delights."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Road to Salina."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through March 2: "Perfect Friday."
From March 3: "Brewster McCloud" and "A. K. A. Cassius Clay."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Five Easy Pieces."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 24: "Force of Evil" and "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang."
From Feb. 25: "The Hour of the Furnaces."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 2: "Where's Poppa?" and "The Christine Jorgensen Story."
From March 3: "Hotel" and "Cool Hand Luke."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 25: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" and "Point of Order!"
Feb. 26-28: "Marat/Sade" and "Dutchman."
March 1-2: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming" and "A Thousand Clowns."
March 3-4: "Ten Days That Shook the World."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Feb. 24: "Trash."
From Feb. 25: "I Love My Wife."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

A. K. A. Cassius Clay—A documentary that traces the career of Muhammad Ali, with footage of the Clay-Liston fight and a presentation of the meaning of his draft resistance. (Cinema Studio; starting March 3.)

America (1924)—It would seem that D. W. Griffith didn't have the emotional involvement in the American Revolution that he had in the Civil War. This ambitious, elaborate epic is tame and stolid compared to "The Birth of a Nation." There are wonderful sequences, but it's a rather academic work—the sort of thing that always gets praised for its "authenticity." The cast includes Neil Hamilton and Carol Dempster (at less than par, even for her), and Lionel Barrymore as the villain. (Elgin; Feb. 25.)

Atlas (1960)—A yawner. It's hard to believe that "Hercules" with Steve Reeves inspired imitations, but here's Roger Corman's quickie version, with earnest, scrawny Michael Forrest trying to save the Grecian city of Thenis from the power-mad Praximedes (Frank Woolf, who is occasionally amusing). (Kips Bay; March 2.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Of this D. W. Griffith film, James Agee wrote, "It is equal with Brady's photographs, Lincoln's speeches, Whitman's war poems . . . in fact, to the best work that has been done in this country. And among moving pictures it is alone . . . as the one great epic, tragic film." With Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall. (Elgin; Feb. 24, 26, and 28.)

The Blood of a Poet (1930)—Jean Cocteau's enigmatic account of a poet's dreams and ecstasies and obsession with the unknown. Composed in four illogical, timeless sequences that happen in the instant that a chimney topples. Almost twenty years later in his "Orpheus," Cocteau orchestrated the themes set down in this first film. It may seem somewhat static and autoerotic while one sees it, but it is peculiarly suggestive, and it has been an enormously influential film. In French. (Elgin; starting March 1.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 24.)

The Body—A celebration of human biology—birth, sex, old age. Uplifting narration by Vanessa Redgrave. Roy Battersby directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Brewster McCloud—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Gramercy, 8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio; starting March 3.)

Julius Caesar—A new British version, directed by Stuart Burge, with Charlton Heston, Jason Robards, and John Gielgud. (Kips Bay; through Feb. 25.)

Claire's Knee—The new film by Eric Rohmer, who made "My Night at Maud's," is part of the same cycle—a variation on the same themes. With Jean-Claude Brialy. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. Parts are effective—in a hokey, symbol-ridden way. Stuart Rosenberg directed. (Symphony; starting March 3.)

Dames (1934)—Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell singing "I Only Have Eyes for You." Ray Enright directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; March 3-4.)

Doctors' Wives—Blue jokes and blood-red surgery. From the Frank G. Slaughter novel, with Dyan Cannon, Richard Crenna, and Gene Hackman, directed by George Schaefer. (Loew's Ciné.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi

Photo: Pesin

Waterford and Aynsley [illegible] together like a bride and groom. Each piece of Waterford Irish Crystal is a signed original, made by hand, with heart, as is each piece of Aynsley English Bone [illegible] for free brochures on how to wine and dine happily ever after, write to Waterford & Aynsley, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jones' play about a white girl maniac and her Negro victim. (Thalia; Feb. 26-28.)

Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Flirtation Walk (1934)—Dick Powell, in a fancy uniform, singing to Ruby Keeler in frilly polka dots goes beyond Camp to Sick. This picture helps to explain why Powell later tried to change his image and took on tough-guy roles. Frank Borzage directed. With Pat O'Brien and Ross Alexander. (72nd St. Playhouse; March 3-4.)

Force of Evil (1948)—Abraham Polonsky (more recently the director of "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here") directed this small but highly esteemed movie about numbers racketeers. With John Garfield and Beatrice Pearson. (New Yorker; Feb. 24.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Bijou Cinema. No performances on Sunday, Feb. 28.)

The Garden of Delights—A comedy about upper-middle-class greed by Carlos Saura, the director of "The Hunt." In Spanish. (Lincoln Art.)

Get Carter—High-powered British crime film, viciously brutal. Michael Caine plays a London hood; Mike Hodges directed. (86th St. East; starting March 3.)

Getting Straight—Elliott Gould and Candice Bergen in a campus picture. One of the varyingly cheap new tear-gas romances. The film's student riots seem to be happening so that Elliott and Candy can patch up a lovers' fight. Richard Rush directed Robert Kaufman's bowdlerization of the Ken Kolb novel. (Charles; through March 2.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

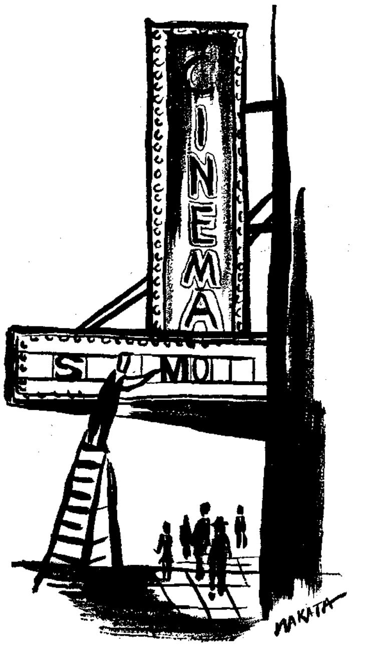
The Haunted Palace (1964)—Vincent Price as a happy-go-lucky warlock in a Roger Corman cheapie featuring mutants and eerie sacrificial rites. With Debra Paget and Elisha Cook. (Kips Bay; Feb. 28-March 1.)

Hotel (1967)—Arthur Hailey used the same formula that he was to use for "Airport," but this production (directed by Richard Quine) isn't as paralyzing. Quine manages to wring a little humor out of the collection of junk passing for a plot. With Rod Taylor, Melvyn Douglas, Karl Malden, Merle Oberon, Catherine Spaak, Kevin McCarthy, and Carmen McRae playing the Dooley Wilson role from "Casablanca." (Symphony; starting March 3.)

The Hour of the Furnaces—An attempt to use film as a revolutionary weapon. A didactic, explosive, semi-documentary on Peronism and the necessity to create national consciousness in Argentina and Latin America. By the Argentine director Fernando Solanas. (New Yorker; starting Feb. 25.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Cinema I.)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang (1932)—One of the best of the social-protest films—naïve, heavy, artless, but a straightforward, unadorned story with moments that haunted a generation, such as the hungry hero (Paul Muni) trying to pawn his Congressional Medal of Honor. Those involved in making the movie hoped it might help to ameliorate the condition of convicts, but it did more to ameliorate financial conditions at Warner Brothers and was a factor in making it the "socially conscious" studio. With Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, Helen Vinson. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (New Yorker; Feb. 24.)



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I Love My Wife—A grossly conceived seriocomic study of modern marriage. Visually dead. With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Midtown; starting Feb. 25.)

Intolerance (1916)—D. W. Griffith's mad, brilliant, silly extravaganza—perhaps the greatest movie ever made. In it one can see the source of most of the major traditions of the screen—the methods of Eisenstein and von Stroheim, the Germans and the Scandinavians, and, when it's bad, De Mille. It combines extraordinary lyric passages, realism, and psychological details with nonsense, vulgarity, and painful sentimentality. (Elgin; Feb. 25.)

The Intruder (1962)—Roger Corman's one attempt at a socially conscious message movie. William Shatner is a neurotic racist rabble-rouser in this melodrama about school integration, shot in Missouri in a documentary style. The townspeople and the atmosphere are more compelling than the implausibly resolved story. (Kips Bay; Feb. 26-27.)

Isn't Life Wonderful (1924)—D. W. Griffith, who, in addition to everything else, had an extraordinary feeling for the documentary aspects of film, shot this story about what war does to people in Germany after the First World War. A pioneer work of neo-realism, which influenced the Italian films made after the Second World War, it was perhaps Griffith's last great burst of creative energy. The stars are Carol Dempster (at her best, which is still not overpowering) and Neil Hamilton. The locations include Berlin. (Elgin; Feb. 24.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hard-hat prejudice, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. John Avildsen directed from Norman Wexler's script. (Ciné Malibu.)

The Christine Jorgensen Story—With John Hansen in the title role. Directed by Irving Rapper. (Symphony; through March 2.)

The Landlord—Hal Ashby's film shows a rich, white New Yorker (Beau Bridges) in combat with a boozing mother (Lee Grant). To rile her, because she hates Jews and blacks, he buys a New York tenement. With Pearl Bailey. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through March 2.)

The Last Valley—Michael Caine as an intelligent man of action in a large-scale historical adventure story set in Germany during the Thirty Years War. He leads his band of brutal mercenaries into a hidden valley; it's as if the men from Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai" had discovered Shangri-La. The director, James Clavell, is a good storyteller, and the film has a core of feeling. With Omar Sharif. (Juliet 2.)

Abraham Lincoln (1930)—Walter Huston played the lead in this D. W. Griffith sound film, made from a script officially credited to Stephen Vincent Benét (though apparently it was tampered with), and with set designs by William Cameron Menzies. Griffith was ill at the time and unable to supervise the final work or the editing, and he was (understandably) unhappy about the results. (Parts are first-rate, other parts arch.) Nevertheless, the film was well received, perhaps because of Huston's towering performance. Una Merkel is Ann Rutledge; Kay Hammond is Mary Todd Lincoln. With Ian Keith as John Wilkes Booth, Jason Robards as Herndon, and Hobart Bosworth as Lee. (Elgin; Feb. 27.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Little Murders—The Jules Feiffer play, with Elliott Gould, directed by Alan Arkin. (Beekman.)

The Little Shop of Horrors (1960)—A plant that lives on blood and a simpleton who keeps it supplied. Roger Corman directed. (Kips Bay; March 3-4.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyably soppy goes. In French. (Cinema Village.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—Tony Richardson's movie about a runner who throws a race as an expression of his rejection of society. From Alan Sillitoe's story. Tom Courtenay is the runner. (Thalia; through Feb. 25.)

Lot in Sodom (1933)—This avant-garde effort (by Dr. John S. Watson and Melville Webber) certainly didn't point movies in any direction that sensible people wanted to follow, but it keeps coming back, so perhaps it has attained some sort of classic status. It's a symbolic interpretation of the Biblical story, with bodies writhing and swaying in poetic debauchery. (Elgin; starting March 1.)

Love Story—Maudlin. (Tower East.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Thalia; Feb. 26-28.)

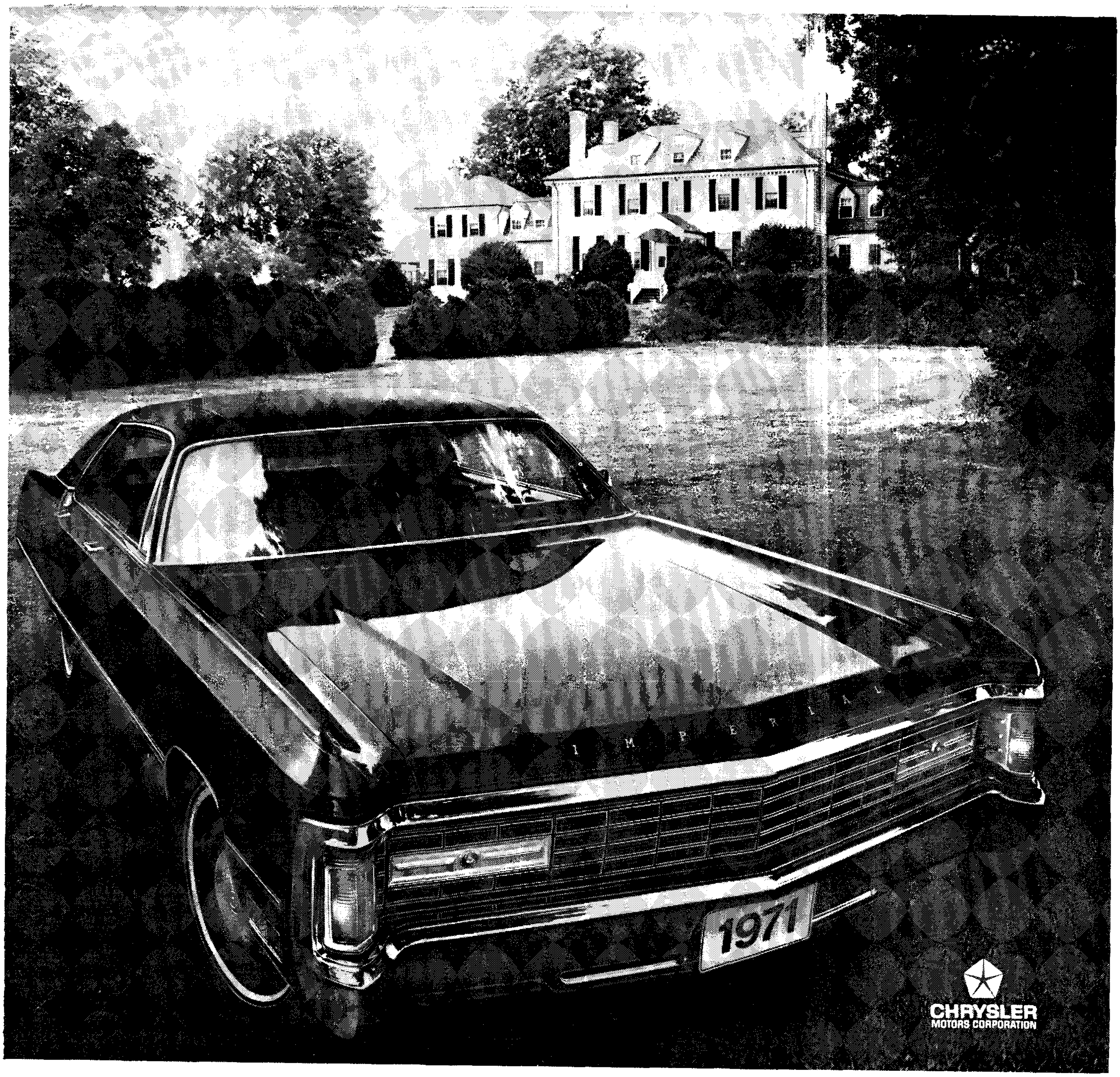
The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (Coronet; through Feb. 27.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison played Higgins once too often. (Criterion.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 25-March 3.)

My Night at Maud's—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better eye than anyone in sight for the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 25-March 3.)

The Night Visitor—A Gothic suspense film with



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Trevor Howard, Liv Ullmann, Per Oscarsson, and Max von Sydow, directed by Laslo Benedek. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A raucous romance, with Barbra Streisand and George Segal as sparring partners. They both win. Streisand can ring more changes on a line than anybody since W. C. Fields, and Segal has the steadying grace that Tracy used to supply for Hepburn. The picture is just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Festival. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse; through March 2.)

The Passion of Anna—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Regency.)

Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (Gramercy, 8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio; through March 2.)

Pigeons—It has been said that this movie about an alienated youth turned New York cabdriver improves as it goes along, but who wants to stick around long enough to find out? Static direction by John Dexter. With Jordan Christopher and Jill O'Hara. (Trans-Lux East; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; starting Feb. 28.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (Thalia; through Feb. 25.)

The Premature Burial (1962)—A predictable and inane version of the Poe story, directed by Roger Corman; the only distinction is in the ornate, cavernous settings. With Ray Milland, Heather Angel, Hazel Court, and Alan Napier. (Kips Bay; March 3-4.)

The Priest's Wife—Sophia Loren as a pop singer and Marcello Mastroianni as a priest. (Trans-Lux East; starting Feb. 26.)

The Projectionist—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which is mostly bits of old serials and features—some of them entertaining. With Ina Balin. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Feb. 27.)

Promise at Dawn—Jules Dassin has tried to turn Romain Gary's nostalgic celebration of his loving mother into a vehicle for Melina Mercouri. But she seems, as usual, to be playing a normal hearty, hot nymphomaniac. The different parts of the past run together in a blur in this generally unsatisfying film, but there are a few good satirical sequences with Dassin acting the role of a silent-movie idol. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema.)

The Pursuit of Happiness—With Michael Sarrazin and Barbara Hershey, directed by Robert Mulligan. (Baronet.)

Puzzle of a Downfall Child—The high-flown chic of soullessness, with Faye Dunaway as a fashion model who falls apart. The script (by Carol Eastman) is reminiscent of her script for "Five Easy Pieces," but Jerry Schatzberg has directed it in a hysterical, fractured style. (34th St. East.)

Ramparts of Clay—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this story of a young girl in an Algerian village. In French. (Cinema II; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; starting Feb. 28.)

The Raven (1963)—Roger Corman's spoof-horror film, with Peter Lorre, Vincent Price, Boris Karloff, and Jack Nicholson. (Kips Bay; Feb. 28-March 1.)

Road to Salina—With Rita Hayworth, Robert Walker, and Mimsy Farmer, directed by George Lautner. (Paris.)

The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming (1966)—Alan Arkin as a Russian sailor, and Carl Reiner as a vacationing New York writer in a comedy about a Russian submarine going aground on an island just off Cape Cod. Norman Jewison directed this pleasant entertainment, which was actually shot in Northern California. With Brian Keith and Jonathan Winters. (Thalia; March 1-2.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

Sally of the Sawdust (1925)—D. W. Griffith directed W. C. Fields in this film, which was Fields' first success with the movie public. It's an adaptation of Fields' stage hit "Poppy," and he plays Professor Eustace McGargle, the con man with a heart of gold. (Fields appeared in a sound version of the same material in 1936.) Griffith was working for a studio and didn't have control of this production (nor much dexterity at this type of comedy). It doesn't have a great deal to recommend it besides Fields, although the cast includes Alfred Lunt. Sally is the unexciting Carol Dempster. (Elgin; Feb. 26.)

Salome (1922)—One of the true curiosities of film history. Rudolph Valentino's wife, the designer Natacha Rambova (she designed the name, also), loved Aubrey Beardsley's drawings. She arranged to make this film with Alla Nazimova in the lead and Charles Bryant directing, and she did the décor and costumes based on Beardsley's drawings. The bizarre results are undramatic and boring, and yet often fascinating. Nazimova, one of the greatest actresses of her time, shows almost nothing of her talent here. She has a surprisingly boyish figure in the outré garments, and throughout much of the film her hair seems to be covered with ball fringe. The movie looks better in stills than when one actually sees it, but a folly like this should probably be experienced. (Elgin; starting March 1.)

Soldier Blue—Candice Bergen in a Western. Indian women and children are massacred by the U.S. cavalry. Based on real events, but the movie has a rather overblown and off-putting idea of its social importance. What we get is blood, mostly. (Orpheum; through March 2.)

Song of Norway—Dirndls, pasty faces, and roguish smiles. (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Sporting Club—With Robert Fields and Maggie Blye, directed by Larry Peerce. (Coronet; starting Feb. 28.)

The Struggle (1931)—This sound film was the last film D. W. Griffith directed. It was a disaster with the public; audiences laughed, and Griffith hid in his hotel room. It's not all that bad; there are some fine sequences shot on location in the Bronx and at a factory in Connecticut, but the script has enough idiocies to have triggered the laughter. Griffith meant the film to be an attack on both alcoholism and Prohibition, but the polemical ideas didn't work out right. Hal Skelly is the man struggling against the temptations of booze. With Zita Johann and Helen Mack. (Elgin; Feb. 27.)

Sudden Terror—Suspense story about a boy who witnesses an assassination. With Mark Lester, Lionel Jeffries, and Susan George, directed by John Hough. (Murray Hill.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. (Thalia; March 3-4.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A would-be scintillating comedy about a girl who can't decide between a dapper older man and a young hippie—the sort of thing that requires the audience to be enchanted by an elfin kook. Goldie Hawn bats her goldfish eyes, but she seems to have a hook in her mouth; Peter Sellers struggles manfully, trying to find her irresistible. Mechanically directed by Roy Boulting. (Charles; through March 2.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. Excellent photography by Henri Decaë. In French. (Charles; starting March 3.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a huge box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, sort of. (Thalia, March 1-2.)

Thunderball (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war-ballet. (86th St. East; through March 2.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—An account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Proof that planes and ships can be pedestrian. (U. A. East.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Art. . . . ¶ Midtown; Feb. 24.)

Wanda—Prize-winning movie about a woman who is a drifter, directed by, written by, and starring Barbara Loden. (Cinema II; starting Feb. 28.)

Where's Poppa?—Carl Reiner's comedy has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, though some of the skits are clumsily freaky. George Segal is wonderfully amiable and foolish, but his senile adversary—his mother (Ruth Gordon, doing her usual)—isn't an altogether satisfactory comic target. Fortunately, there's a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Symphony; through March 2. . . . ¶ Charles; starting March 3.)

The Wild Angels (1966)—The crude Roger Corman wheeler, starring Peter Fonda, that was aimed at the drive-in and male-loner audience but wound up reaching so large an international audience that the major studios began to imitate it. With Nancy Sinatra, Michael J. Pollard, and Diane Ladd. (Kips Bay; Feb. 26-27.)

The Wild Child—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor, played by Truffaut himself, who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Regency.)

The Wild Country—The Disney studio's treatment of Ralph Moody's "Little Britches," with Steve Forrest and Vera Miles. Directed by Robert Totten. (Guild.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableaux and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (Cinema Village.)

Wuthering Heights—Who would have guessed it was a story about incest? There's nothing quite like American International Pictures scholarship. With Anna Calder-Marshall as Cathy and Timothy Dalton as Heathcliff. Robert Fuest directed. (Music Hall.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—The last (and in some ways the best) of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. In this one his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and his harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. Connery seems more relaxed in this one—maybe because he'd served his time and was about to be liberated. But it was fun while it lasted—probably the best serial since talkies came in—and it went out with a bang. (86th St. East; through March 2.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 24.)

Zachariah—A rock Western, and as if that weren't mixture enough it also tries to be both spoof and morality play. Nothing quite works, yet it's a relaxed and generally inoffensive movie, and the hero (John Rubinstein) has an open, smiling manner. Directed by George Englund. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through Feb. 27.)

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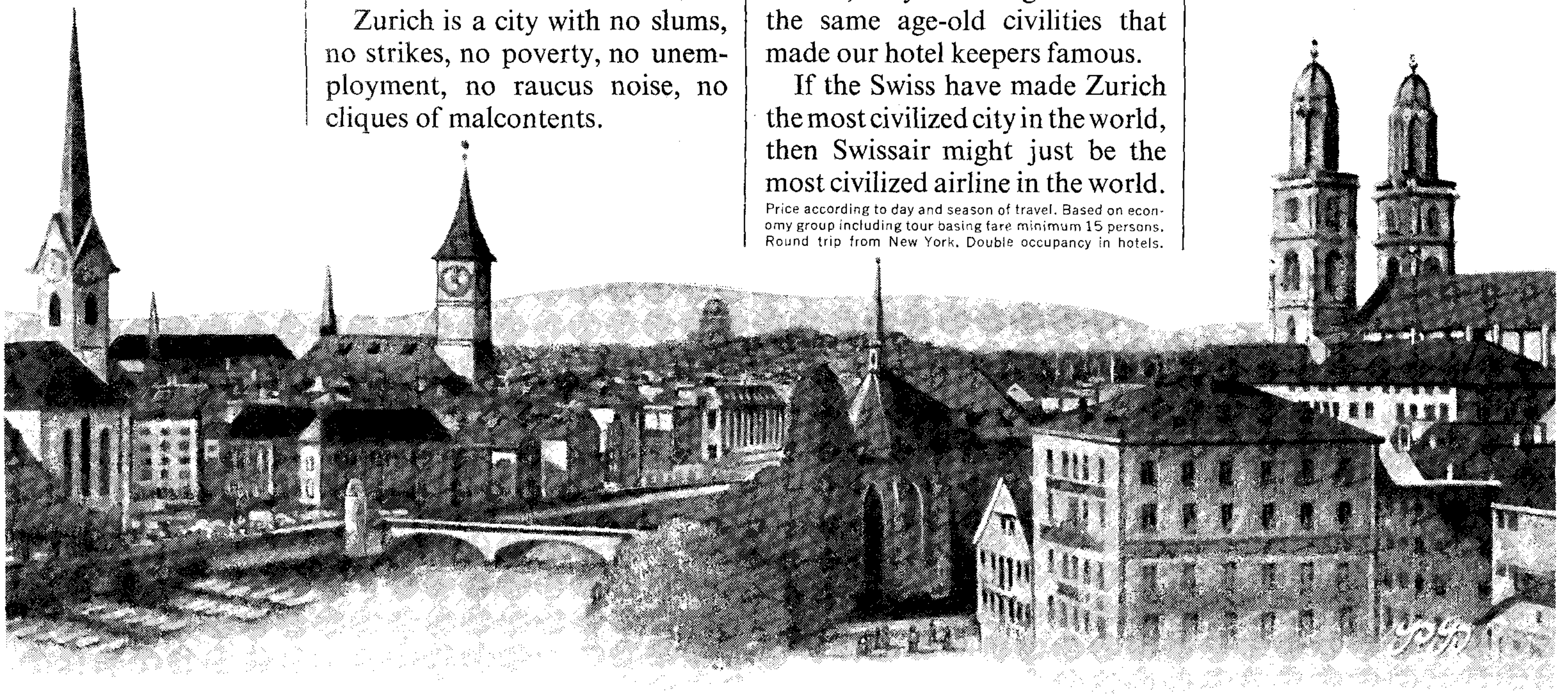

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THE
NEW YORKER

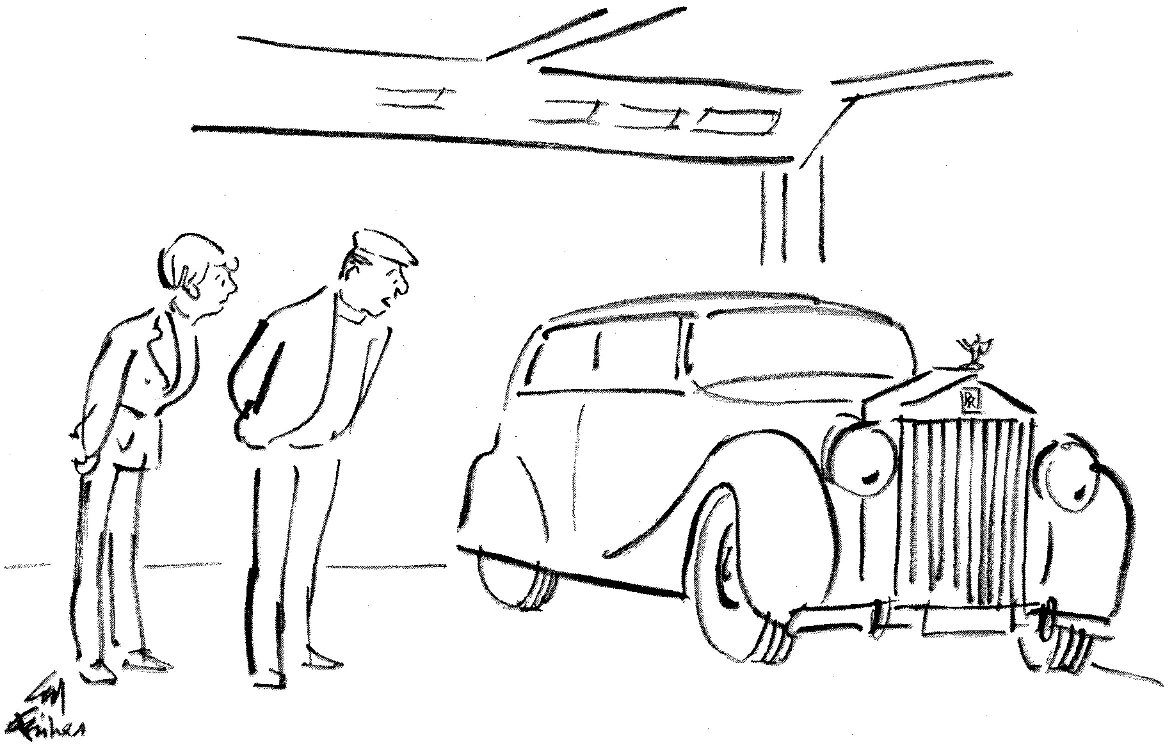
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the weeks since the invasion of Laos, the political world we have lived in for a decade has noiselessly disintegrated, and a new political world has emerged in its place. We can as yet only dimly perceive the shape of this new world, but we do know that certain reassuring limits, restraints, and protective barriers have faded away, leaving us, to our surprise and dismay, face to face with great dangers that were never, perhaps, very far from our minds but that only a month or so ago seemed comfortably distant. And we know that among these dangers is the fundamental, final danger that only our own age has had the misfortune to face. The extent of this abrupt but profound change, which one began to sense only during the early days of the move into Laos, was made clear when the President, in what is unquestionably the most alarming set of remarks made by any President since the beginning of the Indo-China war, told newsmen that he refused to "speculate on what South Vietnam may decide to do with regard to a possible incursion into North Vietnam in order to defend their national security," and also said that he was "not going to place any limitation upon the use of air power except, of course, to rule out a rather ridiculous suggestion that is made from time to time . . . that our air power might include the use of tactical nuclear weapons," and continued, "As you know . . . this has been speculated on for a period of five years and I have said for a period of five years that it is not an area where the use of nuclear weapons, in any form, is either needed or would be wise." The unrestricted use of air power over North Vietnam would, in effect, reverse the decision to end the bombing which President Johnson announced along with his decision (closely linked) not to seek a second term of office. An invasion of North Vietnam would enlarge the war beyond anything ever undertaken in Indo-China by any President, and would stand a strong chance of bringing China into the war. If this were to happen, the President's assertion that the use of nuclear weapons is "not needed" and is "unwise" would not be very consoling, for what is "not needed" and "unwise" in one set of circumstances can come to be considered needed and wise in a different set of circumstances. The President's remarks force us to look at the war in an entirely new light.

For two years, we have been told that what we were witnessing in Indo-China was the last days of a war, and most Americans have seemed to believe it. At the very worst, a few observers have feared a prolonged American presence in South Vietnam. But now a strong possibility has suddenly emerged that the ten years of war in Indo-China, for all their horror, have been only the prologue to a war throughout Southeast Asia—a sort of practice session, in which the military and the other bureaucracies and public-relations outfits have tested their "conventional" weapons exhaustively, have learned how to deceive themselves and the rest of us, and have learned the techniques for brushing aside or overriding the Constitutional restraints that the people, and other branches of the government in our democracy, might try to impose.

Some words written by Simone Weil in France in 1933 seem pertinent to this moment. She said that society was dominated by "a vast machine in which men are continually being caught up and which nobody knows how to control; those who sacrifice themselves for the sake of social progress are like people who try to grasp the wheels and clutch at the transmission belts in a vain effort to stop the machine. They are crushed in their turn." As we look to the future, it now seems possible that the war may prove to have been the assembly area for a vast machine whose first, and perhaps final, act might be to provoke a war with China. The nature of this machine has become clear during its ten years of development in Indo-China. The machine's normal state is one of ceaseless, dynamic agitation and expansion. Unlike many institutions, it has a natural tendency not to be passive and inert but to move and gather momentum. The difficulty is not in setting it in motion—as with, say, the judicial system—but in getting it to stop. The machine has no restraints within itself and can be restrained only by outside forces, such as the elected officials of government. It is the machine's nature to make war. If the outside restraining forces collapse, it will make war the way a dog barks. It is a strain for the machine *not* to make war. This characteristic can be detected in the remark of an official to the effect that a recent decision to expand the bombing of North Vietnam constituted a more "permissive" policy. The machine rejects all defined purposes. When it uses language, it uses language exclusively as a weapon. Ultimately, it could operate much more smoothly if it didn't have to issue any explanations or justifications at all. For example, at the beginning of the war one purpose of expanding the war was said to be the "containment" of China, but now it is precisely our expansion of the war that threatens to draw the Chinese beyond their borders. This explanation of purpose now works against the machine's own expansion, and has become an irritating impediment, which the machine casts aside. The machine requires simplicity. The democratic system of government, with its checks and bal-



"The poor old thing just seems to know."

ances, with its public opinion (which costs so much to manipulate), with its demonstrations and its annoyingly skeptical, questioning press and Congress, is too complicated for it. And the machine's greatest enemy is the most complicated thing of all—human society itself. Faithful always to its internal laws of growth and attentive always to its own propaganda, the machine is constructed to disregard the outside world altogether. But human society—seemingly such a soft, disorganized, defenseless thing—tenaciously sets up endless obstacles to the machine. It is human society that fouls up the machine—that crawls up out of the ground again after the around-the-clock shelling and bombing, that disrupts the game plans, and that refuses to bend to the violence. Sometimes the only way to simplify things enough is to destroy the society altogether. In Indo-China, the machine has made war on Indo-Chinese society from the start. It has efficiently torn the society apart as part of its game plan for the war. Now it appears that those who "control" the machine are undertaking further simplifications. There is the reported plan to move millions of people from the northern provinces of South Vietnam to the southern provinces; one reason for the invasions of Cambodia and Laos is surely that the military thinks the war will be simpler to fight there, away from the hostile civilian population of South Vietnam; and one temptation to invade North Vietnam is that the machine might then be able to fight a highly recognizable enemy—namely, the Chinese Army. And, finally, the machine's tendency to create simplicity through violence, and its tendency to reject anything as disorderly as human lives, makes one fear that it is moving unswervingly toward the ultimate simplification.

The question before us now is whether there is any force in the country that is able or—what is more to the point—willing to oppose such a machine as this. Unfortunately, as was recently noted in these pages, the people in Congress and in the country as a whole who have protested past escalations of the war have remained comparatively silent and inactive during this most recent and most grave escalation. In fact, the active, vigorous people in Indo-China and the silent, discouraged people at home are all, in different ways, under the sway of violence, the one group being intoxicated by it and the other stunned. Why, at this most dangerous hour since the beginning of the Indo-China war, is the country so quiet? When events seem to move unexpectedly and decisively against one, there is always a temptation to detach oneself and become a spectator, or simply to sleep. There is a temptation to endow the machine with godlike invincibility. Then the spirit of defiance and of action itself is numbed, and even victims of the machine are capable of nothing more than a feeling of admiration for its great power as it rolls over them. There is actually a paradoxical tinge of smugness in this piece of self-deception, inasmuch as one feels that it has taken a literally omnipotent force to crush such a fighter as oneself.

Yet there is something more to be said about the machine and men. Simone Weil went on to write, "The helplessness which one feels at a given moment—a helplessness which one should never consider total—neither excuses one from remaining true to oneself nor justifies surrender to the enemy, whatever disguise the enemy assumes. And whether it calls itself Fascism, democracy, or the dictatorship of the proletariat, the supreme enemy remains the administrative apparatus, be it civil or military. The true enemy is not the one in front of us, who is our enemy only insofar as he is the enemy of our brothers: the true enemy is the one who calls himself our defender and makes us his slaves. In no matter what circumstances, the worst betrayal is to consent to subordinate oneself to this administrative apparatus, and, in its service, to destroy, in oneself and in others, all true human values."

John W. Gardner

THE Ninety-second Congress has become the first in sixty years to ease, even slightly, the rigid seniority system of that body, which concentrates power in the hands of aged, rural, Southern, often arch-conservative members. A fair share of credit for the small victory must go to a brand-new citizens' lobby, whose amateur members and professional staff bombarded Congress with messages encouraging the move. Barely six months ago, John W. Gardner, a liberal Republican who was then chairman of the Urban Coalition and who before that—until he quietly resigned because of the Vietnam war—had been President Johnson's Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, sent out to a select mailing list a letter that began, “I would like to ask you to join me in forming a new, independent, nonpartisan organization to help in rebuilding this nation. It will be known as Common Cause. It will not be a third party but a third force in American life, deriving its strength from a common desire to solve the nation's problems and revitalize its institutions of government.” The issues Mr. Gardner, as chairman of Common Cause, set forth—ending the Vietnam war quickly, and giving the problems of poverty and race in the United States the highest priorities on a list that called for new solutions in housing, employment, education, health, consumer protection, environmental protection, family planning, law enforcement, and the administration of justice—evidently hit home, indicating that at least a part of the public recognized a need for what had all too regularly been called “a reordering of national priorities,” but had found no place to raise its voice effectively. Membership in Common Cause had been set at fifteen dollars a year, to assure its financial independence of large contributors pleading for special interests, and the immediate response to the appeal was three or four times what direct-mail experts had predicted. The dues-paying membership is now well over the hundred-thousand mark and increasing briskly.

We have long been acquainted with John Gardner's Washington reputation for clear thinking, but we met him for the first time only recently, when he was in New York on business, and we had a talk with him at a midtown office. We found him to be a tall, trim man of fifty-eight with a Roman profile. “There is a strong current of impatience running in this country with institutions that aren't doing their job,” he told us almost at once. “What has been borne in on me during my years in Washington is that we aren't going to solve any of our problems with the existing machinery. It isn't that the cities can't serve the blacks; they can't serve the whites, either. You look at a state legislature and you're astonished that the public business gets done at all. What was frightening about the Penn Central collapse was not the financial failure but that the line simply couldn't deliver the freight, much less the people. I think of France at the start of the Second World War, the structure so weakened by political and social decay that what fell was not a great nation but a house of cards. Common Cause has a cluster of issues around which men of good will can rally, but our emphasis is on going to the heart of the system's functioning—on revitalizing our institutions. It's peculiarly the issues of structure and process that until now have not had a constituency. Anybody can organize a group to speak out against hunger; Common Cause is trying to get the point across, clearly and emphatically, that questions of hunger won't be solved as long as a septuagenarian Texan named W. R. Poage, who is more concerned with subsidizing farmers than with feeding children, is chairman of the House Agriculture Committee. We Americans have woven a tight web of institutions that imprison us, limit our decision and scope. To imagine that enlightened conversation will change things is just wrong. You must administer a jolt.”

We knew that Mr. Gardner had come out of the academic community—a Californian, he holds an A.B. and an M.A. from Stanford and a Ph.D. from the University of California, and he taught psychology for some years—and we asked him if he had always preferred action to enlightened conversation.

“No, I'm a slow learner,” he said, with a smile. “I started out as the most academic of academics—the kind of faculty member who never even bothers to attend faculty meetings. An inveterate reader and student. Then came the Second World War, and I never went back to teaching; I guess I had had enough of fine girls' colleges in sylvan glens.” During the war, Gardner joined the Marines and was attached to the O.S.S. in Washington, Italy, and Austria. After his discharge, as a captain, he joined the Carnegie Corporation of New York, and eventually became president of that and, concurrently, of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. “I spent nineteen years in foundation work, in the conviction that if you understood a problem well enough and could communicate that understanding, somehow the world would be better. I believed in education in the broadest, deepest sense. Only when I went to H.E.W. and then the Urban Coalition Action Council did I come to understand how much could be accomplished by activist groups with a shared agenda—especially when they avoid the deadly game of organizational vanity.”

We asked Mr. Gardner to reply to the charge that movements like Common Cause are naïve and ineffectual.

“There has always been this folk

cynicism about citizens' movements, but from Populism on they have been tough political realities," he said. "The peace movement, the child-labor laws, conservation, family planning, prohibition and its repeal—none of these arrived through established political channels. What is lacking is never the power but the professional cutting edge. That can be supplied by this marvellous new instrument of public-interest litigation and by a professional lobbying operation. There's no reason a citizens' movement has to be sloppy. We have a professional staff of thirteen, in addition to clerical help, and use all the tools of the successful lobbyist. A young man who has been a leading figure in many of the activist movements of recent years hung around our shop for four days recently. When he left, he said, 'You know what thrills me about this place? It's so damn professional.' He had seen enthusiasm ebb time and again as the public's attention shifted from issue to issue. We're set up against that inevitable ebb and flow. We will be here, speaking out always for the public interest."

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SIGN observed in a do-it-yourself dry-cleaning emporium in Houston, Texas:

> Please empty pockets of
> Nails
> Bolts
> Hairpins
> Tools
> Bullets
> Money
> Etc.

Concepts

THERE will be only three more flights to the moon in the Apollo series, and, accordingly, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is already eying the next big event in the manned-spacecraft program—a huge manned space station that NASA hopes to put in orbit around the earth late in the decade. (Recently, a space expert suggested on the Op. Ed. page of the *Times* that we may all be living in space stations someday.) A small version of NASA's space station, the Skylab, will go into orbit in 1974, but the Skylab is to the space station what a Quonset hut is to the Astrodome. Twenty men may be living in the big space station for six months at a time. So far, no man has ever spent such a long period in space, or has ever been in a spacecraft so large that he could float about inside it without coming anywhere near a wall. Therefore, NASA asked the Grumman Aerospace Corporation, in Bethpage, Long Island, to do two studies: one on how astronauts who are in space for long periods can keep themselves neat and clean; the other on the best ways of moving about inside a big space station and how to stay still in a weightless environment long enough to get a job done. These studies have now been completed. The space station that NASA asked Grumman to investigate living in (it does not necessarily resemble the space station that NASA wants to orbit before 1980) looks like a propeller two hundred feet across. It has four one-hundred-foot arms, each of them a shaft sixty feet long ending in a cylinder forty feet long and thirty-three feet in diameter. The cylinders, which will be divided into five decks, are the biggest interior spaces the astronauts will have to worry about. Like a propeller, the space station will revolve—at a stately four revolutions per minute—and the resulting centrifugal force will create a sort of reverse gravity in the four cylinders, with the "down" direction being the outward one. The gravity situation will be confusing in other ways, too, for at the center of the space station the astronauts will be weightless, and as they move out along the arms their weight will increase, reaching a maximum of seven-tenths of their weight on earth. The space station will be a queasy place to be in—at first, anyway—and the Grumman engineers say that the designers of the space station will have to take the axis of the spin into consideration in planning the layout of furniture and of consoles, for if an astronaut were made to move his head repeatedly in the wrong direction in relation to the spin, he could easily get spacesick.

Two of the Grumman pilots who worked on the studies—Gerry Gibbons and Richard Bassano—said that the hardest part of the job wasn't so much solving problems as thinking up what the problems would be. "We just had to let our minds run wild," Gibbons said. The result of this activity was two fat books—a light-green one and a dark-blue one—full of what Grumman engineers call "concepts." Before the project started, NASA laid down certain rules, such as that all concepts should be simple and safe—a rule that compelled the engineers to eliminate some of their more extravagant concepts for moving about in the relatively weightless areas of the space station, such as equipping the astronauts with flippers, so that they could swim through the air. The idea was discarded because each flipper would have had to be as big as a large kite. Another idea the engineers tossed out before submitting the reports was to waft the astronauts up and down the long arms of the space station on constant streams of air. Like the flippers, the fans required to keep the air moving would be prohibitively big. Even so, an astronaut undertaking long-distance travel within the space station may have a choice of three concepts—a moving ladder, a moving handrail, and an elevator. The elevator—an open platform that would travel from the far end of a cylinder up through the arm and end at the hub, where, in a sort of lobby, an astronaut could change elevators to go out another arm—would have no counterweight, for when the elevator was at the end of one of the arms a counterweight at the hub would be weightless. The moving handrail would be mounted on a track running the length of each arm; the handrail, which the astronaut would hold on to with one hand, would travel along the track like an electric car, and when he pressed a button with his thumb, he would be whisked away. The moving ladder would be a sort of endless chain, with places for the astronaut's hands and feet. The designers would have to make sure the ladder was facing the right way in relation to the space station's spin, because otherwise the Coriolis force—an effect of rotation that on earth causes phenomena like water swirling as it goes down a drain—would tend to sweep the astronaut off.

In space, it is a lot easier for an astronaut to move than it is for him to stay put. Grumman studied a variety of tethers that would anchor a man at the waist, but the best way to anchor a man has always been by his feet. One way of doing this would be to have pairs of shoes fastened to the floor at strategic spots (Grumman calls this the Dutch Shoe Restraint), which an astronaut could slip into if he wanted to alight for a while. The difficulty with

Judith Shahn

Whitney Darrow, jr.

"When I said that three's a crowd, I had no idea he'd be such a brick about it."

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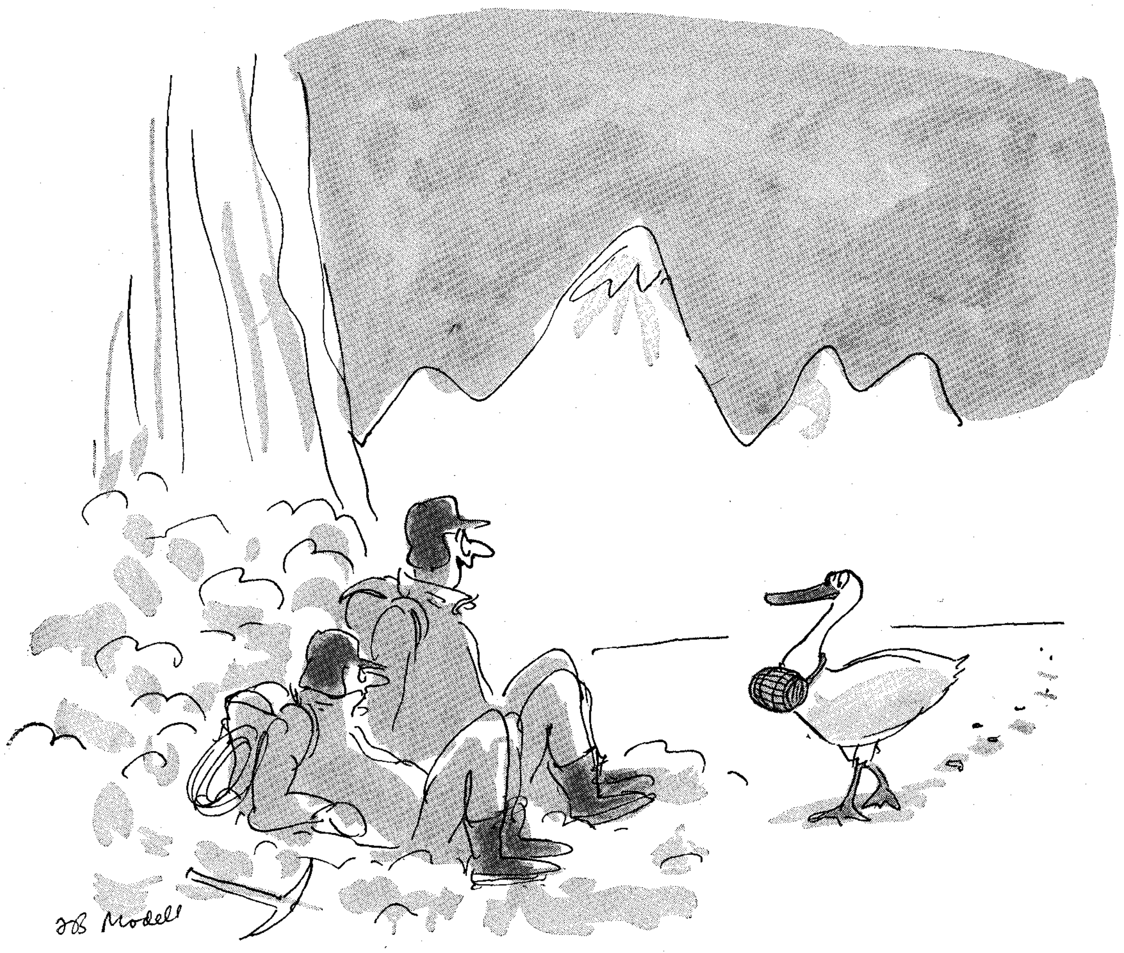
this arrangement is that the astronaut could stand only where the shoes were; it would be much better, the Grumman engineers point out, if the astronaut could *wear* shoes that would allow him to stand anyplace. In the Skylab, the astronauts will be wearing shoes with triangular knobs in the soles, and the floor will be a grid of triangular openings into which the knobs can lock. The Grumman engineers feel that this arrangement, which is called the Astrogrid, would make the big space station look like a prison; they put forward a concept of their own, called Suction Shoes. Each shoe would have a big suction cup embedded in the sole, so that an astronaut settling on a smooth floor would only have to twist his feet for the suction cups to hold him down. When he twisted his feet in the opposite direction, the suction would be released. The Grumman people looked into using magnetic shoes, but discarded the idea, because the shoes could be used only on an iron floor, which would be impractically heavy for the space station. They also considered covering both the floor and the soles of the shoes with Velcro, the material that clings to itself by microscopic hooks in its fibres, but since Velcro, which holds very well against any vertical pull, gives way when it is peeled sidewise, they found that an astronaut in Velcro shoes would come unhooked if he leaned over. The engineers recommend placing a variety of handgrips and railings throughout the spacecraft, and they have also invented a portable handgrip—an expandable rod that an astronaut could carry around and jam into any nook or cranny (assuming there are nooks and crannies in a space station), tighten into place, and cling to.

With three of the portable handrails, an astronaut could make himself a chair (assuming he could find a narrow enough nook that he wanted to sit in) by sitting on one bar, tucking his feet under a second, and placing the third in front of his waist, as though he were sitting on a rail fence. In weightlessness, seats don't need to be deep and comfortable—all they are required to do is to hold an astronaut down. The biggest chair in the space station would be a sort of inner tube called the Inflatable Mid-Torso Restraint, which would be attached to a pole set into the floor, and which the astronaut would slip around his middle and then inflate to hold him snugly. This would be the chair for an astronaut to relax and read a book in, and when he had to get back to work, he would be likely to put the book down on a concept called the Electrostatic/Aerodynamic Drag Work Table. From above, an apparatus would spray the book (or anything else he wanted to put down) with ions, and the book (or whatever) would be held down by an opposite charge in the table's surface. When the astronaut was ready for bed, he might crawl under a concept called the Net-Type Sleep Restraint—an elastic net, which he would clamp over himself, and which, in addition to holding him down while he slept, would supply the sensation of the weight of a blanket.

The next morning, when he went to take his shower, the astronaut would be



"He found us. That's the important thing."

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up against the problem that in weightlessness water does not flow downward. Accordingly, when he turned on the tap he might find that in addition to releasing water he had started a small gale in the shower stall, for the engineers would have put a large fan overhead to drive the water along the astronaut to the shower floor—which would slope—and into the drain. (After the water had disappeared into the drain, it would be purified and recirculated.) If the astronaut didn't want to take a shower, he could bathe himself with another concept, called an Astro-Vac, which would be a sort of sponge on the end of a double hose; the hose would blow soapy water through the sponge and simultaneously snuffle it back in. After either the shower or the Astro-Vac bath, he could dry himself with a Reusable Full Body Dry Wipe—a concept that the Grumman study describes as thirty inches wide, forty-five inches long, and made of terry cloth.

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AN early-rising Californian tells us that nothing is precisely precise in the Golden State, and cites as an example a Los Angeles disc jockey he heard the other morning, who announced, "In exactly fifteen seconds, the time will be approximately five-seventeen."

Money

WE made the acquaintance last week of Frank Domingues, a sparkling young entrepreneur who was in town to introduce to the press two new earthbound concepts, called TempAid Instant Warm Pack and TempAid Instant Cold Pack—nifty little gadgets that are designed to replace the hot-water bottle and the ice pack, respectively. The introductions were performed at a luncheon, and we made Mr. Domingues' acquaintance across a table in the Watteau Suite of the St. Regis. Also at the table was a young lady who said, "I work for the International New Products Center, which is a division of Patents International Affiliates, Limited."

"Is that a conglomerate?" we asked.

"No, it's in New York," she said.

Mr. Domingues, a man of considerable presence, told the table that he was half Portuguese and half Italian, and that his line of work was founding companies. "I'll bet I'm the only Portuguese-Italian entrepreneur in the United States," he went on. "I've founded three companies so far. The first one made a computer system that cost a hundred thousand dollars. I made money off that company. The second made a product that cost a thousand dollars, and I made more money. Now I'm making two products—the warm pack and the cold pack—that cost fifty cents. There's a truth in there somewhere. I got burned when I bought this new company, I don't mind telling you. I thought I was buying a company that made cold packs and warm packs. Well, the formula for the cold pack turned out to be a chemical analysis of the composition of clay. And the warm packs they had on hand were activated by lye, which is lethal. I can tell this joke now at my own expense, because although a very clever man made some money out of me, he also gave me a great idea that can make a lot *more* money. Large companies can't start new businesses. Their research and development go more and more for pure science, and less and less for new products. They're caught up in the Ph.D. syndrome and the M.D. syndrome. That's where I come in. I'm in the business of founding new businesses. Now, don't get me wrong. I *like* big companies. They're very important. They have *money*. I'm offering them a chance to interface with new products right from the start. I could start a new firm and market a new product and build up its sales, and then sell the business for maybe fifteen million dollars to a big company. It would make money. Or I could offer the big company the chance to interface with my new product and put up some money for its development right at the start, in return for, say, fifty per cent of the new company. The big company would make more money. Today's game is marketing—competing for that dollar. That's what I can help big companies do. Technology was the game in the sixties. Anybody who had a black box could make a million. But that's *gone*."

THE FIRST LUNAR INVITATIONAL

FIVE short years after Alan Shepard, swinging an improvised 6-iron, took a one-handed poke at a golf ball on the moon, space suits were developed which permitted a nice full shoulder turn and the Vardon overlapping grip. The next year, 1977, the first Semi-Invitational Tournament was scheduled, under the joint sponsorship of NASA, ALCOA, M.I.T., and Bob Hope. An elimination tournament was held under simulated conditions in the Mojave Desert, and the refined field of thirty pros, plus twenty invited celebrities, was lifted from Cape Kennedy on the Monday following the Azalea Open. A maximum of three woods per bag was allowed, mallet-head putters were forbidden, and caddies were expected to double. Two modules, of the "bus" type developed by Lockheed to transport the football teams matched in the previous January's Crater Classic, cast off from the mother ship Thursday morning, for a tee-off time of 9 A.M. Players grumbled of sleeplessness and the failure of officials to provide for a practice round, but praised the dry, open fairways and evidently relished the absence of wind and water hazards. "We'll tear this baby apart," Lee Trevino's voice crackled confidently across the vastness of space.

Robert Trent Jones, working from detailed relief maps of the lunar surface, had designed with the aid of computers in Lacus Somniorum a 42,000-yard layout, threaded among the natural outcroppings and effluvia and the debris left by previous expeditions. The cups were cut and the eighteen cores thus taken shipped back to the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston for pulverization, analysis, and adoration. The rules committee pondered the inch or so of ubiquitous dust and suspended the law against grounding your club in a sand trap. But preferred lies were banned. One of the invited amateurs, a Texas oilman playing snugly to a handicap of 23, had brought along a piece of Astroturf to make his own lies preferable. American flags of titanium foil, battery-powered to simulate rippling, vividly signalled the pin placements. The tee markers were pineapples rocketed in fresh each day from the private Dole launching pad in Oahu, at not a penny's cost to the taxpayer.

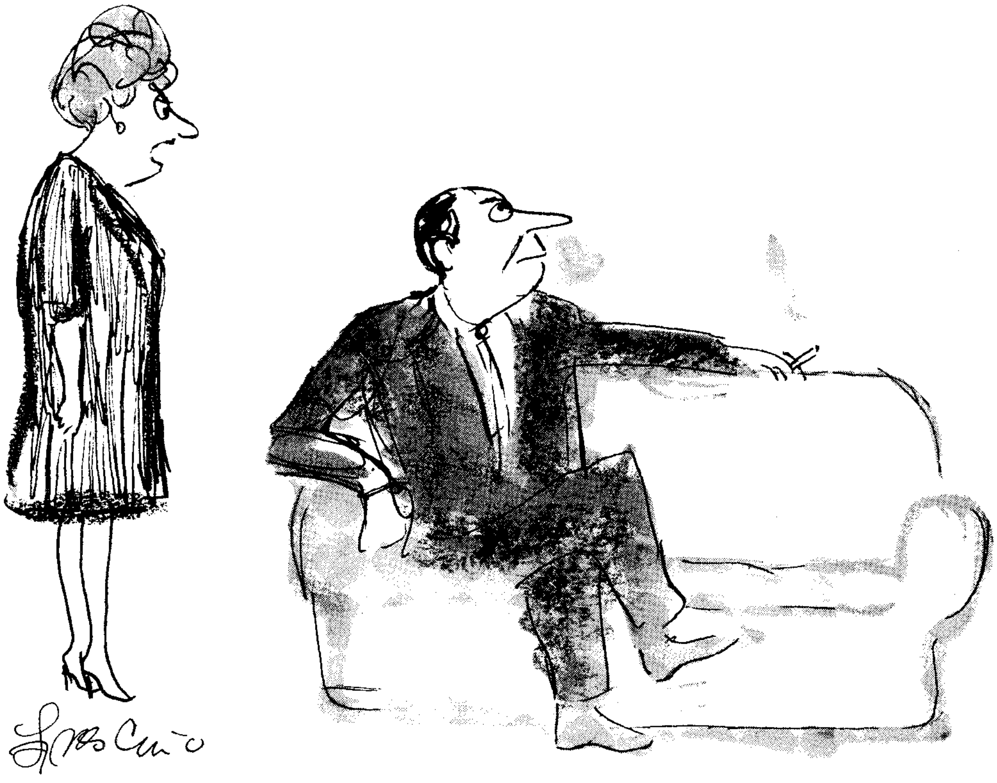
The pros quickly adjusted to the extraterrestrial conditions. The dust, for instance, was "fluffy" rather than "gritty," and the ball could be "struck" rather than "stung," as if from a lie of bedded dandelion polls; though it was hard to put enough "stop" on the ball for the rock-hard "greens" of smooth lunar gneiss. "It's a chipper's game up here," big-hitting George Archer confided to the three hundred million televiewers of the tournament. "It's like playing in a flour bin," Miller Barber observed from behind his accustomed sunglasses, and the Earthbound gallery could verify, despite the ragged television transmission, that owing to the tendency of the divots to hang cloudlike in the air the players slowly accumulated bulk, like snowmen.

Moon play had other peculiarities. Without an atmosphere, balls could not hook or slice, which licensed lashers like Arnold Palmer to overswing with impunity. Drives one mile long became standard by the second day of play. Smartly struck wedge shots, however, had a worrisome tendency to float into orbit; Jack Nicklaus lost two successive approaches to the fourth green this way, taking a humiliating eight on the hole. "It's a puncher's game," said Nicklaus. "Keep the ball low, and don't gulp oxygen." A ball lying in shadow, even though a few inches from the razor-sharp sunlight, had to be played promptly, lest it freeze and shatter when struck. And unexplained concentrations of basalt beneath the crust played magnetic havoc on some fairways; the shortest hole on the course, a 1,000-yard cutie nestled between a lava flow and a three-billion-year-old impact crater—for most pros an easy 8-iron—was birdied only four times the first two days of play.

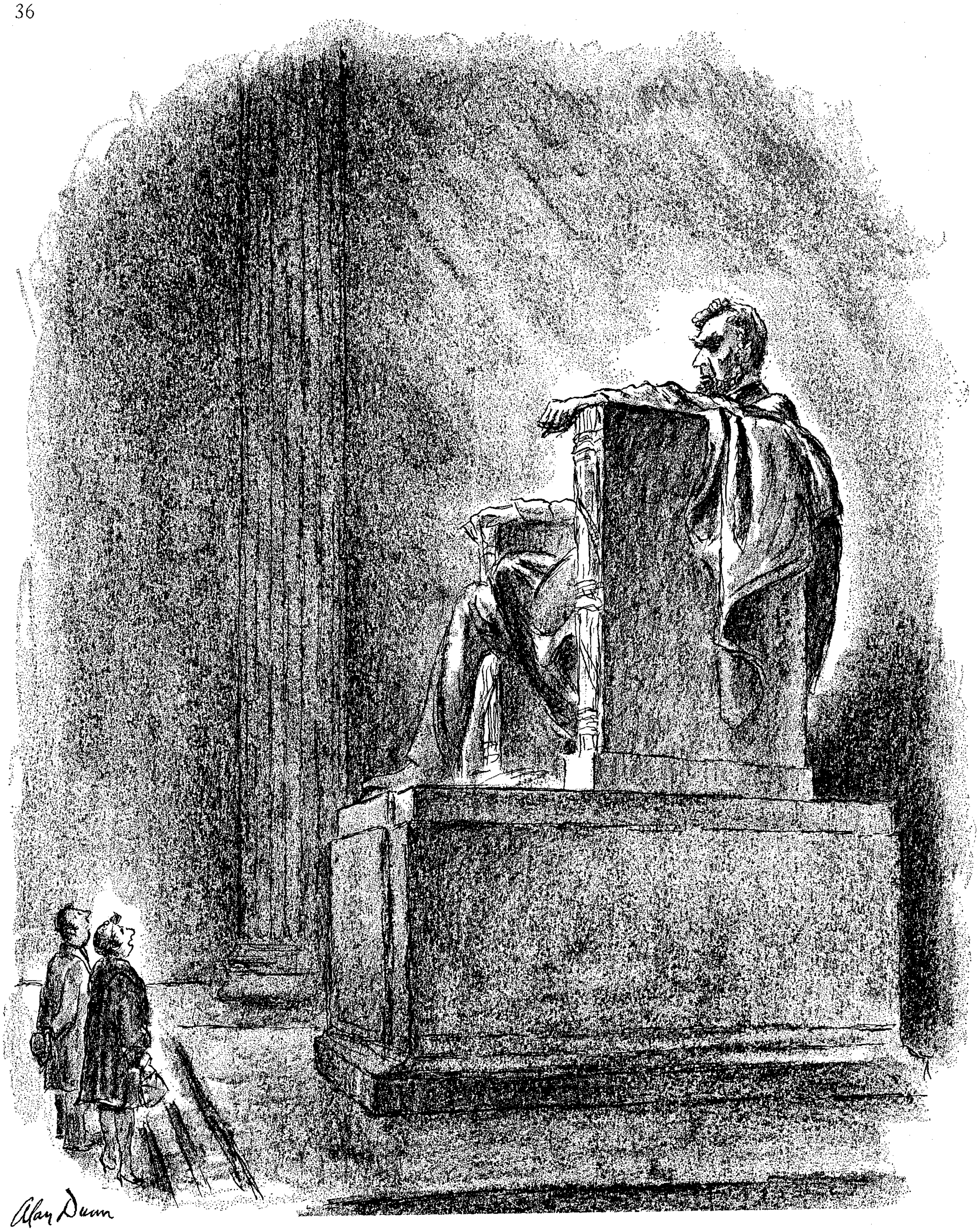
Toward the end of the second day's play, as the frigid lunar dusk was tracing long shadows across the course, Spiro Agnew, playing in a foursome with Bobby Nichols, Bob Lunn, and Robert McNamara, shanked a difficult spoon shot with such penetrating puissance that, from nine hundred yards away, it punctured the fuel tank of one lunar module and rendered it inoperable. The P.G.A. ruled from Palm Beach that those who failed to make the 36-hole cut should not only receive no prize money but should be the ones to stay on the moon and perish. Since this included most of the participating amateurs, several government officials demanded another ruling from the C.I.A., which refused, however, to identify itself over public networks. So the P.G.A. ruling appeared to stand. The next day, however, with the active field playing the eleventh through fourteenth holes through the Taurian Highlands, the disqualified golfers commandeered the operable module and rejoined the mother ship.

"Easy as sinking a six-inch putt," comedian Jerry Lewis later confided to newsmen.

THE tournament, interestingly, was played to a conclusion, though the backpack radios did not send sufficiently



"Well, you used to try at least to get a word in edgewise."



"All right. Muskie's craggy, too, but I bet he never split rails."

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powerful signals to announce to Earth the winner. The Dole Company continued to rocket pineapples moonward, and the Mount Palomar Observatory reported sighting on Sunday afternoon a crisp hit to the left of the pin by a player who, judging from his restricted backswing, must have been Doug Sanders.

The participants who returned to Earth found that their ardor for the game had permanently cooled. As singer Andy Williams put it, "I don't know, it just feels down here like you're swinging underwater at lumps of putty." Plans were projected for the next year's competition, with an enlarged purse and solar-powered golf carts contributed by the Russians; but that autumn the major powers, honoring their commitments to the contending factions in the Ethiopian civil war, staged a prolonged nuclear exchange, and in the subsequent regression of technology not only was the secret of solid-fuel rockets lost but of tapered tempered-steel golf shafts as well.

—JOHN UPDIKE

WHY HAVEN'T YOU WRITTEN?

HIS problem was hardening metal—finding a way to make it bore, grind, stutter through mineral-bearing rock without itself being blunted. The first time he spoke to the professor's wife, sitting on his left, she said how impossible that sounded, like seeking perpetual motion or eternal life—nothing could bear down against resistance without being worn away in the process. He had smiled, and they had agreed with dinner-table good humor that she was translating into abstract terms what was simply a matter of metallurgy.

They did not speak now. He did not see her face. All the way to the airport, it was pressed against his coat-muffled arm and he could look down only on the nest of hair that was the top of her head. He asked the taxi-driver to close the window, because a finger of cold air was lifting those short, overlaid crescents of light hair. At the airport, he stood by while she lined up to check in. He had the usual impulse to buy, to find something for her at the last minute, and as usual there was nothing she wanted that he could give her. The first call came and they sat on in a departure lounge, with his arm round her. She dared not open her mouth; misery stopped her throat like vomit: he knew. At the second call, they rose. He embraced her clumsily in his coat; they said the usual reassurances to each other; she passed through the gate and then came back in a crazy zigzag, like a mouse threatened by a broom, to clutch his hand another time. She always did that, ashamedly half dropping her things, in an unconscious effort to make no contact definitively the last.

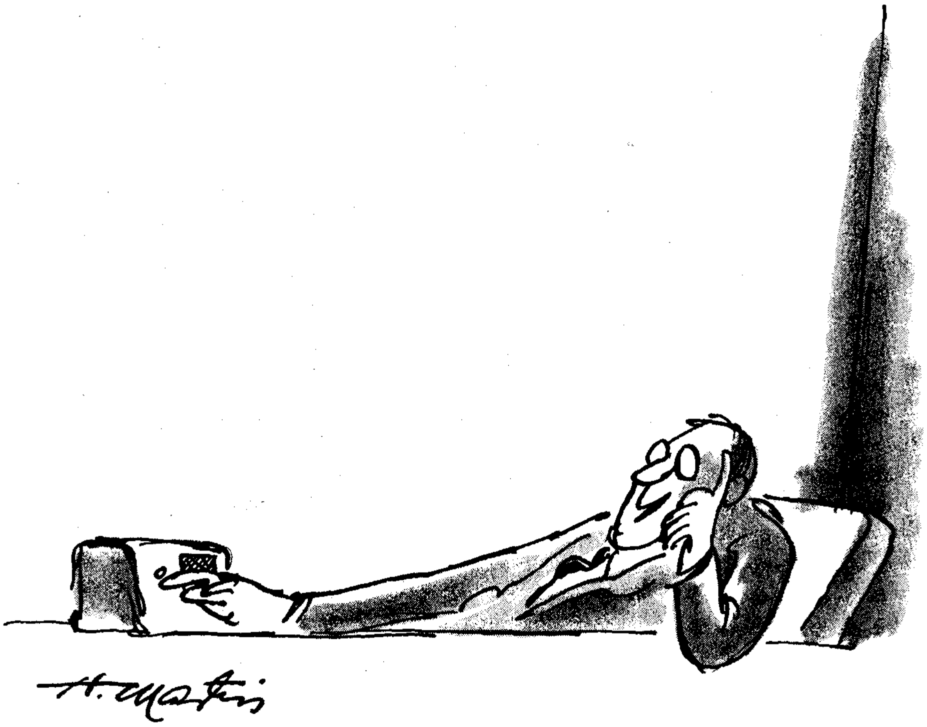
And that was that. She was gone. It was as it always was. The joking, swaggering joy of arrival carried with it this reverse side; in their opposition and inevitability they were identical. He was used to it, he should be used to it—he should be used to never getting used to it, because it happened again and again. The mining group in London for whom he was consultant sent him to Australia, Peru, and—again and again—the United States. In seven or eight visits, he had been in New York for only two days and had once spent a weekend in Chicago, but he was familiar with the middle-sized, Middle West, middle-everything towns (as he described them at home to friends in London) like the one he was left alone in now, where he lived in local motels and did his work among mining men and accepted the standard hospitality of good business relations. He was on first-name terms with his mining colleagues and their wives in these places, and back home at Christmastime he and his wife would receive cards addressed "to Willa and Duggie" although, of course, the Middle Westerners had never met her. Even if his wife could have left the children, and the mining group had been prepared to pay her fare, there wasn't much to be seen in most of the places his work took him to.

On Crispin Douglas's trips, it was rare for him to meet anyone outside the mining community. The professor's wife on his left at dinner that night was there because she was somebody's sister-in-law. Next day, when he recognized her standing beside him at the counter of a drugstore, she explained that she was on a visit to do some research in that town's local university library for her husband, Professor Malcolm, of the Department of Political Science in the university of another Midwestern town not far away. And it was this small service Kim Malcolm was able to carry out for the professor that had made everything possible. Without it, perhaps the meetings at dinner and in the drugstore would have been the only times—the beginning and the end, the end before the beginning. As it was, again and again the professor's wife met the English metallurgist in towns of Middle Western America—he come all the way from London to harden steel, she come not so far from home, to search libraries for material for her husband's book.

It was snowing while a taxi took him back along the road from the airport to the town. It seemed to be snowing up from the ground, snow flinging itself softly at the windshield, rather than falling. He wanted to go on driving into the snow that blocked out the sight of all that was around him, but there was a dinner, there was a report he ought to write before the dinner. Even when she was with him, he had to leave her in the room while he went to friendly golf games and jolly dinners with engineers who knew how much *they* missed a bit of home life when they had to be away from the wife and youngsters. Even when there were no dinner parties, he often had to write reports late at night in the room where she lay in bed and fell asleep, waiting for him. Now he actually ground his teeth like a bad-tempered child—always these faces to smile at, these reports to sit over, these letters to write. And always the proprietorial, affectionately reproachful letters from home: ". . . still nothing from you. For goodness' sake, a line to your mother would . . . It would cheer up poor little mumpy Kate no end if she got a postcard. . . . Nothing for ten days now . . . Darling, I can't help getting worried when you don't . . ."

Gone: and no time, no peace, to prepare for what was waiting to be realized in that motel room. He could not go back to that room right away. What he could do was drive on, with the huge silent handfuls of snow coming at him and the windshield wipers running a screeching fingernail to and fro over glass; he gave the driver an address far out of the way, and then, when they had almost reached it, said he had changed his mind. Then (to hell with the report) he went straight to his dinner party, although it was much too early. "For heaven's sakes! Of *course* not. Fix yourself a drink, Duggie. You know where it all is by now." The hostess was busy in the kitchen; a fat, beautiful little girl in leotards and dancing pumps came no farther than the living-room doorway and watched him, a finger up her nose.

They always drank a lot in these oil-fired igloos—down in the den, where the bar, with its collection of European souvenirs or home-painted Mexican mural, was; up in the sitting room, round the color TV after dinner, with the men exchanging professional jokes and anecdotes. Everyone found Duggie in great form: that dry English sense of humor. At midnight, he was dropped between the hedges of dirty ice shovelled on either side of the motel entrance. He stood outside the particular door, he fitted the key, and the door swung open on an absolute assurance—the dark, centrally heated smell of Kim Malcolm and Crispin Douglas together, his desert boots, her hair lacquer, zest of orange peel, cigarette smoke in cloth, medicated nasal spray, salami, newspapers. For a moment he didn't turn on the light. Then it sprang from under his finger and stripped the room: gone; empty, ransacked. He sat down in his coat. What had he done last time? People went out and got drunk or took a pill and believed in the healing sanity of morning. He had already drunk enough and he never took pills. Last time, he had left when she did, had been in some other place when she was in some other place. In this room, before she had gone, she had put the



"*Miss Maitland, send in some bright youngster in whom I might see great potential, and could help along the road to success.*"

cover on the typewriter, and there was a dustless square where the file with material for Professor Malcolm's book used to be. He took his notes for his report out of the briefcase and rolled a sheet of paper into the typewriter. Then he sat there a long time, hands on the machine, hearing his own breathing whistling slightly through his blocked left nostril. His heart was driven hard by the final hospitable brandy. He began to type in his usual heavy and jerky way, all power in two forefingers.

In the morning—in the morning, nothing could efface the hopeless ugliness of that town. They had laughed at it and made jokes about the glorious places he took her to. She had said, What if we could stay with each other for good, but only on condition that we had to live in this town? She had made up the scene: A winter day five years later, with each insisting it was the other's turn to go out in the freezing slush to buy liquor, and each hurling at the other the reproach—it's because of *you* I got myself stuck here. She was the one who pulled the curtain aside on those streets of shabby snow every morning, on the vacant lots with their screens of boarding, on the gray office blocks with lights going on through the damp-laden smog as people began the day's work, and it was she who insisted that, be fair, there was a quarter of an hour or so, about five in the evening, when the place had its moment—when a sort of Arctic spectrum, the fire off a diamond, was reflected from the sunset on the polluted, frozen river onto the glass faces of office blocks, and the evening star was caught hazily in the industrial pall.

In the morning, frozen snot hung from the roofs of wooden houses. A company car drove him to his first appointment. Figures in the street with arms like Teddy bears, the elbow joints stiffened by layers of clothing. A dog burning a patch of urine through the snow. In the cafeteria at lunch (it was agreed that it was crazy, from the point of view of everyone's waistline, to lay on an executive lunch for him every day), he walked past paper cups of tuna-fish salad and bowls of jello, discussing steel. Some drills were behaving in an inexplicable manner, and he was driven out to the mine to see for himself. It was a graveyard all the way—tombstones of houses and barns under snow. Sheeted trees. White mounds and ridges whose purpose could only be identified through excavation, like archeological mounds. He did not know why the drills were not fulfilling their promised performance; he would have to work on it. He lied to one generous colleague, telling him that he had been invited to dinner with another, and he walked about the iron-hard streets of the downtown area (the freeze had crusted the slush, the crust was being tamped down by the pressure of feet) with his scarf over his mouth, and at last ended up at the steak house where they used to go. Because he was alone, the two waitresses talked to each other near him as if he were not there. Each table had a small glass box which was a selector for the jukebox; one night she had insisted that they ought to hear a record that had been the subject of controversy in the newspapers because it was supposed to include as a background to the music the passionate cries of lovemaking, and they had laughed so much at the groans and sighs that their bloody slabs of meat on wooden serving boards got cold before they ate them. Although he thought it senseless to fill himself up with drink, he did finish a whole bottle of wine, which they used to manage between them. And every night, making the excuse that he wanted to work on the problem of the steel drill, or pleading tiredness, or lying about an invitation he didn't have, he went from brutal cold into fusty heat and out to brutal cold again, sitting in bars and going to the steak house or the Chinese restaurant and then back to bars again, until the final confrontation with cold was only half felt on his stiff, hot face and he trudged along planes of freezing wind or sat behind a silent taxi-driver, as he had sat coming home alone from the airport with the snow flinging itself up at his face, and so came back to the motel room.

The freeze continued. The TV weatherman gabbling cheerily before his map showed a sweep of great snowstorms over whole arcs of this enormous country. At the airport she had left from, planes were grounded for days. The few trains there were ran late. In addition, there was a mail strike and no letters—nothing from England, but also nothing from her, and no hope of a phone call, either, because she had flown straight to join the professor at his mother's home in Florida, and could neither dare telephone him at the mining office during the day nor hope to get out of the house to do so at night, when he was in the motel. He moved between the motel room, whose silence, broken only by Walter Cronkite and the weatherman, filled with his own thoughts as if it were some monstrous projection, a cartoon balloon, issuing from his mind—he moved between that room and the Japanese-designed headquarters of the company, which existed beneath blizzard and mail strike like a well-equipped bunker with contemplative indoor pools, raked stone-covered courtyards, cheerful rows of jello and tuna-fish salad. He woke in the dark mornings to hear the snowplow grinding along the streets. Men struck with picks into the rock of ice that covered the sidewalks a foot solid. The paper said all post offices were deep in drifts of accumulated mail; the mouths of all mailboxes had been sealed. England did not exist, and Florida—was there really anyone in Florida? It was a place, the weatherman said, where the temperature was in the high seventies, and the air humid. She had forgotten a sheet of notes that must have come loose from the file, and the big yellow fake sponge (it was what she had been buying when they found themselves together in the drugstore of that other Midwest town) that she now always brought along. She would be missing the sponge, in Florida, but there was no way to get it to her. He kept the sponge and the sheet of paper on the empty dressing table. Overnight, every night, more snow fell. Like a nail, he was driven deeper and deeper into isolation.

One night, he came back after dinner with the chief metallurgist and his party at the country club (the chief metallurgist always took his wife out to eat on Saturday nights) and was possessed by such a dread of the room that he told the taxi-driver to take him to the big chain hotel, which had seventeen floors and a bar on top that stayed open late. Now it was full of after-dinner parties like the one he had just left; he was the only solitary. Others did not look outside, but, fiddling with a plastic cocktail stirrer in the shape of a tiny sword, he saw through the walls of glass that they were surrounded by blue-dark steppes of desolation out beyond the feebly lit limits of the town. Wolves might survive out there, where effluvia from paper mills made fish swell up and float and where birds choked on pesticide-tainted seeds. He carried the howl of those wolves somewhere inside him. It was as close as that slight whistling from the blocked sinus in his left nostril. When the bar shut he went packed with all those chattering others in an elevator, down to the street.

The smell in the motel room had not changed. He felt so awake, so ready to tackle something, some work or difficulty, that he took another drink, a big swallow of neat whiskey, and that night wrote a letter to Willa. I'm not coming back, he said; I have gone so far away. Of course, I am sorry that you have been such a good wife, that you will always be such a good wife and nothing can change you. Because so long as I accept that you are a good wife, how can I find the guts to do it? I can go on being the same thing—your opposite number, the good husband, hoping for a better position and more money for us all, coming on these bloody dreary trips every winter. (Why don't they ever send me in good weather?) But it's through subjecting myself to all this, putting up with what we think of as these partings for the sake of my work, that I have come to understand that they are not partings at all. They are nothing like partings. Do you understand?

It went on for two more pages. When he had finished he put it in an airmail envelope, stamped it, went out again—he had not taken off his coat or scarf—and walked through the ringing of his own footsteps in the terrible cold to where he remembered there was a mailbox. Like all the others, the slot

was sealed over by some kind of gummed tape—very strong stuff reinforced by a linen backing. He slit it with a piece of a broken bottle he found in the gutter, and pushed the letter in. When he got back to the room he still had the piece of glass in his hand. He fell asleep in his coat but must have woken later and undressed, because in the morning he found himself in bed and in pajamas.

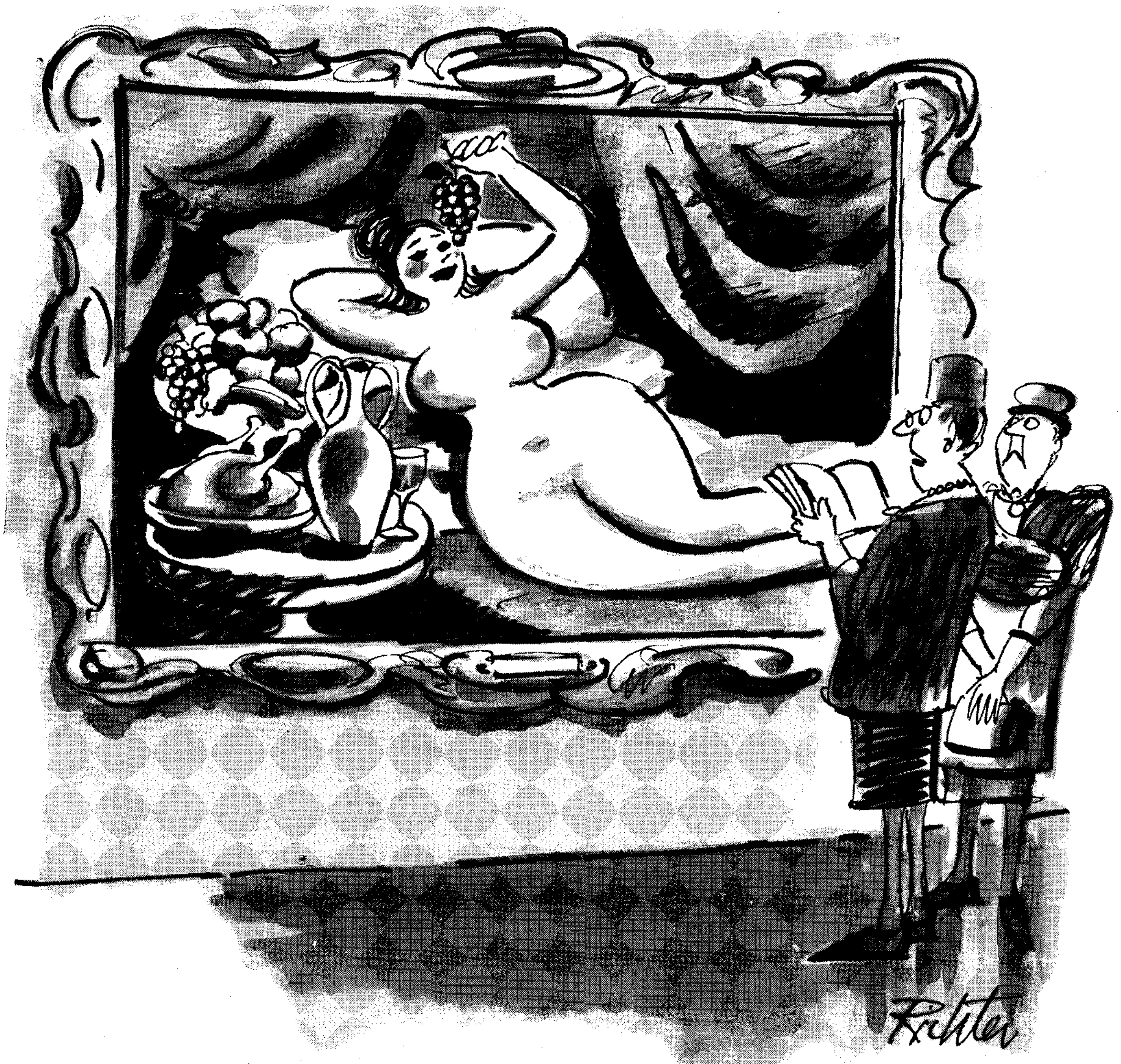
HE did not know how drunk he had been that night when he did it. Not so drunk that he was not well aware of the chaos of the mail strike; at the country club, everyone had been agreeing that most of the mail piled up at the G.P.O. could be expected never to reach its destination. Not so drunk that he had not counted on the fact that the letter would never get to England. Why, he had broken into the mailbox, and the boxes were not being cleared. Just drunk enough to take what seemed to him the thousand-to-one chance the letter might get there. Suppose the National Guard were to be called in to relieve the strike, as it had been in New York? Yet for several days it did not seem to him that his letter would ever be dispatched and delivered—that sort of final solution just didn't happen.

Then the joke went round the office that the mail was moving again: the company had received, duly delivered, one envelope—a handbill announcing a sale (already over) at a local department store. Some wit from the administration department put it up in the cafeteria. He suddenly saw his letter, a single piece of mail, arriving at the house in London. He thought of writing—no, sending a cable—now that communications were open again, instructing that the letter was to be destroyed unopened. She would never open a letter if asked not to, of course. She would put it on the bedside table at his side of the bed and wait for a private, nighttime explanation, out of the hearing of the children. But suppose the letter had been lost, buried under the drifts of thousands mis-sorted, mis-dispatched—what would be made of a mystifying cable about a letter that had never come?

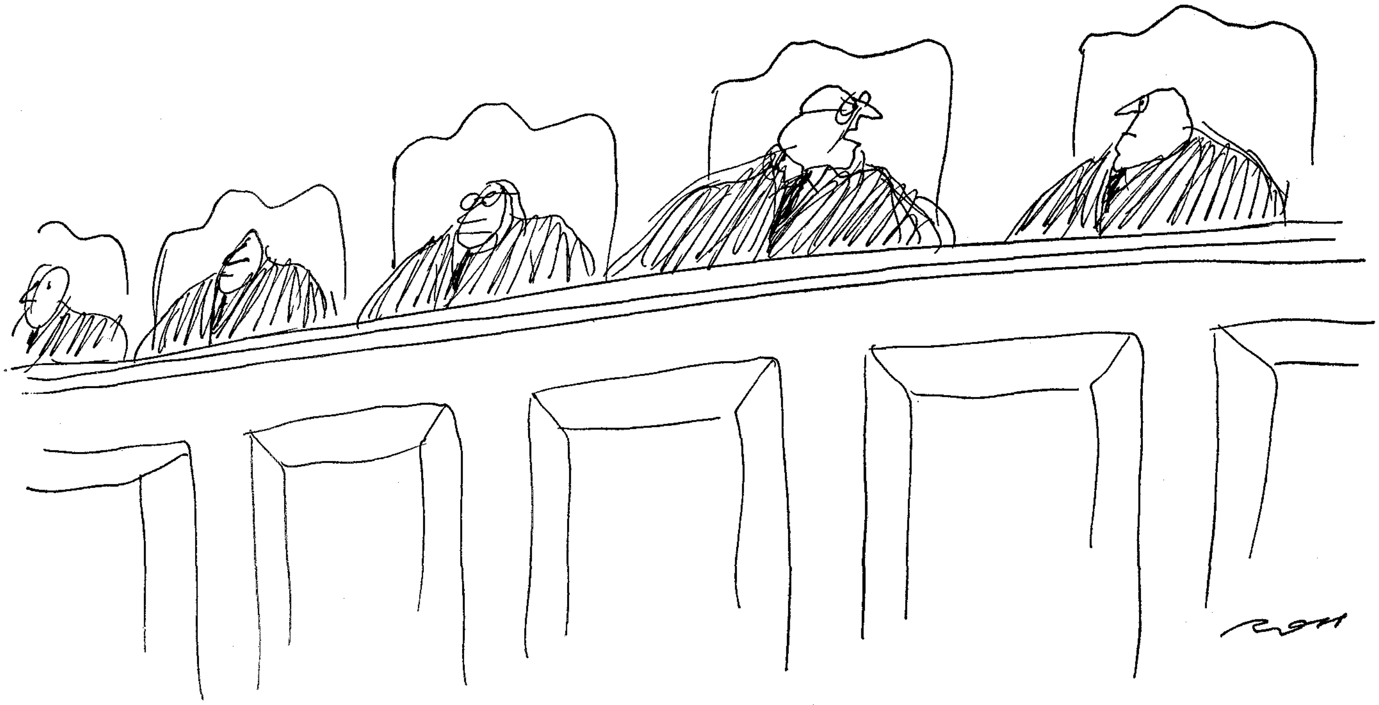
The snow was melting at last. The streets glistened and his clothes were marked with the spray of dirty water thrown up by passing cars. He had impulses—sober ones—to write and tell the professor's wife, but when she unexpectedly did manage to telephone, the relief of pleasure at her voice back in the room so wrung him that he said nothing, and decided to say nothing in letters to her, either. Why disturb and upset her in this particularly disturbing and upsetting way?

Then he received a letter from London, a two-week-old letter. There must have been later ones that hadn't turned up. He began to reason that if his letter ever did arrive in London, he might just manage to get there before it. He did not know whether this implied that he would be able to intercept it. He actually began to hint to his colleagues at the company that he would like to leave by the end of the week, to be home in England for the weekend. After all, a six weeks' absence . . . The problem of the drills' optimum performance couldn't be solved in a day, anyway; he would have to go into the whole business back at the research laboratory in London. The chief metallurgist said what a darned shame he had to leave now, before the golf course opened again.

He forced himself not to think about the letter, or at least to think about it as little as possible for the remaining days. Sometimes the idea of it came to him as a wild hope, like the sound of her voice suddenly in the room, from Florida. Sometimes it was a dry anxiety: What a childish, idiotic thing to have done, how insane to risk throwing everything away when, as the professor's wife often said, nobody was



"'The artist flourished from 1720 to 1753.' Flourished is right!"



"If you please, Mr. Justice, would you mind not saying, 'Of course we could be wrong'?"

• •

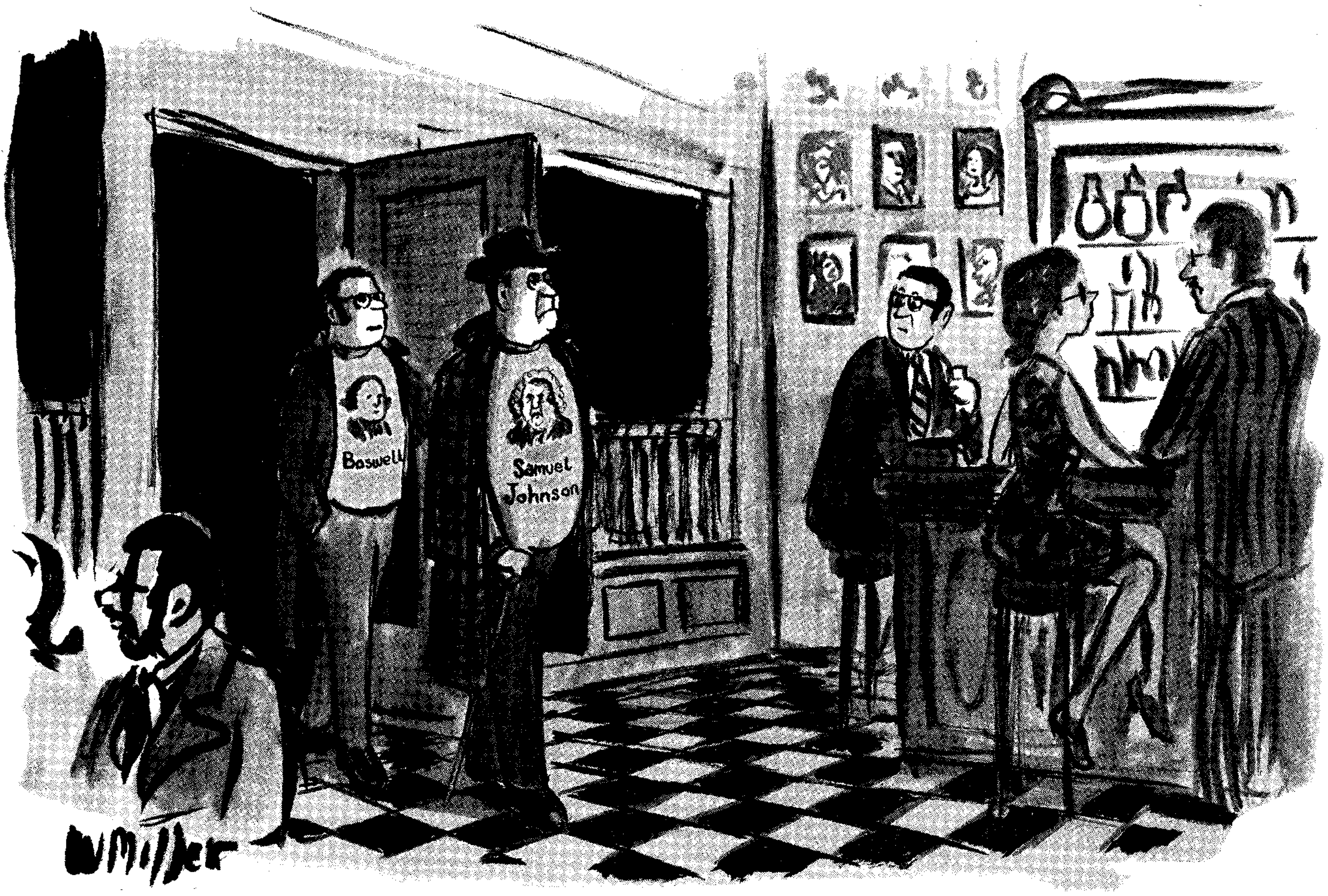
being hurt—Professor Malcolm, the children, Willa, none of them. Resentment flowed into him like unreasonable strength—*I am being hurt!* Not so drunk, after all, not so drunk. Yet, of course, he was afraid of Willa, ranged there with two pretty children and a third with glasses blacked out over one eye to cure a squint. What could you do with that unreasonable, lifesaving strength, against that little family group? And, back again to the thought of the professor's wife, his being afraid disgusted him. He spoke to her once more before he left, and asked, Why do we have to come last? Why do we count least? She accepted such remarks as part of the ragged mental state of parting, not as significant of any particular development. He put the phone down on her voice for the last time for this time.

He took the plane from Chicago late on Friday afternoon and by midnight was in early-morning London. No school on Saturdays, and Willa was there with the children at Heathrow. Airports, airports. At some times and for some men, it was the battlefield or the bullring, the courtroom or the church; for him, it was airports. In that architectural mode of cheap glamour suited only to bathos his strongest experiences came; despair could not be distinguished from indigestion induced by time change, dread produced the same drawn face as muscle cramp, private joy looked no different from the euphoria induced by Moët et Chandon. These were the only places where he ever wanted to weep, and no places could have been more ridiculous for this to happen to him.

Willa had a new haircut, and the children were overcome by embarrassment at the ten yards he had to walk toward them, and then flung themselves excitedly at him. Willa hugged his arm and pressed her cheek against his coat sleeve a moment; her mouth tasted of the toothpaste they always used at home. The last phone call—only nine hours ago, that was all it was—receded into a depth, a distance, a silence as impossible to reach down through as the drifts of snow and piled-up letters. No letter, of course—he saw that at once. His wife cooked a special lunch, and in the afternoon, when the children had gone off to the cinema with friends, he did what he must, he went to bed with her.

THEY talked a lot about the postal strike and how awful it had been. Nothing for days, for more than two weeks! His mother had been maddening, telephoning every day, as if the whole thing were a conspiracy to keep her out of touch with her son. Crazy! And her letters—had he really only got one? She must have written at least four times; knowing that letters might not arrive only made one want to write more—wasn't it perverse? Why hadn't he phoned? Not that she really wanted him to, it was so expensive—by the way, it turned out that the little one had knock-knees; he would have to have remedial treatment. Well, that was what he had thought—such an extravagance, and he couldn't believe, every day, that a letter might not come. She said once, It must have been quite a nice feeling, sometimes, to be free of everything and everyone, for a change—peaceful without us, eh? And he pulled down his mouth and said, Some freedom, snowed under in a motel in that godforsaken town. But the mining group was so pleased with his work that he had been given a bonus, and that pleased her and made her feel it was worth it—worth even the time he had had to himself.

He watched for the postman; sometimes woke up at night in a state of alarm. He even arranged, that first week, to work at home until about midday—getting his reports into shape. But there was nothing. For the second week, when he was keeping normal office hours, he read her face every evening when he came home; again nothing. Heaven knows how she interpreted the way he looked at her, watched her. He would catch her full in the eyes, by mistake, now and then, and she would have a special slow smile, coloring up to her scrubbed little earlobes—the sort of smile you get from a girl who catches you looking at her across a bar. He was so appalled by that smile that he came home one night with a bunch of flowers. She embraced him and stood there holding the flowers behind his back, rocking gently back and forth with him as they had done years ago. He thought—wildly again—how she was still pretty,



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quite young; no reason why she shouldn't marry again.

His anxiety for the letter slowly began to be replaced by confidence: It would not come. It was safe now, and hopeless; that letter would never come. Perhaps he had been very drunk, after all. Perhaps the mailbox was a permanently disused one, or perhaps the letter hadn't really gone through the slot but had fallen into the snow, the words then melting and wavering while the ink ran with the thaw and the thin sheets of paper turned to pulp. He was safe. It was a good thing he had never told the professor's wife. He took the children to the Motor Show; he got good seats for Willa, his mother, and himself for the Royal Shakespeare season at the Aldwych; and he wrote a long letter to Professor Malcolm's wife, telling her about the performance and how much he would have loved to see it with her. Then he felt terribly depressed, as he often did lately now that he had stopped worrying about the letter. There was nowhere in the house to go for privacy, in depression, except the lavatory, where Willa provided the color supplements of the Sunday papers for reading matter.

One morning, just over a month after her husband had returned from the Middle West, Willa picked up the post from the floor as she brought the youngest home from school, and saw a letter in her husband's handwriting. It had been date-stamped and restamped and was apparently about six weeks old. There is always something a bit flat about opening a letter from someone who has in the meantime long arrived. She vaguely saw herself producing it that evening as a kind of addendum to their forgotten emotions about their separation; by such small shared diversions, they kept their marriage close. But after she had given the little one his lunch she found a patch of sun for herself and opened the letter after all. In that chilly spring, an unaccustomed warmth seemed suddenly to become aural, sang in her ears at the pitch of cicadas, and she stopped reading. She looked out into the small garden amazedly, accusingly, as if to challenge a hoax. But there was no one to answer for it. She read the letter through. And again. She kept on reading it, and it produced almost a sexual excitement in her, as a frank and erotic love letter might. She could have been looking through a keyhole at him lying on another woman. She took it to a secluded part of the garden, as the cat often carried the bloody and mangled mess of its prey from place to place, and read it again. It was a perfectly calm and reasonable and factual letter, saying that he would not return, but she saw that it was indeed a love letter—a love letter about someone else, a love letter such as he had never written to her. She put it back in the creased and stained envelope and tore it up, and then she went out the gate and wandered down to the bus stop, where there was a lamppost bin, and dropped the bits of paper into its square mouth among the used tickets.

—Nadine Gordimer

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Important Advice

As suggestion of a important quantity of newspaper reporters this year the seats of the "club" that is exclusively reserved to all the reporters that do information's work in press, radio and T.V.

The reporters affirm that to place each one meanwhile they go into the club, elude to derange to the companion in the case that he arrive later.

The organisation knows that is right that no reporter was deranged when he is seing the film, so we beg to all the reporters of press, radio and T.V. that do not leave seats free, as each companion to arrive do not derange to whom is already sat. Many thanks for your colaboration that always will be in the general favour. —*Notice distributed to reporters by the San Sebastian International Film Festival.*

Oh, we've read many a report by a deranged reporter. Nothing new here.

MOUTH-ORGAN TUNES: THE AMERICAN LOST AND FOUND

I

IN A HO-JO'S BY THE RIVER

This mouse-gray man with currant-black eyes stealing
Around the edges of his rimless glasses, stealing
Out of the restaurant behind his wife's gray raglan
Back and permanent-framed face—revealing
A world of middle tones suspent in mildness,
The lipless gray *moue* of the long-gone childless,
A rosebud button nose, the wild blue flaglets
Of March-air eyes impugned by reddish lashes,
The stream beds down each cheek in gouged meanders—
Now sidles past my elbow in lost motion,
All hesitant and tremblant, to the Flanders
Fields of parked cars to which a rootless nation
Repairs for movement and repose on Sundays.

II

AND DID THOSE FEET IN ANCIENT TIME WALK ON NEW ENGLAND'S MOUNTAINS GREEN?

Spring and an empty house and an empty spring-
House over the spring. A millstone for a door-
Step. Wind in slattern shutters. A thin green
Sheen in the dead grass ringlets and a squill
Blowing beside the door, blue, blue. No paint since when.
The swayback barn—shed, really—open to
All comers. Hames inside. The pasture fence
Squandering stones on fields. The kitchen is
Savage: enamel coffeepot, a pile
Of yellow *Union-Leaders*, overalls
Stiff on a hook, cracked plates in the dry sink,
Bagged bluebottles in webs, an empty quart
Of Carling's, and a Black Flag ant trap on
The pantry shelf. When purple lilacs last
In the dooryard bloomed, and Sirius early drooped
In the western sky in the night, Myles died.
This spring I mourn his unreturning pride.

III

IN BALTIMORE—WHY BALTIMORE?—DID KAHN

A grisly torture dome decree, where Alf
Kahn made incisions in his secret self
Under the attic eaves. At work all day,
He'd bundle groceries down at the A.
& P., hating such servitude; each night,
Up in his attic, by a ten-watt light,
He'd write, in anguish, ten more pained lines of
His monstrous opus, "Succubus," his love,
His mother, wife, and children, youth, old age,
Past fury, present anger, permarage.
Stuprate, he rent his fabric with each kiss.
His pieces kissed again. No end to this.

IV

THE DUMP: A DREAM COME TRUE

When Mrs. Finnan died, aged eighty-one,
In brave Brick Bottom, Somerville, her son
Did right by her; he called Kennealley in—
The funeral director—and had him
Take care of everything. (And so he did;
At the closed-coffin wake, he begged that Jim—
Who had his generation's taste—take just
One peek at her, to show Kennealley gave
Full value, even with a dear one whose
Face never would be seen. Jim did; a whore's
Pink-painted cheek shone out at him. "There!" said
Kennealley. "Wha'd I tell you? Hundred per cent.")
After the wake, Jim cleaned out her junk—
She was a pack rat—and took it to the dump
In his Ford wagon, cluttered to the eaves
With the sort of truck no one who ever grieves
Wants to hang on to: corsets, letters, lamps,
Black hats, bent saucepans, pie tins, cancelled
  stamps
From Eire, medicines, a heating pad.
At the town dump in Milton, Jim drove in
Through skeins of smoke and stopped beneath the
  rim
Of a semicircle of junk hills, on whose
Heights men emerged and, high and giant, strode
Down them to meet him. Close to, they were not
So formidable: half a dozen drunks—
Or winos, rather—each with his day's beard,
Each keeping back respectfully as Jim
Unlocked his tailgate and unloosed on them
His mother's treasure. As he worked, one man
Touched his brown cap and asked, "Is it a death?"
"Yes," Jim said. "It's a death." "A death. A death,"
The men around him echoed, and a grave
Smile lit their faces at a picker's dream.
Still they stood still. Jim emptied out the last
String-tied suitcases, souvenirs of Rye
Beach, bottles of elixir, Spanish combs.
He shut the tailgate. As he drove away,
His rearview mirror showed him how the men,
No longer decent, static, claimed the piles
Of pickings for their own; how fortune smiles
On someone as the obverse of her frown.

V

GOOD INDIANS

When Radiation Therapy fills up
With gray lay figures, walking-stick insects
Pulsating feebly in the new blue chairs
And staring at the hangings, to the tune
Of gallows Muzak, then I know the big
Machine behind the lead doors, and the still
More powerful machine this whole thing is,
Are working at capacity to take
The overflow from the end of the trail
And ferry it across the Little Big
Horn to the land of Nembutal, where sleep
Comes easy to such specimens as these.
Come, Mrs. Karsh, come, Mr. Bailet, let's
Put on our bathrobes and put down our bets
On a sure thing—the god in the machine—
Who will wish us away from this sad scene
And carry our spirits over the narrow seas.

—L. E. Sissman

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

RAISING KANE—II

IN the past few years, I have heard two famous "artist" directors, after showings of their early films, explain how it happened that in the screen credits there was someone else listed for the script. It seems there was this poor guy on the lot who needed a credit desperately, and the company asked the director if he'd give the stumblebum a break; the incompetent turned in some material, but the director couldn't use any of it. Some listeners must swallow this, because in the latest incense-burning book on Josef von Sternberg the screen credits are simply ignored, and he, rather than Ben Hecht, is listed as the author of "Underworld." Herman J. Mankiewicz has been similarly dropped from one film after another. The directors' generosity to those poor credit-hungry guys seems to have cutoff points in time (the directors' creative roles get bigger when the writers are dead) and in space (when the directors are interviewed abroad). Orson Welles, however, didn't need time or distance; he omitted any mention of his writer right from the start. (This custom is now being followed by many directors.) In later years, when he has been specifically asked by interviewers whether Mankiewicz wrote the scenario for "Citizen Kane," he has had a set reply. "Everything concerning Rosebud belongs to him," he has said. Rosebud is what was most frequently criticized in the movie, and Gilbert Seldes, in one of the most solid and intelligent reviews of "Kane" (in *Esquire*), called it "a phony" and "the only bit of stale stuff in the picture." Welles himself has said, "The Rosebud gimmick is what I like least about the movie. It's a gimmick, really, and rather dollar-book Freud."

Welles may have been goaded into malice; he had probably never come up against a man so well equipped to deal with him as Mankiewicz. Welles, who used to tell stories about how when he was seventeen he became a *torero* in Seville and entered several *corridas* and was billed on the posters as "The American," may have got a few welts, starting with Mankiewicz's original title—"American." When Welles read the script, he must certainly have recognized what he was caught in. There's no doubt that Welles—the fabulous Orson Welles—wasn't accustomed to sharing credit. However, his persistent lack of generosity toward Mankiewicz started at the time the movie came out, and it may have its basis in a very specific grievance. Mankiewicz may have outsmarted Welles on the credits more than once. Nunnally Johnson says that while "Citizen Kane" was being shot, Mankiewicz told him that he had received an offer of a ten-thousand-dollar bonus from Welles (through Welles' "chums") to hold to the original understanding and keep his name off the picture. Mankiewicz said that Welles had been brooding over the credits, that he could see how beautiful they would be: "Produced by Orson Welles. Directed by Orson Welles. Starring Orson Welles." It was perfect until he got to "Herman J. Mankiewicz" in the writing credit, which spoiled everything. Mankiewicz said he was tempted by Welles' offer. As usual, he needed money, and, besides, he was fearful of what would happen when the picture came out—he might be blackballed forever. William Randolph Hearst, like Stalin, was known to be fairly Byzantine in his punishments. At the same time, Mankiewicz knew that "Citizen Kane" was his best work, and he was proud of it. He told Johnson that he went to Ben Hecht with his dilemma, and that Hecht, as prompt with advice as with scripts, said, "Take the ten grand and double-cross the son of a bitch."

I asked Nunnally Johnson if he thought Mankiewicz's story was true, and Mankiewicz actually had got the offer and had taken Hecht's advice. Johnson replied, "I like to believe he did." It's not unlikely. Mankiewicz wrote the first draft in about three months and tightened and polished it into the final shooting script of "Citizen Kane" in a few more weeks, and he probably didn't get more than eight or nine thousand dollars for the whole job; according to the cost sheets for the movie, the screenplay cost was $34,195.24, which wasn't much, even for that day, and the figure probably includes the salary and expenses of John Houseman and the others at Victorville. Mankiewicz may easily have felt he deserved an extra ten thousand. "An Irish bum," Johnson calls him—and if that makes him sound lovable, the operative word is still "bum." If Mankiewicz made up the story he told Johnson—and he was probably capable of such juicy slander—this kind of invention may be a clue to why Welles tries to turn the credit into blame. And if Mankiewicz did get the offer, did take the money, and did double-cross Welles, this might equally well explain why Welles doesn't want Mankiewicz to get any honor.

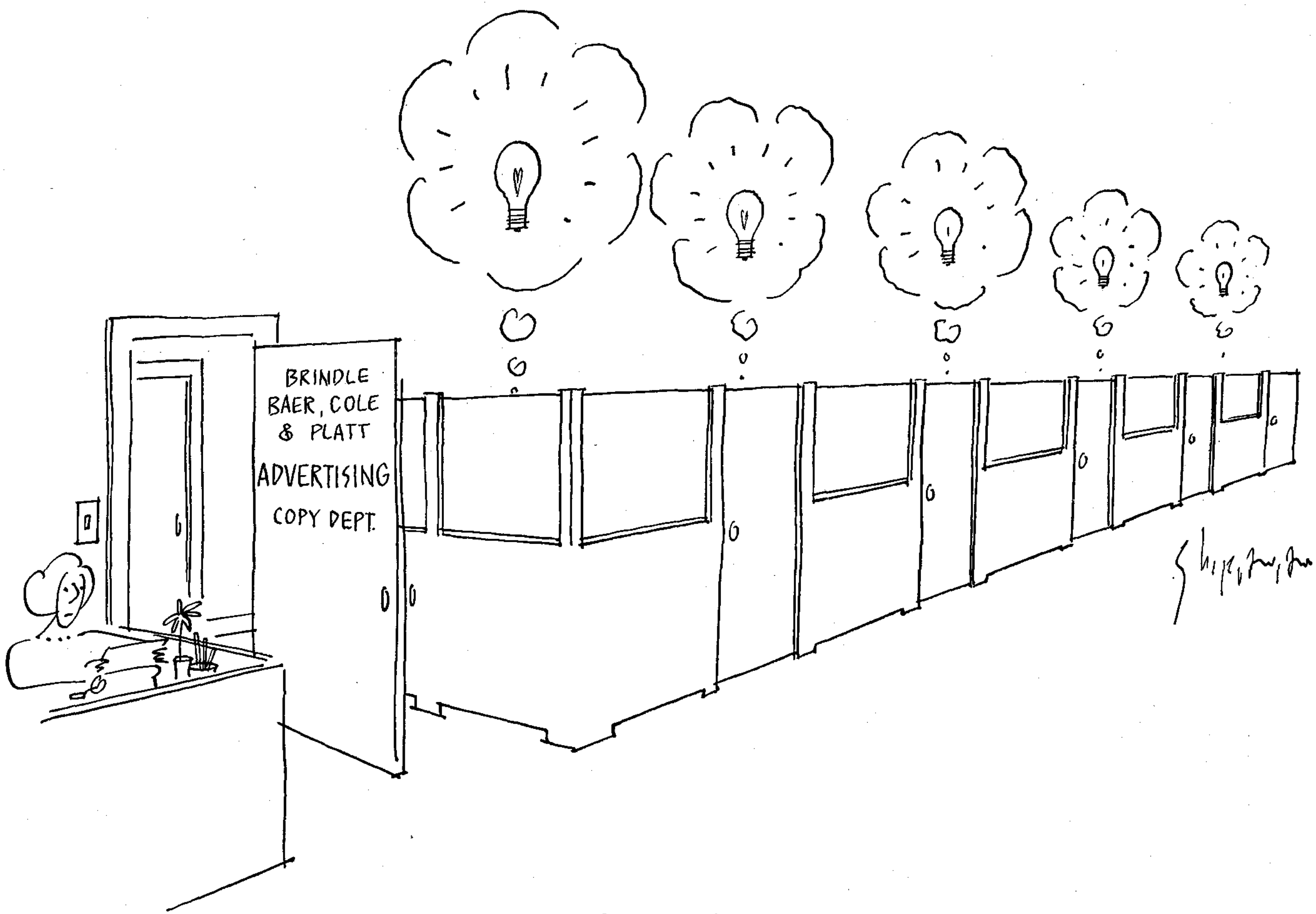
But Welles needed Mankiewicz. Since sound came in, almost every time an actor has scored in a role and become a "star," it has been because the role provided a realistic base for contradictory elements. Welles has never been able to write this kind of vehicle for himself. "Kane" may be a study of egotism and a movie about money and love, but it isn't just another movie about a rich man who isn't loved; it's a scandalously unauthorized, muckraking biography of a man who was still alive and—though past his peak influence—still powerful, so it conveyed shock and danger, and it drew its strength from its reverberations in the life of the period. Mankiewicz brought to the film the force of journalism. The thirties had been full of movie biographies of tycoons and robber barons, and some, like "The Power and the Glory," were complexly told, but even Preston Sturges, as if in awe of the material, had taken a solemn, almost lachrymose approach to the money-doesn't-bring-happiness theme. Mankiewicz did it better:

the prismatic technique turned into a masterly juggling act. There's an almost palpable sense of enjoyment in the script itself; Mankiewicz was skillful at making his points through comedy, and frequently it's higher, blacker comedy than was customary in the thirties pictures. Welles is a different kind of writer—theatrical and Gothic, not journalistic, and not *organized*. His later thrillers are portentous without having anything to portend, sensational in a void, entertaining thrillers, often, but *mere* thrillers.

Lacking the realistic base and the beautifully engineered structure that Mankiewicz provided, Welles has never again been able to release that charming, wicked rapport with the audience that he brought to "Kane" both as actor and as director (or has been able to release it only in distorted form, in self-satire and self-humiliation). He has brought many qualities to film—and there was perhaps a new, mellowed vitality in his work in the flawed "Falstaff" of a few years ago—but he has brought no more great original characters. In his movies, he can create an atmosphere but not a base. And without that the spirit that makes Kane so likable a bastard is missing. Kane, that mass of living contradictions, was conceived by Mankiewicz, an atheist who was proud of his kosher home, a man who was ambivalent about *both* Hearst and Welles.

However, things that get printed often enough begin to seep into the general consciousness of the past, so there is a widespread impression that Welles wrote "Citizen Kane." And even if one hadn't heard that he wrote it, and despite the presence in the film of so many elements and interests that are unrelated to Welles' other work (mundane activities and social content are not his forte), Kane and Welles are identified in our minds. This is not only a tribute to Welles as an actor but a backhanded tribute to Mankiewicz, who wrote the role for Welles the actor and wrote Welles the capricious, talented, domineering prodigy into the role, combining Welles' personality and character traits with Hearst's life in publishing and politics and acquisition.

If one asks how it is that Herman J. Mankiewicz, who wrote the film that many people think is the greatest film they've ever seen, is almost unknown, the answer must surely be not just that he died too soon but that he outsmarted himself. As a result of his wicked sense of humor in drawing upon Welles' character for Kane's, his own authorship was obscured. Sensing the unity of Kane and Welles, audiences assume that Kane is Welles' creation, that Welles is playing "the role he was born to play," while film scholars, seeing the material from Welles' life in the movie, interpret the film as Welles working out autobiographical themes. It is a commonplace in theatre talk to say that Olivier *is* Archie Rice or Olivier *is* Macbeth without assuming that the actor has conceived the role, but in movies we don't see other actors in the same role (except in remakes, which are usually very different in style), and film is so vivid and the actor so large and so close that it is a common primitive response to assume that the actor invented his lines. In this case, the primitive response is combined with the circumstances that Welles' name had been heavily featured for years, that the role was a new creation, that the movie audience's image of Welles was set by this overpowering role, in which they saw him for the first time, and that not only was the role partly based on him but he began to live up to it. Herman Mankiewicz died, and his share faded from knowledge, but Welles carries on in a baronial style that always reminds us of Kane. Kane seems an emanation of Welles, and if



Mankiewicz didn't take the ten thousand, he might just as well have, because he helped stamp Welles all over the film.

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JAMES AGEE, who didn't begin reviewing until later in 1941, wrote several years afterward that Welles had been "fatuously overrated as a 'genius,' " and that he himself, annoyed by all the talk, had for a while underrated him. At the time the film was released, the most perceptive movie critic in the United States was Otis Ferguson (an early volunteer and early casualty in the Second World War), on the *New Republic*. Ferguson saw more clearly than anybody else what was specifically good and bad in "Kane," and though he was wrong, I think, in maintaining that unobtrusive technique is the only good technique, he did perceive that "Citizen Kane" challenged this concept.

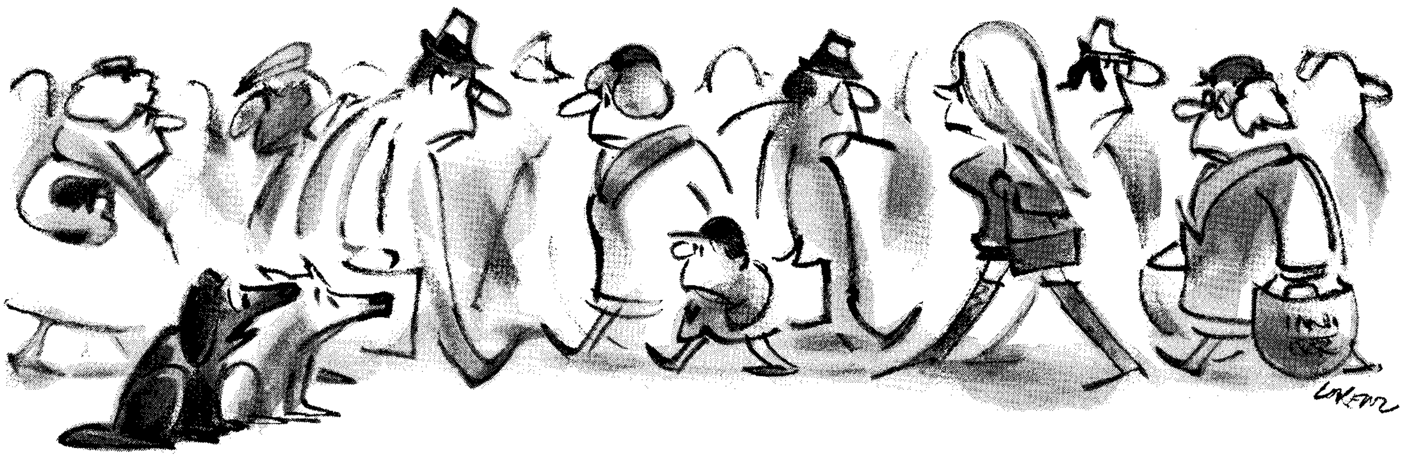
One of the games that film students sometimes play is to judge a director on whether you have the illusion that the people on the screen will go on doing what they're doing after the camera leaves them. Directors are rated by how much time you think elapsed before the actors grabbed their coats or ordered a sandwich. The longer the time, the more of a film man the director is said to be; when a director is stage-oriented, you can practically see the actors walking off the set. This game doesn't help in judging a film's content, but it's a fairly reliable test of a director's film technique; one could call it a test of movie believability. However, it isn't applicable to "Citizen Kane." You're perfectly well aware that the people won't go on doing what they're doing—that they have, indeed, completed their actions on the screen. "Kane" depends not on naturalistic believability but on our enjoyment of the very fact that those actions *are* completed, and that they all fit into place. This bravura is, I think, the picture's only true originality, and it wasn't an intentional challenge to the concept of unobtrusive technique but was (mainly) the result of Welles' discovery of—and his delight in—the fun of making movies.

The best American directors in the thirties had been developing an unpretentious American naturalism; modern subjects and the advent of sound had freed them from the heavy dead hand of Germanic stage lighting and design. And so Ferguson was dismayed to see this all come back, and it *was* depressing that the critics who had always fallen for the synthetic serious were bowing and scraping and calling the picture "deep" and "realistic." Probably so many people called it realistic because the social satire made contact with what they felt about Hearst and the country; when they used the term, they were referring to the content rather than the style. But it was the "retrogressive" style that upset Ferguson—because it was when Orson Welles, an "artist" director, joined the toughness and cynicism and the verbal skills of the thirties to that incomparable, faintly absurd, wonderfully overblown style of his that people said "art." Where Ferguson went wrong was in not recognizing one crucial element: that the unconcealed—even flaunted—pleasure that Welles took in all that claptrap made it new.

And it has kept it new. Even a number of those who worked on "Kane," such as Houseman and Dorothy Comingore, have observed that the film seems to improve with the years. At the time, I got more simple, frivolous pleasure from Preston Sturges's "The Lady Eve," which had come out a few months earlier, and I found more excitement in John Huston's "The Maltese Falcon," which came out a few months later. At the time (I was twenty-one), I enjoyed "Kane" for the performances and the wit, but I was very conscious of how shallow the iconoclasm was. I don't think I was wrong, exactly, but now the movie seems marvellous to me. It's an *exuberant* shallow iconoclasm, and that youthful zest for shock and for the Expressionist theatricality seems to transform the shallowness. Now the movie sums up and preserves a period, and the youthful iconoclasm is preserved in all its freshness—even the freshness of its callowness. Now that the political theme (in its specific form, that is) is part of the past, the naïveté and obviousness fade, and what remains is a great American archetype and a popular legend—and so it has a strength that makes the artificially created comic world of a movie like "The Lady Eve" disappear by comparison. "Citizen Kane" has such energy it drives the viewer along. Though Mankiewicz provided the basic apparatus for it, that magical exuberance which fused the whole scandalous enterprise was Welles'. Works of art are enjoyed for different reasons in different periods; it may even be one of the defining characteristics of a lasting work of art that it yields up different qualities for admiration at different times. Welles' "magic," his extraordinary pleasure in play-acting and illusion and in impressing an audience—what seems so charming about the movie now—was what seemed silly to me then. It was bouncy Pop Gothic in a period when the term "comic strip" applied to works of art was still a term of abuse. Now Welles' discovery of moviemaking—and the boyishness and excitement of that discovery—is preserved in "Kane" the way the snow scene is preserved in the glass ball.

Seeing the movie again recently, I liked the way it looked; now that the style no longer boded a return to the aestheticism of sets and the rigidly arranged figures of the German silents, I could enjoy it without misgivings. In the thirties, Jean Renoir had been using deep focus (that is, keeping the middle range and the background as clear as the foreground) in a naturalistic way. The light seemed (and often was) "natural." You looked at a scene, and the drama that you saw going on in it was just part of that scene, and so you had the sense of discovering it for yourself, of seeing drama in the midst of life. This was a tremendous relief from the usual studio lighting, which forced your attention to the dramatic action in the frame, blurred the rest, and rarely gave you a chance to feel that the action was part of anything larger or anything continuous. In Welles' far more extreme use of deep focus, and in his arrangement of the actors in the compositions, he swung back to the most coercive use of artificial, theatrical lighting. He used light like a spotlight on the stage, darkening or blacking out the irrelevant. He used deep focus not for a naturalistic effect but for the startling dramatic effect of having crucial action going on in the background (as when Kane appears in a distant doorway). The difference between Renoir's style and Welles' style seems almost literally the difference between day and night. Welles didn't have (nor did he, at that time, need) the kind of freedom Renoir needed and couldn't get in Hollywood—the freedom to shoot outside the studio and to depart from the script and improvise. "Kane" is a studio-made film—much of it was shot in that large room at R.K.O. where, a few years earlier, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire had danced their big numbers. However, Welles had the freedom to try out new solutions to technical problems, and he made his theatrical technique work spectacularly. Probably it was the first time in American movies that Expressionism had ever worked for comic and satiric effects (except in bits of some of the early spoof horror films), and probably it would have been impossible to tell the "Kane" story another way without spending a fortune on crowds and set construction. Welles' method is a triumph of ingenuity in that the pinpoints of light in the darkness conceal the absence of detailed sets (a chair or two and a huge fireplace, and one thinks one is seeing a great room), and the almost treacherously brilliant use of sound conceals the absence of crowds. We see Susan at the *deserted* cabaret; we see her from the back on the opera-house stage and we imagine that she is facing an audience; we get a sense of crowds at the political rally without seeing them. It was Welles' experience both in the theatre and in radio that enabled him to produce a huge historical film on a shoestring; he produced the *illusion* of a huge historical film.

But, seeing "Kane" now, I winced, as I did the first time, at the empty virtuosity of the shot near the beginning when Kane, dying, drops the glass ball and we see the nurse's entrance reflected in the glass. I noticed once again, though without being bothered by it this time, either, that there was no one in the room to hear the dying Kane say "Rosebud." I was much more disturbed by little picky defects, like the pointless shot up to the bridge before the reporter goes into the hospital. What is strange about reseeing a movie that one reacted to fairly intensely many years ago is that one may respond exactly the same way to so many details and *be aware* each time of having responded that way before. I was disappointed once again by the clumsily staged "cute" meeting of Kane and Susan, which seemed to belong to a routine comedy, and I thought the early scenes with Susan were weak not just because while listening to her dull, sentimental singing Welles is in a passive position and so can't animate the scenes but—and mainly—because the man of simple pleasures who would find a dumb girl deeply appealing does not tie in with the personality projected by Orson Welles. (And as Welles doesn't project any sexual interest in either Kane's first wife, Emily, or in Susan, his second wife, we don't know how to interpret Susan's claim that he just likes her voice.) Most of the newspaper-



"Reincarnation gives me the creeps! Suppose you came back as one of those."

office scenes looked as clumsily staged as ever, and the first appearance of Bernstein, Kane's business manager, arriving with a load of furniture, was still confusing. (He seems to be a junk dealer—probably because an earlier scene in "American" introducing him was eliminated.) I disliked again the attempt to wring humor out of the sputtering confusion of Carter, the old Dickensian editor. It's a scene like the ones Mankiewicz helped prepare for the Marx Brothers, but what was probably intended to make fun of a stuffed shirt turned into making fun of a helpless old man trying to keep his dignity, which is mean and barbarous. I still thought Susan became too thin a conception, and more shrill and shrewish than necessary, and, as Emily, Ruth Warrick was all pursed lips—a stereotype of refinement. I was still uncomfortable during the visit to Jed Leland in the hospital; Leland's character throughout is dependent on Joseph Cotten's obvious charm, and the sentimental-old-codger bit in this sequence is really a disgrace. The sequence plays all too well at a low conventional level—pulling out easy stops. I still didn't see the function of the sequence about Kane's being broke and losing control of his empire, since nothing followed from it. (I subsequently discovered that things weren't going well on the set at one point, and Welles decided to go back to this scene, which had been in an earlier draft and had then been eliminated. What it coördinated with was, unfortunately, not restored.) This sequence also has the most grating bad line in the movie, when Kane says, "You know, Mr. Bernstein, if I hadn't been very rich, I might have been a really great man."

What's still surprising is how well a novice movie director handled so many of the standard thirties tricks and caricatures—the device of the alternative newspaper headlines, for example, and the stock explosive, hand-waving Italian opera coach (well played by Fortunio Bonanova). The engineering—the way the sequences are prepared for and commented on by preceding sequences, the way the five accounts tie together to tell the story—seems as ingenious as ever; though one is aware that the narrators are telling things they couldn't have witnessed, one accepts this as part of the convention. The cutting (which a reading of the script reveals to have been carried out almost exactly as it was planned) is elegantly precise, and some sequences have a good, sophomoric musical-comedy buoyancy.

What had changed for me—what I had once enjoyed but now found almost mysteriously *beautiful*—was Orson Welles' performance. An additional quality that old movies acquire is that people can be seen as they once were. It is a pleasure we can't get in theatre; we can only hear and read descriptions of past fabulous performances. But here in "Kane" is the young Welles, and he seems almost embarrassed to be exposed as so young. Perhaps he *was* embarrassed, and that's why he so often hid in extravagant roles and behind those old-man false faces. He seems unsure of himself as the young Kane, and there's something very engaging (and surprisingly *human*) about Welles unsure of himself; he's a big, overgrown, heavy boy, and rather sheepish, one suspects, at being seen as he is. Many years later, Welles remarked, "Like most performers, I naturally prefer a live audience to that lie-detector full of celluloid." Maybe his spoiled-baby face was just too nearly perfect for the role, and he knew it, and knew the hostile humor that lay behind Mankiewicz's putting so much of him in the role of Hearst the braggart self-publicist and making Kane so infantile. That statement of principles that Jed sends back to Kane and that Kane then tears up must surely refer to the principles behind the co-founding of the Mercury Theatre by Welles and Houseman. Lines like Susan's "You're not a professional magician, are you?" may have made Welles flinch. And it wasn't just the writer who played games on him. There's the scene of Welles eating in the newspaper office, which was obviously caught by the camera crew, and which, to be "a good sport," he had to use. Welles is one of the most self-conscious of actors—it's part of his rapport with the audience—and this is what is so nakedly revealed in this role, in which he's playing a young man his own age and he's insecure (and with some reason) about what's coming through. Something of the young, unmasked man is revealed in these scenes—to be closed off forever after.

Welles picks up assurance and flair as Kane in his thirties, and he's also good when Kane is just a little older and jowly. I think there's no doubt that he's more sure of himself when he's playing this somewhat older Kane, and this is the Kane we remember best from the first viewing—the brash, confident Kane of the pre-election-disaster period. He's so fully—classically—American a showoff one almost regrets the change of title. But when I saw the movie again it was the younger Kane who stayed with me—as if I had been looking through a photograph album and had come upon a group of pictures of an old friend, long dead, as he had been when I first met him. I had almost forgotten Welles in his youth, and here he is, smiling, eager, looking forward to the magnificent career that everyone expected him to have.

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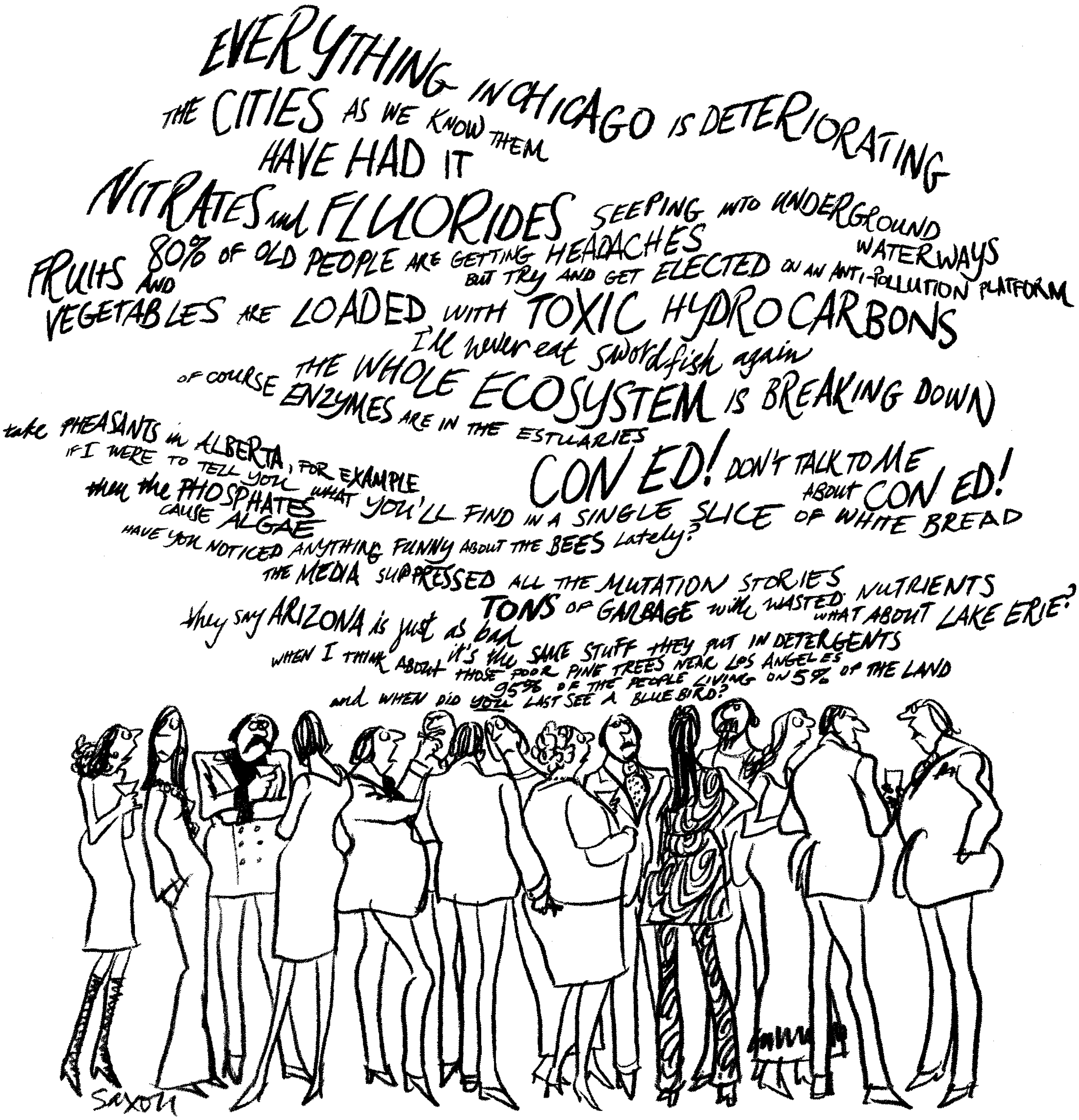
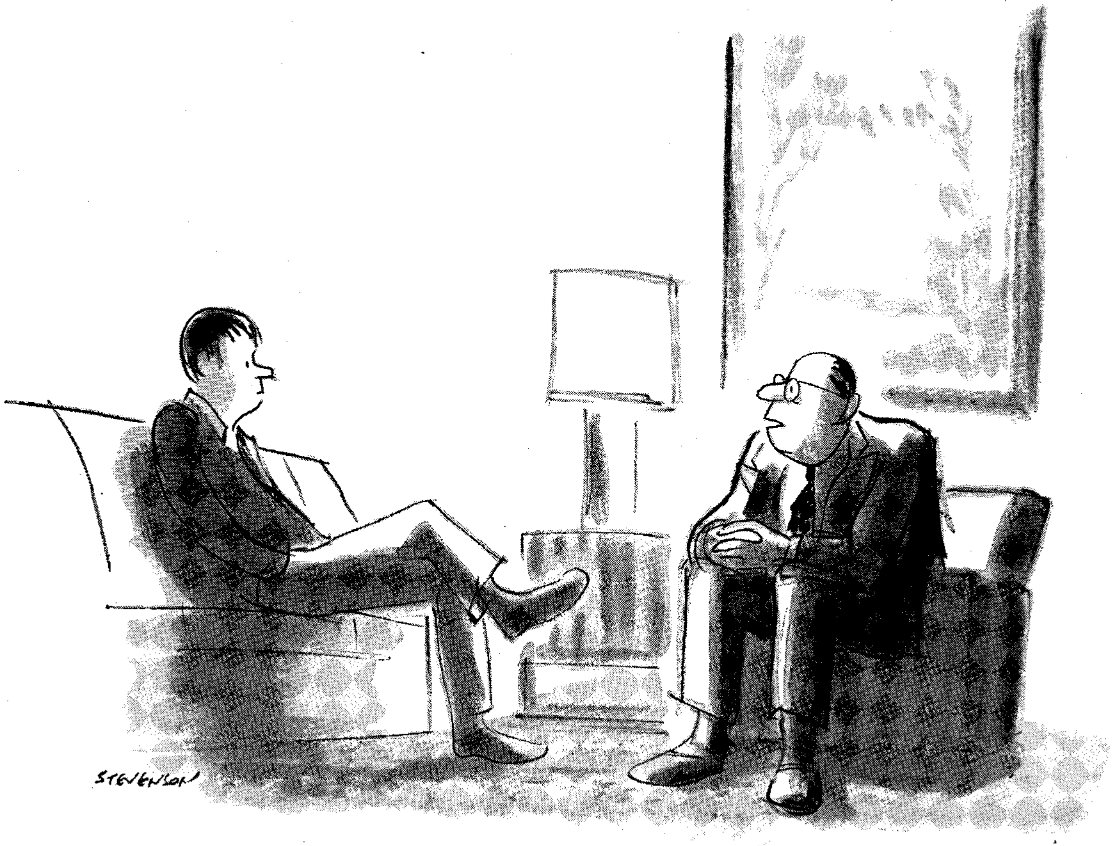
JUST as Welles suggested the radio-bulletin approach to the H. G. Wells landing-of-the-Martians material to Howard Koch, he may very well have suggested the "March of Time" summary of Hearst's career in his early talks with Mankiewicz. Welles had worked as an actor for the "March of Time" radio program in 1934 and 1935, and he had worked steadily as a narrator and radio actor (his most famous role was the lead in the popular weekly mystery show "The Shadow") until he went to Hollywood. The "March of Time" is exactly the kind of idea the young Welles *would* have suggested. It's the sort of technique that was being used in the experimental theatre of the late thirties—when the Federal Theatre Project (in which Welles and Houseman had worked together) staged the documentary series "The Living Newspaper," and when members of the Group Theatre and other actors were performing anti-Fascist political cabaret. The imitation "March of Time" was not a new device, even in movies; it had already been used, though humorlessly, to convey the fact that a theme was current, part of "today's news," and to provide background information—as in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," of 1939. What was needed to transform that device and make it the basis for the memorable parody in "Citizen Kane" was not


EVERYTHING IN CHICAGO IS DETERIORATING
THE CITIES AS WE KNOW THEM
HAVE HAD IT
NITRATES and FLUORIDES SEEPING INTO UNDERGROUND
80% OF OLD PEOPLE ARE GETTING HEADACHES
WATERWAYS
BUT TRY AND GET ELECTED ON AN ANTI-POLLUTION PLATFORM
FRUITS AND
VEGETABLES ARE LOADED WITH TOXIC HYDROCARBONS
I'll never eat swordfish again
THE WHOLE ECOSYSTEM IS BREAKING DOWN
OF COURSE ENZYMES ARE IN THE ESTUARIES
take PHEASANTS in ALBERTA, FOR EXAMPLE
IF I WERE TO TELL YOU WHAT YOU'LL FIND IN A SINGLE SLICE OF WHITE BREAD
then the PHOSPHATES
CAUSE ALGAE
CON ED! DON'T TALK TO ME
ABOUT CON ED!
HAVE YOU NOTICED ANYTHING FUNNY ABOUT THE BEES lately?
THE MEDIA SUPPRESSED ALL THE MUTATION STORIES
NUTRIENTS
they say ARIZONA is just as bad
TONS OF GARBAGE with WASTED
WHAT ABOUT LAKE ERIE?
WHEN I THINK ABOUT
it's the SAME STUFF THEY PUT IN DETERGENTS
THOSE POOR PINE TREES NEAR LOS ANGELES
95% OF THE PEOPLE LIVING ON 5% OF THE LAND
and WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE A BLUEBIRD?
SAXON

• •

only Welles' experience and not only his "touch" but the great sense of mischief that he and Mankiewicz shared. The smug manner of the "March of Time" was already a joke to many people; when I was a student at Berkeley in the late thirties, there was always laughter in the theatres when the "March of Time" came on, with its racy neo-conservatism and its ritual pomposity—with that impersonal tone, as if God above were narrating. There was an element of unconscious self-parody in the important tone of the "March of Time," as in all the Luce enterprises, and, in his script, Mankiewicz pushed it further. He used consciously those elements which part of the public already found funny, bringing into a mass medium what was already a subject for satire among the knowledgeable.

Mankiewicz's "On Approaching Forty" had not appeared in *The New Yorker*, but a few weeks after it was printed, in 1936, Wolcott Gibbs, who had by then taken Mankiewicz's old chair as *The New Yorker's* drama critic (and who was the first occupant of that chair not to emigrate to Hollywood), published the celebrated Profile "Time—Fortune—Life—Luce," which was written in mock Timese ("Backward ran sentences until reeled the mind," and so on, concluding with "Where it all will end, knows God!"), and this was probably not merely the spur to Mankiewicz but the competition. Mankiewicz's pastiche was fully worked out in the first long draft of the script, the processed prose and epigrams already honed to perfection ("For forty years appeared in Kane newsprint no public issue on which Kane papers took no stand. No public man whom Kane himself did not support or denounce—often support, then denounce"). And even on paper—without Welles' realization of the plan—the section is good enough to invite the comparison that I suspect



"I've been meaning to have a man-to-man chat with you, Bruce. You're growing up, and in a couple of years you will have the opportunity to participate in the selection of this nation's President. I'd like to point out some of the things this Administration has been trying to accomplish."

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Mankiewicz sought with the Gibbs parody. (Mankiewicz's widow keeps the Oscar statuette for "Citizen Kane" on the mantel, along with the latest *Who's Who in America* with the marker set at her sons' listings, and on the shelf next to the mantel are the bound volumes of *The New Yorker* in which her husband's reviews appeared.)

Part of the fun of the "March of Time" parody for the audiences back in 1941 was that, of course, we kept *recognizing* things about Hearst in it, and its daring meant great suspense about what was to follow in the picture. But Mankiewicz tried to do more with this parody than is completely evident either in the final script or in the film itself. He tried to use the "March of Time" as a historical framing device to close one era and open the next, with Hearstian journalism giving way to the new Luce empire. In the movie, it seems a structural gimmick—though a very cleverly *used* gimmick, which is enjoyable in itself. In Mankiewicz's original conception, in the long first-draft "American," which ran three hundred and twenty-five pages, that device is more clearly integral to the theme. In Mankiewicz's conception, the Hearst-Kane empire is doomed: Kane's own death is being "sent" to the world by the filmed "March of Time" (called "News on the March" in the movie), which means the end of the newspaper business as Hearst knew it. The funny thing is that Mankiewicz, in commenting on Hearst's lack of vision, overestimated Luce's vision. After Luce took news coverage from newspapers into newsmagazines, he moved into photo-journalism and then into news documentaries, but he didn't follow through on what he had started, and he failed to get into television production. Now, after *his* death, the Luce organization is trying to get back into film activities.

In Mankiewicz's original conception, the historical line of succession was laid out as in a chronicle play. Hearst supplanted the old-style quiet upper-class journalism with his penny-dreadful treatment of crime and sex and disasters, his attacks on the rich, his phony lawsuits against the big corporations that he called "predators," his screaming patriotism, his faked photographs, and his exploitation of superstition, plus puzzles, comics, contests, sheet music, and medical quackery. His youthful dedication to the cause of the common people declined into the cheap chauvinism that infected everything and helped to turn the readers into a political mob. The irony built into the structure was that his own demise should be treated in the new, lofty style of Luce.

And it was in terms of this framework that the elements of admiration in the ambivalent portrait of Kane made sense. Hearst represented a colorful kind of journalism that was already going out. Mankiewicz was summing up the era of "The Front Page" at the end of it, and was treating it right at its source in the American system that made it possible for a rich boy to inherit the power to control public opinion as his own personal plaything. "American" (and, to a lesser degree, "Citizen Kane") was a there-were-giants-in-those-days valedictory to the old-style big scoundrels. The word had been used straight by Mrs. Fremont Older in 1936 when she published the authorized biography "William Randolph Hearst, American." "American" was Hearst's shibboleth; his Sunday magazine section was the *American Weekly*, and he had been changing his newspaper titles to include the word "American" whenever possible ever since Senator Henry Cabot Lodge accused *him* of being un-American in those days after the McKinley assassination when Hearst was hanged in effigy. Hearst's attacks on McKinley as "the most despised and hated creature in the hemisphere" had culminated in an editorial that said "Killing must be done" shortly before it was. When the storm died down, Hearst became super-American. For Mankiewicz, Hearst's Americanism was the refuge of a scoundrel, though by no means his last refuge; *that*, in the first draft, was clearly blackmail. What the title was meant to signify was indicated by Kane in the "News on the March" segment when he said, "I am, have been, and will be only one thing—an American." That was pure flag-waving Pop before we had a name for it: "American" as it was used by the American Legion and the Daughters of the American Revolution. In addition, Mankiewicz may have wanted to score off his movie friends who since the middle thirties—

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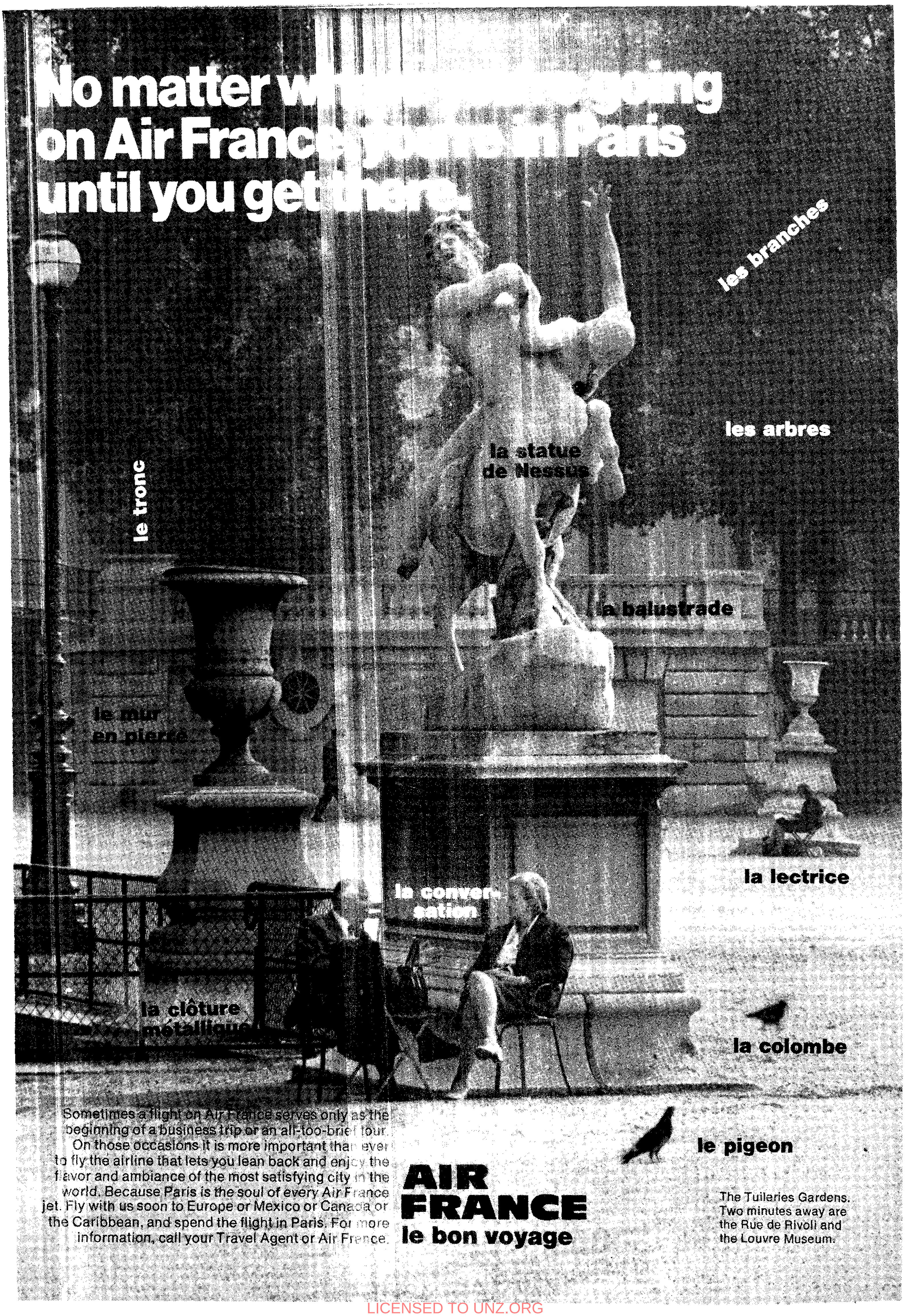

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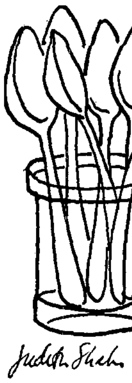
the period of the Popular Front—had also been draping themselves in the flag. In that period, the Communist left had become insistent about its Americanism, in its rather embarrassing effort to tout American democracy, which it had called "imperialism" until the U.S.S.R. sought the United States as an ally against Hitler. In the later title, "Citizen" is similarly ironic; Hearst, the offspring of an economic baron, and himself a press lord and the master of San Simeon, was a "citizen" the way Louis XIV at Versailles was a citizen. And joining the word to "Kane" (Cain) made its own point.



Both the parodistic use of Timese and the facelessness of Luce's company men served a historical purpose in the first script. But "American" was much too long and inclusive and loose, and much too ambitious, and Mankiewicz rapidly cut it down (copies of these gradually shorter drafts were saved) until it reached the hundred and fifty-six pages of the final shooting script—which still made for a then unusually long picture, of a hundred and nineteen minutes. In the trimming, dialogue that was crucial to the original dramatic conception of the Hearst-Luce succession was cut. (In terms of the final conception, though, it's perfectly clear why.) This deleted exchange between Thompson, the investigating reporter for the Rawlston (Luce) organization, and Raymond, Kane's butler, makes the point about the line of succession from Hearst to Luce all too explicitly:

THOMPSON: Well, if you get around to your memoirs—don't forget, Mr. Rawlston wants to be sure of getting first chance. We pay awful well for long excerpts.

RAYMOND: Maybe he'd like to buy the excerpts of what Mr. Kane said about him.

THOMPSON: Huh?

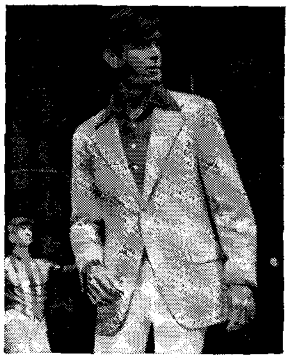
RAYMOND: He thought Rawlston would break his neck sooner or later. He gave that weekly magazine of yours three years.

THOMPSON (*smugly*): He made a bit of a mistake.

RAYMOND: He made a lot of mistakes.

Welles, who did such memorable casting in the rest of the movie, used a number of his own faceless executive assistants in the vapid roles of the Luce men. They are the performers in "Citizen Kane" that nobody remembers, and they didn't go on to become actors. William Alland, whose voice was fine as the voice of "News on the March" but who was a vacuum as Thompson, the reporter, became a producer and investment broker; another of Welles' assistants, Richard Wilson, who also played a reporter, is now a director ("Three in the Attic"); still another, Richard Barr, is the well-known New York theatrical producer. Among the "News on the March" men, there were some bit players who did have potential faces (Alan Ladd was one of them), but they weren't presented as personalities. Nevertheless, in a movie as verbally explicit as "Citizen Kane" the faceless idea doesn't really come across. You probably don't get the intention behind it in "Kane" unless you start thinking about the unusual feebleness of the scenes with the "News on the March" people and about the fact that though Thompson is a principal in the movie in terms of how much he appears, there isn't a shred of characterization in his lines or in his performance; he is such a shadowy presence that you may even have a hard time remembering whether you ever saw his face, though this movie introduced to the screen a large group of performers who made strong, astonishingly distinct impressions, sometimes in very brief roles. Perhaps the acting and the group movement of the faceless men needed to be more stylized, the dialogue more satirical; as it was done, it's just dull rather than purposefully blank. Welles probably thought it didn't matter how bad these actors were, because they should be colorless anyway; after R.K.O. gave him the go-ahead on the project, he didn't reshoot the test scene he had made of the projection-room sequence. But the movie misses on the attitudes *behind* Luce's new journalism. It's true that for the practitioners of Timese impersonality becomes their personal style and reporters become bureaucrats, but there's also a particular aura of programmed self-importance and of awareness of power—the ambitiousness of colorless people.

Among the minor absurdities of the script is that the "News on the March" men never think of sending a cameraman along with the inquiring reporter, though Gable had just played a newsreel cameraman in "Too Hot to Handle," in 1938, and though in "The Philadelphia Story," which had opened on Broadway in 1939, and which Mankiewicz's brother Joe produced for the screen in 1940, while "Kane" was being shot, the magazine team, also obviously from Luce, includes a photographer. There's something



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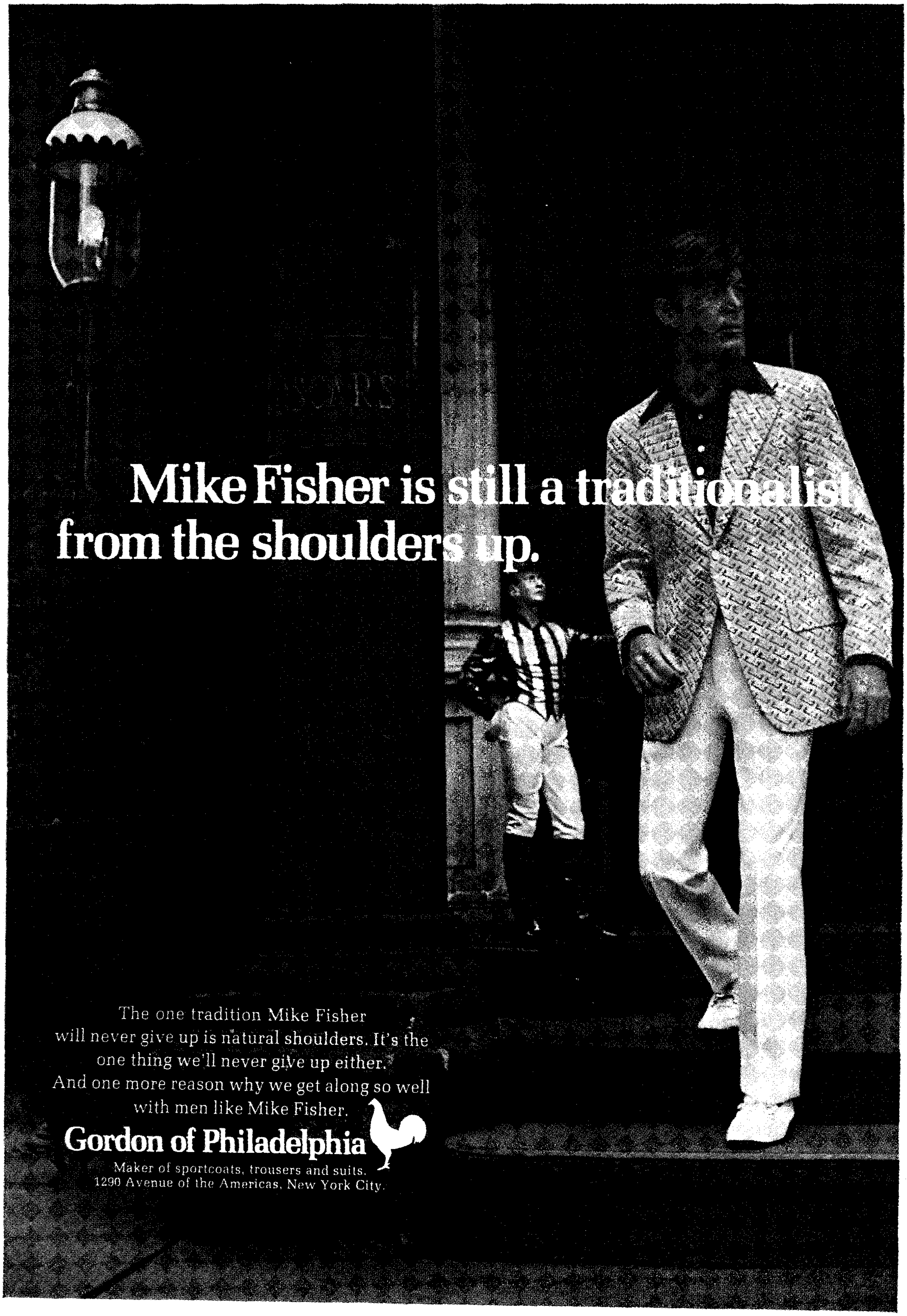

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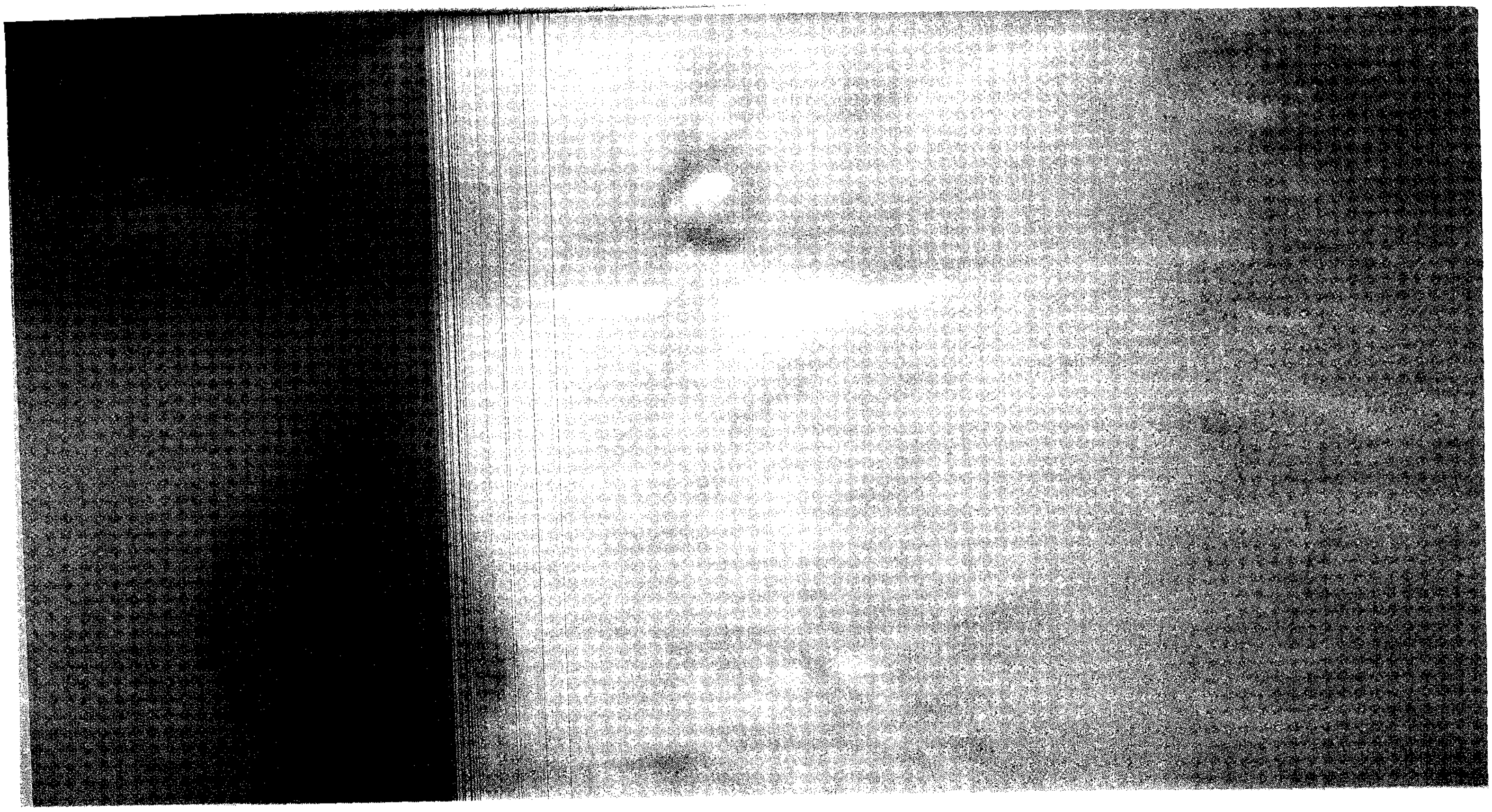

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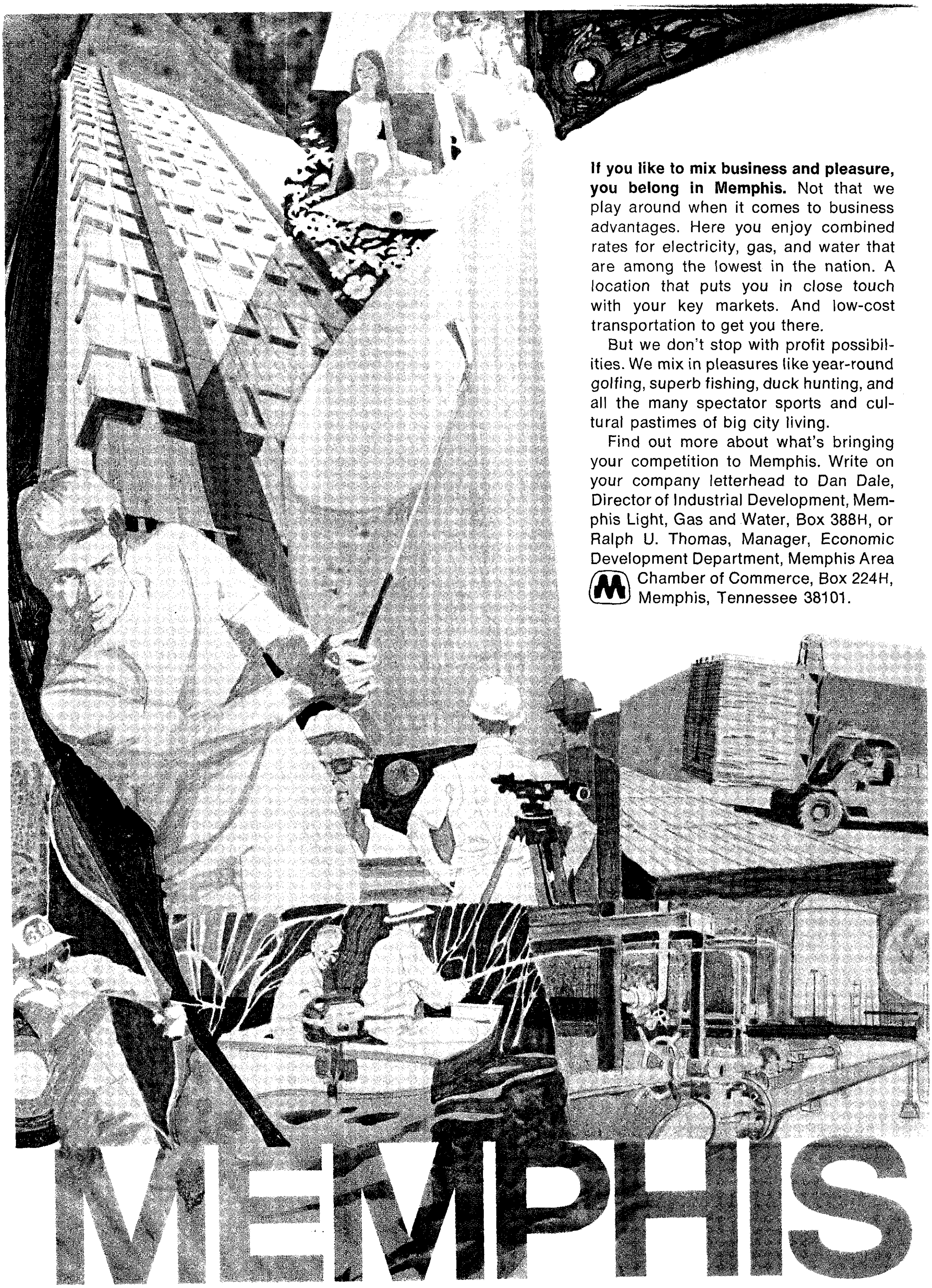

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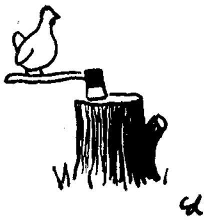
rather pathetic—almost as if "Kane" were a Grade B movie that didn't have a big enough budget for a few extra players—about that one lonely sleuthing reporter travelling around the country while a big organization delays the release of an important newsreel documentary on the head of a rival news chain. Maybe Mankiewicz, despite his attempt to place Hearst historically through the "March of Time" framework, still thought in terms of the older journalism and of all the gimmicky movies about detective-reporters. And Mankiewicz was by temperament a reckless, colorful newspaperman. That deleted material about the Luce organization's wanting Raymond's memoirs, with Raymond's teaser "He made a lot of mistakes," is part of an elaborate series of scandalous subplots, closely paralleling scandals in Hearst's life, that were cut out in the final script. In the movie, Susan says to Thompson, "Look, if you're smart, you'll get in touch with Raymond. He's the butler. You'll learn a lot from him. He knows where all the bodies are buried." It's an odd, cryptic speech. In the first draft, Raymond *literally* knew where the bodies were buried: Mankiewicz had dished up a nasty version of the scandal sometimes referred to as the Strange Death of Thomas Ince. Even with this kind of material cut down to the barest allusions, Mankiewicz, in "Citizen Kane," treated the material of Hearst's life in Hearstian yellow-journalism style.



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WELLES is right, of course, about Rosebud—it *is* dollar-book Freud. But it is such a primitive kind of Freudianism that, like some of the movie derivations from Freud later in the forties—in "The Seventh Veil," for instance—it hardly seems Freudian at all now. Looking for "the secret" of a famous man's last words is about as phony as the blind-beggar-for-luck bit, yet it does "work" for some people; they go for the idea that Rosebud represents lost maternal bliss and somehow symbolizes Kane's loss of the power to love or be loved. The one significant change from Hearst's life—Kane's separation from his parents—seems to be used to explain Kane, though there is an explicit disavowal of any such intention toward the end. Someone says to Thompson, "If you could have found out what Rosebud meant, I bet that would've explained everything." Thompson replies, "No, I don't think so. No. Mr. Kane was a man who got everything he wanted, and then lost it. Maybe Rosebud was something he couldn't get or something he lost. Anyway, it wouldn't have explained anything. I don't think any word can explain a man's life. No. I guess Rosebud is just a piece in a jigsaw puzzle, a missing piece."

Nevertheless, the structure of the picture—searching for the solution to a mystery—and the exaggerated style make it appear that Rosebud *is* the key to Kane's life, and the public responds to what is presented dramatically, not to the reservations of the moviemakers. Rosebud has become part of popular culture, and people remember it who have forgotten just about everything else in "Citizen Kane;" the jokes started a week before the movie opened, with a child's sled marked "Rosebud" dragged onstage in the first act of "Native Son," and a couple of years ago, in "Peanuts," Lucy walked in the snow with a sled and Snoopy said "Rosebud???" The Rosebud of Rosebud is as banal as Rosebud itself. It seems that as a child Herman Mankiewicz had had a sled, which may or may not have carried the label "Rosebud" (his family doesn't remember); he wasn't dramatically parted from the sled, but he once had a bicycle that was stolen, and he mourned that all his life. He simply put the emotion of the one onto the other.

Though Rosebud was in the long first draft, it didn't carry the same weight there, because the newspaper business itself undermined Kane's idealism. In that draft, Kane, like Hearst, in order to reach the masses he thought he wanted to serve and protect, built circulation by turning the newspapers into pulp magazines, and, in order to stay in business and expand, squeezed non-advertisers. The long script went as far as to show that, in the process of becoming one of the mighty, Kane-Hearst, like Louis B. Mayer and so many other tycoons, developed close ties to the underworld. Mankiewicz was trying to give a comprehensive view of the contradictions that emerge when an idealist attempts to succeed in business and politics. Fragments of this are left, but their meaning is no longer clear. For example, the point of the sequence of Kane's buying up the staff of the *Chronicle*, the paper that was outselling his *Inquirer* by featuring crime and sex, was that the *Chronicle's* staff would change him by deflecting him from an idealistic course (and Jed tries to point this out to Bernstein), but as it appears in the film it almost seems

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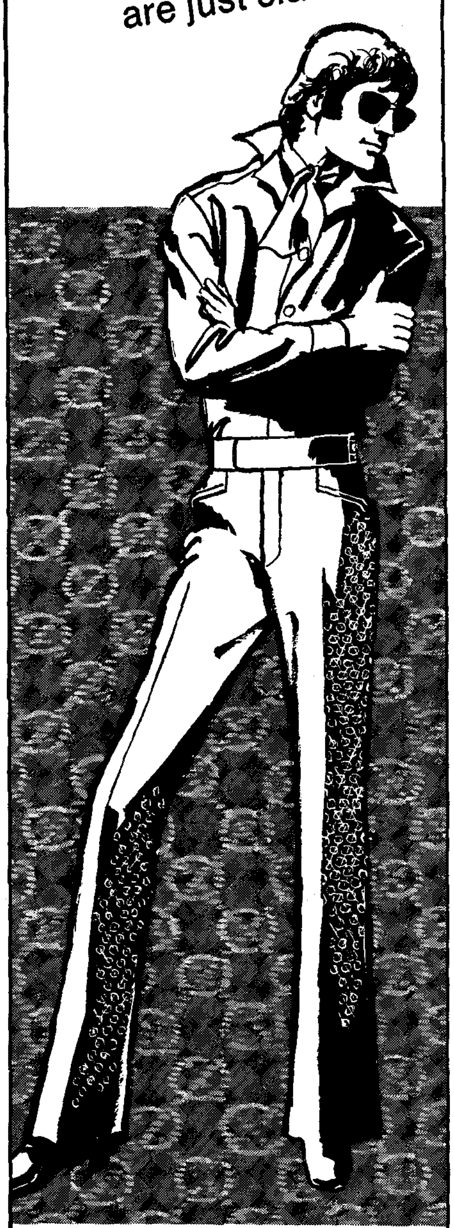

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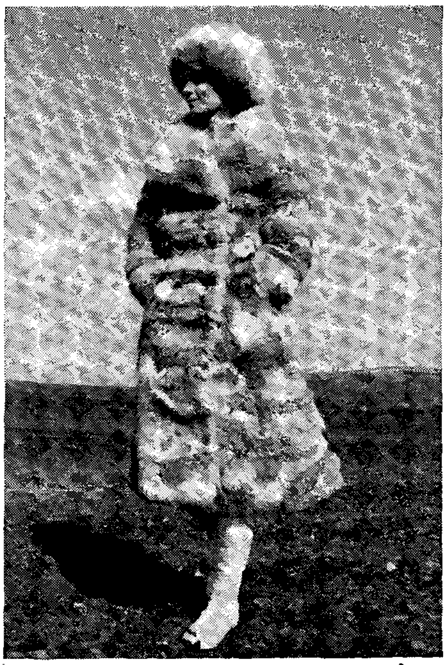

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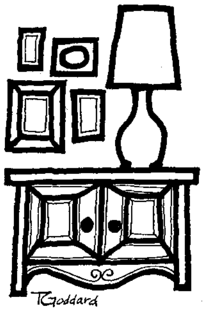
It is just a fragment, too, that Kane's first wife, Emily, is the niece of the President of the United States. Hearst's only wife, Millicent, the daughter of a vaudeville hoofer, was a teen-age member of a group called The Merry Maidens when he met her. Emily was probably made the niece of the President in order to link Kane with the rich and to make a breach in the marriage when Kane was held responsible for the assassination of the President (as Hearst was accused of having incited the death of President McKinley).

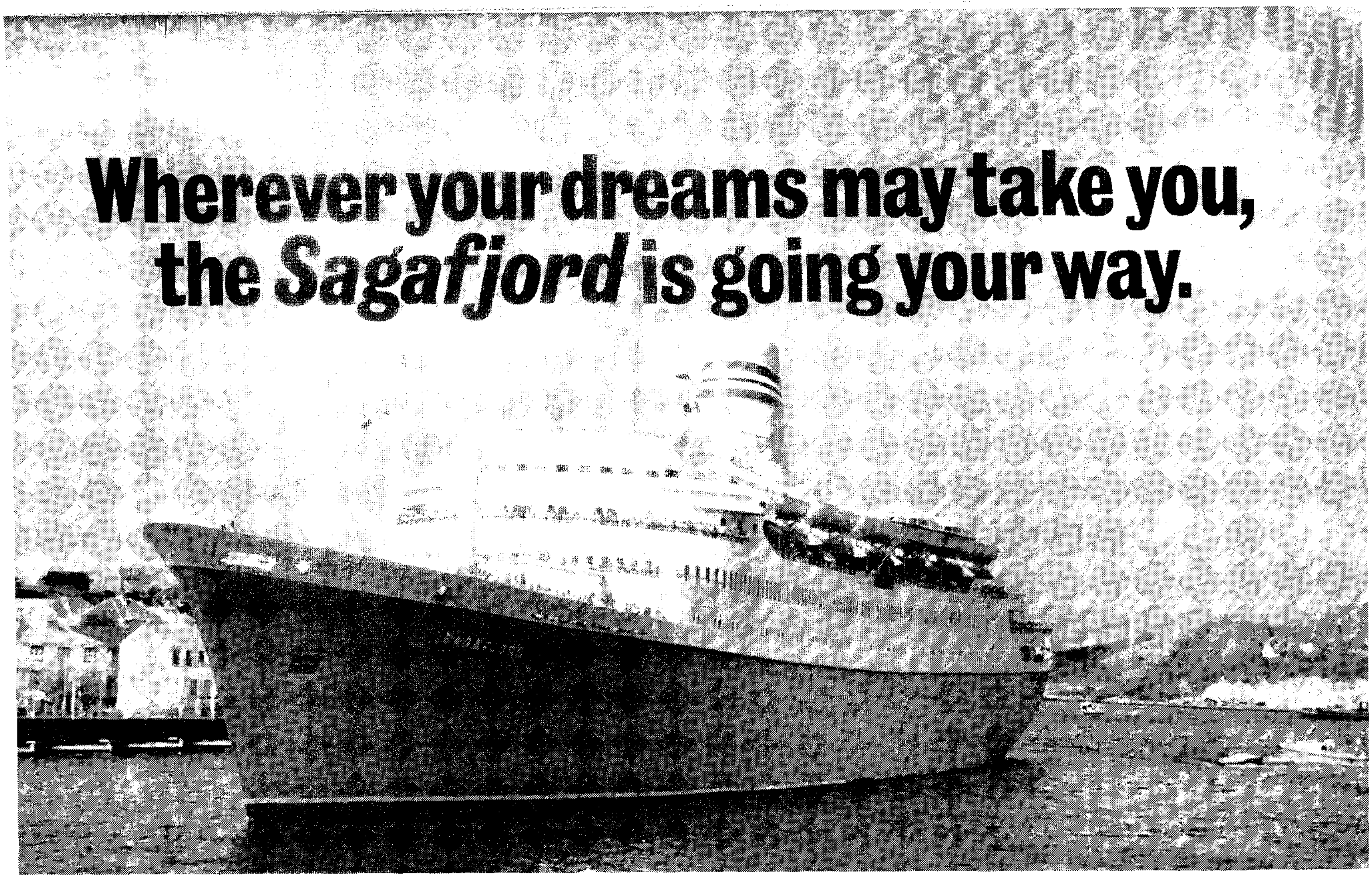
In the condensation, the whole direction was, for commercial reasons, away from the newspaper business that dominated the early script, and, for obvious reasons, away from factual resemblances to Hearst's life. This was generally accomplished by making things funny. For example, Hearst had actually been cheated out of the office of mayor of New York by fraud at the polls, and this incident was included in "American." In "Citizen Kane" it became, instead, a joke: when Kane loses the election for governor, the Kane papers automatically claim "FRAUD AT POLLS." This version is, of course, a quick way of dramatizing the spirit of yellow journalism, and it's useful and comic, but the tendency of this change, as of many others, was, whether deliberately or unconsciously, to make things easier for the audience by playing down material on how wealth and the power it buys can also buy the love of the voters. Hearst (the son of a senator whose money had got him into the Senate) did buy his way into public office; as a young man, he was twice elected to Congress, and he had tried to get the Democratic nomination for President just before he decided to run for mayor of New York. The movie flatters the audience by saying that Kane couldn't buy the people's love—that he "was never granted elective office by the voters of his country."



Actually, it wasn't the voters but crooked politicians who defeated Hearst. When the Tammany boss Charles F. Murphy refused to help Hearst get the Democratic nomination for mayor, he ran as an independent, campaigning against the corrupt Tammany "boodlers," and he printed a cartoon of Murphy in prison stripes. Kane gives Boss Jim Gettys this treatment. Murphy was so deeply wounded by this that he arranged for Hearst's ballots to be stolen, and, it is said, even managed to rig the recount. That reckless cartoon was the turning point in Hearst's political career. The movie gives Gettys a different revenge; namely, exposing Kane's "love nest"—which was something that also happened to Hearst, but on another occasion, long after he had abandoned his political ambitions, when his Los Angeles *Examiner* was attacking the Los Angeles *Times*, and the *Times* used his own tactics against him by bringing up his "double life" and his "love nest" with Marion Davies. The movie ultimately plays the same game. "Citizen Kane" becomes a movie about the private life of a public figure—the scandals and tidbits and splashy sensations that the Hearst press always preferred to issues. The assumption of the movie was much like that of the yellow press: that the mass audience wasn't interested in issues, that all it wanted was to get "behind the scenes" and find out the dirt.

•

AS the newspaper business and the political maneuvering were pared away, the personal material took on the weight and the shape of the solution to a mystery. Even so, if the movie had been directed in a more matter-of-fact, naturalistic style, Thompson's explanation that Rosebud was just a piece in a jigsaw puzzle would have seemed quite sensible. Instead, Welles' heavily theatrical style overemphasized the psychological explanation to such a point that when we finally glimpse the name on the sled we in the audience are made to feel that we're in on a big secret—a revelation that the world missed out on. However, Rosebud is so cleverly worked into the structure that, like the entrance that Hecht and MacArthur prepared for Walter Burns, it is enjoyable as beautiful tomfoolery even while we are conscious of it as "commercial" mechanics. I think what makes Welles' directorial style so satisfying in this movie is that we are constantly aware of the mechanics—that the pleasure "Kane" gives doesn't come from illusion but comes from our enjoyment of the dexterity of the illusionists and the working of the machinery. "Kane," too, is a clock that laughs. "Citizen Kane" is a film made by a very young man of enormous spirit; he took the Mankiewicz material and he played with it, he turned it into a magic show. It is Welles' distinctive quality as a movie director—I think it is his genius—that he never hides his cleverness, that he makes it possible for us not only



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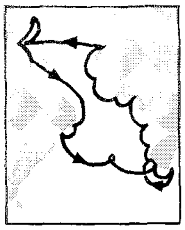

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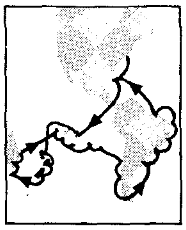

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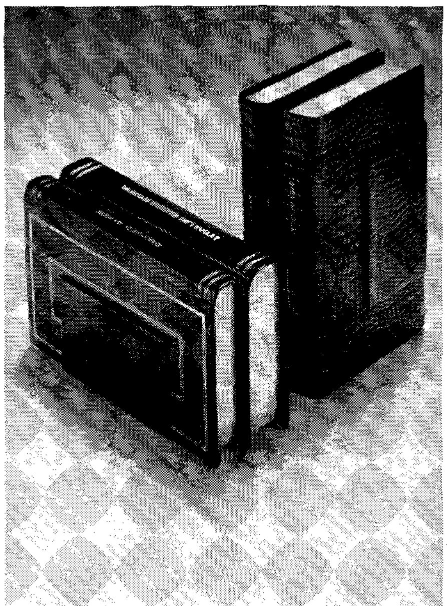

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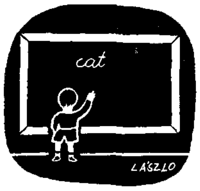
to enjoy what he does but to share his enjoyment in doing it. Welles' showmanship is right there on the surface, just as it was when, as a stage director, he set "Julius Caesar" among the Nazis, and set "Macbeth" in Haiti with a black cast and, during the banquet scene, blasted the audience with a recording of the "Blue Danube Waltz"—an effect that Kubrick was to echo (perhaps unknowingly?) in "2001." There is something childlike—and great, too—about his pleasure in the magic of theatre and movies. No other director in the history of movies has been so open in his delight, so eager to share with us the game of pretending, and Welles' silly pretense of having done everything himself is just another part of the game.



Welles' magic as a director (at this time) was that he could put his finger right on the dramatic fun of each scene. Mankiewicz had built the scenes to end at ironic, dramatic high points, and Welles probably had a more innocently brazen sense of melodramatic timing than any other movie director. Welles also had a special magic beyond this: he could give *élan* to scenes that were confused in intention, so that the movie seems to go from dramatic highlight to highlight without lagging in between. There doesn't appear to be any waste material in "Kane," because he charges right through the weak spots as if they were bright, and he almost convinces you (or *does* convince you) that they're shining jewels. Perhaps these different kinds of magic can be suggested by two examples. There's the famous sequence in which Kane's first marriage is summarized by a series of breakfasts, with overlapping dialogue. The method was not new, and it's used here on a standard marriage joke, but the joke is a basic good joke, and the method is honestly used to sum up as speedily as possible the banality of what goes wrong with the marriage. This sequence is adroit, and Welles brings out the fun in the material, but there's no *special* Wellesian magic in it—except, perhaps, in his own acting. But in the cutting from the sequence of Kane's first meeting with Susan (where the writing supplies almost no clue to why he's drawn to this particular twerp of a girl beyond his finding her relaxing) to the political rally, Welles' special talent comes into play. Welles directs the individual scenes with such flourish and such *enjoyment of flourish* that the audience reacts as if the leap into the rally were clever and funny and logical, too, although the connection between the scenes isn't established until later, when Boss Jim Gettys uses Susan to wreck Kane's political career. As a director, Welles is so ebullient that we go along with the way he wants us to feel; we're happy to let him "put it over on us." Given the subject of Hearst and the witty script, the effect is of complicity, of a shared knowingness between Welles and the audience about what the movie is about. Kane's big smile at the rally seals the pact between him and us.

Until Kane's later years, Welles, as Kane, has an almost total empathy with the audience. It's the same kind of empathy we're likely to feel for smart kids who grin at us when they're showing off in the school play. It's a beautiful kind of emotional nakedness—ingenuously exposing the sheer love of play-acting—that most actors lose long before they become "professional." If an older actor—even a very good one—had played the role, faking youth for the young Kane the way Edward Arnold, say, sometimes faked it, I think the picture might have been routine. Some people used to say that Welles might be a great director but he was a bad actor, and his performances wrecked his pictures. I think just the opposite—that his directing style is such an emanation of his adolescent love of theatre that his films lack a vital unifying element when he's not in them or when he plays only a small part in them. He needs to be at the center. "The Magnificent Ambersons" is a work of feeling and imagination and of obvious effort—and the milieu is much closer to Welles' own background than the milieu of "Kane" is—but Welles isn't in it, and it's too bland. It feels empty, uninhabited. Without Orson Welles' physical presence—the pudgy, big prodigy, who incarnates egotism—"Citizen Kane" might (as Otis Ferguson suggested) have disintegrated into vignettes. We feel that he's making it all happen. Like the actor-managers of the old theatre, he's the man onstage running the show, pulling it all together.

•

MANKIEWICZ's script, though nominally an "original"—and in the best sense original—was in large part an adaptation of the material (much of it published) of Hearst's life. Hearst's life was so full of knavery and perversity that Mankiewicz simply sorted out the plums. Mankiewicz had been a reporter on the New York

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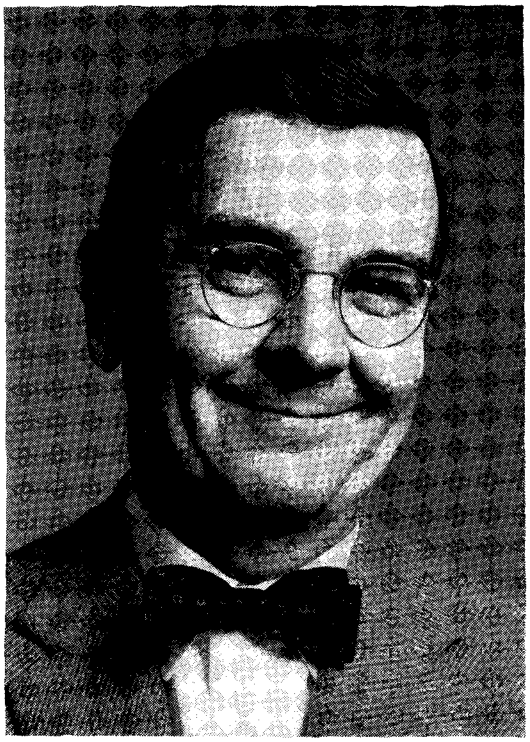

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World, the Pulitzer paper, where Hearst himself had worked for a time before he persuaded his father to give him the San Francisco *Examiner*. When Hearst got the *Examiner*, he changed it in imitation of the *World*, and then expanded to New York, where he bought a paper and started raiding and decimating the *World's* staff. One of his favorite tactics was to hire away men he didn't actually want at double or treble what Pulitzer was paying them, then fire them, leaving them stranded (a tactic memorialized in "The Front Page" when Walter Burns hires and fires the poetic reporter Bensinger). Kane's business practices are so closely patterned on Hearst's that in reading about Hearst one seems to be reading the script. Descriptions—like the one in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1931—of how Hearst cynically bought away the whole of Pulitzer's Sunday staff might be descriptions of Kane's maneuver. In 1935, *Fortune* described Hearst's warehouse in the Bronx in terms that might have been the specifications for the warehouse in the film, and by 1938 even the *Reader's Digest* was reprinting, from the *Saturday Evening Post*, a description of Hearst's empire in phrases that might be part of the script:

> All his life Mr. Hearst bought, bought, bought—whatever touched his fancy. He purchased newspapers, Egyptian mummies, a California mountain range, herds of Tibetan yaks. He picked up a Spanish abbey, had it knocked down, crated, shipped to New York, and never has seen it since.
>
> To his shares in the Homestake, largest gold producer in the United States, his Peruvian copper mines, his 900,000 acre Mexican cattle ranch, and his other inherited properties, he added 28 daily newspapers, 14 magazines here and in England, eight radio stations, wire services, a Hollywood producing unit, a newsreel, a castle in Wales, and one of the world's largest collections of objects d'art, gathered at a toll of $40,000,000.

Kane's dialogue is often almost Hearst verbatim; in the margin of the script that Mankiewicz lent to Charles Lederer one of Hearst's lawyers annotated Kane's speech beginning, "Young man, there'll be no war. I have talked with the responsible leaders," with the words "This happens to be the gist of an authentic interview with WRH—occasion, his last trip from Europe." Some of the dialogue was legendary long before the movie was made. When Hearst was spending a fortune in his circulation war with Pulitzer, someone told his mother that Willie was losing money at the rate of a million dollars a year, and she equably replied, "Is he? Then he will only last about thirty years." This is no more than slightly transposed in the film, though it's really milked:

> THATCHER: Tell me, honestly, my boy, don't you think it's rather unwise to continue this philanthropic enterprise . . . this *Inquirer* that is costing you a million dollars a year?
>
> KANE: You're right, Mr. Thatcher. I did lose a million dollars last year. I expect to lose a million dollars this year. I expect to lose a million dollars next year. You know, Mr. Thatcher, at the rate of a million dollars a year . . . I'll have to close this place in sixty years.

(To audiences in 1941, Thatcher, appearing at the congressional-committee hearing, was obviously J. P. Morgan the younger, and the Thatcher Library was, of course, the Pierpont Morgan Library.)

Mankiewicz could hardly improve on the most famous of all Hearst stories, so he merely touched it up a trifle. According to many accounts, Hearst, trying to foment war with Spain, had sent Richard Harding Davis to Havana to write about the Spanish atrocities and Frederick Remington to sketch them. Remington grew restless there and sent Hearst a telegram:

> EVERYTHING IS QUIET. THERE IS NO TROUBLE HERE. THERE WILL BE NO WAR. I WISH TO RETURN.—REMINGTON.

Hearst replied,

> PLEASE REMAIN. YOU FURNISH THE PICTURES AND I'LL FURNISH THE WAR.—W. R. HEARST.

In the movie, Bernstein reads Kane a telegram from a reporter named Wheeler:

> GIRLS DELIGHTFUL IN CUBA, STOP. COULD SEND YOU PROSE POEMS ABOUT SCENERY BUT DON'T FEEL RIGHT SPENDING YOUR MONEY, STOP. THERE IS NO WAR IN CUBA. SIGNED WHEELER.

And Bernstein asks, "Any answer?" Kane replies:

> DEAR WHEELER, YOU PROVIDE THE PROSE POEMS, I'LL PROVIDE THE WAR.

These stories were so well known at the time of the movie's release that in the picture spread on the movie in *Life* (with captions in the very style that Mankiewicz had parodied in his "News on the March") the magazine—unconsciously, no doubt—returned to the Hearst original, and flubbed even that:

> Kane buys a newspaper in New York and sets out to be a great social reformer. But even at 25 he is unscrupulous and wangles the U.S. into war by fake news dispatches. To a cartoonist in Cuba he wires: "You get the pictures and I'll make the war."

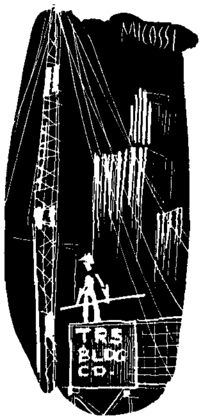
One passage of dialogue that is bad because it sounds slanted to make an ideological point is almost a straight steal (and that's probably why Mankiewicz didn't realize how fraudulent it would sound), and was especially familiar because John Dos Passos had quoted it in "U.S.A.," in his section on Hearst, "Poor Little Rich Boy." (That title might be the theme of the movie.) Dos Passos quotes Hearst's answer to fellow-millionaires who thought he was a traitor to his class:

> You know I believe in property, and you know where I stand on personal fortunes, but isn't it better that I should represent in this country the dissatisfied than have somebody else do it who might not have the same real property relations that I may have?

Hearst apparently did say it, but even though it's made more conversational in the movie, it's unconvincing—it sounds like left-wing paranoia.

> KANE: I'll let you in on another little secret, Mr. Thatcher. I think I'm the man to do it. You see, I have money and property. If I don't look after the interests of the underprivileged maybe somebody else will . . . maybe somebody without any money or property.

Despite the fake childhood events, Kane's life story follows Hearst's much more closely than most movie biographies follow acknowledged and named subjects. Kane is burned in effigy, as Hearst was, and there is even a reference to Kane's expulsion from Harvard; one of the best-known stories in America was how young Willie Hearst had been expelled from Harvard after sending each of his instructors a chamber pot with the recipient's name handsomely lettered on the inside bottom. Even many of the subsidiary characters are replicas of Hearst's associates. For example, Bernstein (given the name of Welles' old guardian) is obviously Solomon S. Carvalho, the business manager of Pulitzer's *World*, whom Hearst hired away, and who became the watchdog of the *Journal's* exchequer and Hearst's devoted business manager. There was no special significance in the use of Mankiewicz's secretary's last name for Susan Alexander, just as there was no significance in the fact that the actor Whitford Kane had been part of the nucleus of the Mercury Theatre, but the use of the name Bernstein for Kane's devoted, uncritical friend had some significance in relation not only to Welles but to Hearst, and it was Mankiewicz's way of giving Hearst points (he did it in the breakfast scene when Emily is snobbish about Bernstein) because, whatever else Hearst was, he was not a snob or an anti-Semite. (For one thing, Marion's brother-in-law—Charles Lederer's father—was Jewish.) No doubt Mankiewicz also meant to give Kane points when he had him finish Jed's negative review of Susan's singing in the same negative spirit—which was more than George S. Kaufman had done for Mankiewicz's review back at the New York *Times*. This episode is perversely entertaining but not convincing. "Kane" used so much of Hearst's already legendary life that for liberals it was like a new kind of folk art; we knew all this about Hearst from books and magazines but gasped when we saw it on the big movie screen, and so defiantly—almost contemptuously—undisguised.



The departure from Hearst's life represented by Susan Alexander's opera career, which is a composite of the loves and scandals of several Chicago tycoons, didn't weaken the attack on Hearst—it strengthened it. Attaching the other scandals to him made him seem the epitome of the powerful and spoiled, and thus stand for them all. Opera—which used to be called "grand opera"—was a ritual target of American comedy. It was an easier target for the public to respond to than Hearst's own folly—motion pictures—because the public already connected opera with wealth and temperament, tycoons in opera hats and women in jewels, imported prima donnas, and all the affectations of "culture." It was a world the movie public didn't share, and it was already absurd in American movies—the way valets and effete English butlers and the high-toned Americans putting on airs who kept them were absurd. George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind had worked opera over in two of the Marx Brothers pictures; Mankiewicz had been taken off "A Night at the Opera," but what he and Welles—with the assistance of Bernard Herrmann—did to opera in "Citizen Kane" was in almost exactly the same style, and as funny.

Mankiewicz was working overseas for the Chicago *Tribune*, a paper owned by the McCormicks (who dominated the Midwest newspaper world), when Harold McCormick and his wife, Edith Rockefeller McCormick, were divorced, in 1921. The McCormicks had been the leading patrons of opera in Chicago; they had made up the Chicago Opera Company's deficits, which

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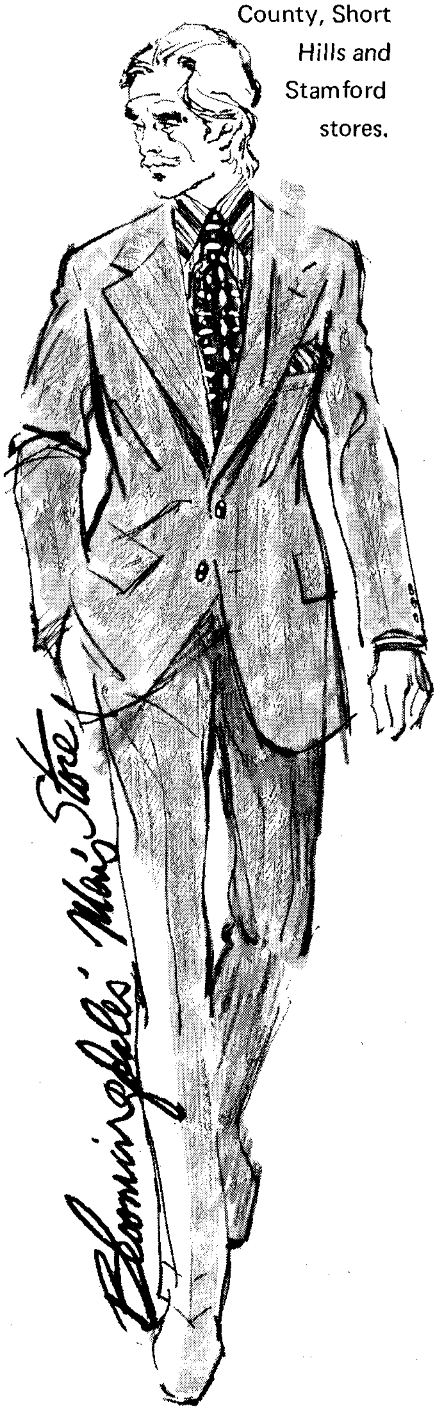

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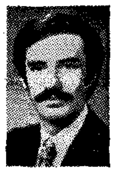

John C. Bruno

were awe-inspiring during the time the company was under the management of Mary Garden (she chose to be called La Directa), rising to a million dollars one season. After the divorce, McCormick married Ganna Walska, the preëminent temperamental mediocre soprano of her day. Mankiewicz combined this scandal with a far more widely publicized event that occurred a few years later, replacing Hearst and Cosmopolitan Pictures with Samuel Insull and his building of the Chicago Civic Opera House. Insull didn't build the opera house for his wife (dainty little Gladys Wallis didn't sing), but there was a story to it, and it was the biggest opera story of the decade. After the McCormick-Rockefeller divorce, their joint largesse to opera ended, and the deficits were a big problem. Insull, "the Czar of Commonwealth Edison," who also loved opera (and dallied with divas), wanted to put it on a self-supporting business basis. He concluded that if an opera house should be built in a skyscraper, the rental of the upper regions would eventually cover the opera's deficits. The building was started in 1928; it had forty-five stories, with the opera company occupying the first six, and with Insull's office-lair on top. The structure was known as "Insull's throne," and it cost twenty million dollars. The opening of the new opera house was scheduled for November 4, 1929; six days before, on October 29th, the stock market crashed. The opening took place during the panic, with plainclothesmen and eight detective-bureau squads guarding the bejewelled patrons against robbers, rioters, and the mobsters who more or less ran the city. (The former Mrs. McCormick attended, wearing, according to one newspaper report, "her gorgeous diamond necklace, almost an inch wide and reaching practically to her waist;" Mrs. Insull wore pearls and "a wide diamond bracelet.") Mankiewicz must have placed the episode of the opera house in Chicago in order to give it roots—to make it connect with what the public already knew about Chicago and robber barons and opera. (Chicago was big on opera; it was there that the infant Orson Welles played Madame Butterfly's love child.) Insull's opera house never really had a chance to prove or disprove his financial theories. Mary Garden quit after one year there, calling it "that long black hole," and in 1932, when Insull's mammoth interlocking directorate of power plants collapsed and he fled to Greece, the opera house was closed. Insull was extradited, and in the mid-thirties he stood trial for fraud and embezzlement; he died two years before "Citizen Kane" was written.

The fretful banality of Susan Alexander is clearly derived from Mankiewicz's hated old adversary Mrs. Insull—notorious for her "discordant twitter" and her petty dissatisfaction with everything. The Insulls had been called the least popular couple who had ever lived in Chicago, and there was ample evidence that they hadn't even liked each other. Opera and the Insulls provided cover for Mankiewicz and Welles. George J. Schaefer, who is quite open about this, says that when he couldn't get an opening for "Kane," because the theatres were frightened off by the stories in the Hearst press about injunctions and lawsuits, he went to see Hearst's lawyers in Los Angeles and took the position that Kane could be Insull. No one was expected to be fooled; it was simply a legal maneuver.

There was also an actual (and malicious) scrap of Hearst's past in the opera idea in the first draft. As Mankiewicz planned it, Susan was to make her début in Massenet's "Thaïs." As a very young man, Hearst had been briefly engaged to the San Francisco singer Sybil Sanderson. In order to break the engagement, Miss Sanderson's parents had sent her to study in Paris, where she became well known in opera and as the "constant companion" of Massenet, who wrote "Thaïs" for her. But to use "Thaïs" would have cost a fee, so Bernard Herrmann wrote choice excerpts of a fake French-Oriental opera—"Salammbô." (Dorothy Comingore did her own singing in the movie except for the opera-house sequence; that was dubbed by a professional singer who deliberately sang badly.) The Kane amalgam may also contain a dab or two from the lives of other magnates, such as Frank Munsey and Pulitzer, and more than a dab from the life of Jules Brulatour, who got his start in business by selling Eastman Kodak film. Hope Hampton, his blond protégée and later his wife, had a career even more ridiculous than Susan Alexander's. After she failed as a movie actress, Brulatour financed her career at the Chicago Opera Company at the end of the twenties, and then, using his power to extend credit to movie companies for film stock, he pushed the near-bankrupt Universal to star her in a 1937 disaster, in which she sang eight songs.

The only other major addition to Hearst's actual history comes near the beginning of the movie. The latter days of Susan Alexander as a tawdry-looking drunken singer at El Rancho in Atlantic City, where she is billed as "Susan Alexander Kane"—which tells us at once that she is so poor an entertainer that she must resort to this cheap attempt to exploit her connection with Kane—may have been lifted from the frayed end of Evelyn Nesbit's life. After her divorce from Harry K. Thaw—the rich socialite who murdered Stanford White on her account—she drifted down to singing in honky-tonks, and was periodically denounced in the press for "capitalizing her shame."

◆

DOROTHY COMINGORE says, "When I read for Orson, Herman was in the room, with a broken leg and a crutch, and Orson turned to him and said, 'What do you think?' And Herman said, 'Yes, she looks precisely like the image of a kitten we've been looking for.' "

The handling of Susan Alexander is a classic of duplicity. By diversifying the material and combining several careers, Mankiewicz could protect himself. He could claim that Susan wasn't meant to be Marion Davies—that she was nothing at all like Marion, whom he called a darling and a minx. He could point out that Marion wasn't a singer and that Hearst had never built an opera house for her—and it was true, she wasn't and he hadn't, but she was an actress and he did run Cosmopolitan Pictures for her. Right at the beginning of the movie, Kane was said to be the greatest newspaper tycoon of this or any other generation, so he was obviously Hearst; Xanadu was transparently San Simeon; and Susan's fake stardom and the role she played in Kane's life spelled Marion Davies to practically everybody in the Western world. And even though Mankiewicz *liked* Marion Davies, he was the same Mankiewicz who couldn't resist the disastrous "Imagine—the whole world wired to Harry Cohn's ass!" He skewered her with certain identifying details that were just too good to resist, such as her love of jigsaw puzzles. They were a feature of San Simeon; the puzzles, which sometimes took two weeks to complete, were set out on tables in the salon, and the guests would work at them before lunch. And when Kane destroys Susan's room in a rage after she leaves him, he turns up a hidden bottle of booze, which was a vicious touch, coming from Mankiewicz, who had often been the beneficiary of Marion's secret cache. He provided bits that had a special *frisson* for those in the know.

One can sometimes hurt one's enemies, but that's nothing compared to what one can do to one's friends. Marion Davies, living in the style of the royal courtesans with a man who couldn't marry her without messes and scandal (his wife, Millicent, had become a Catholic, and she had also given him five sons), was an easy target. Hearst and Louella Parsons had set her up for it, and she became the victim of "Citizen Kane." In her best roles, Marion Davies was a spunky, funny, beautiful girl, and that's apparently what she *was* and why Hearst adored her. But, in his adoration, he insisted that the Hearst press overpublicize her and overpraise her constantly, and the public in general got wise. A typical Davies film would open with the theatre ventilating system pouring attar of roses at the audience, or the theatre would be specially redecorated, sometimes featuring posters that famous popular artists had done of her in the costumes of the picture. Charity functions of which she was the queen would be splashed all over the society pages, and the movie would be reviewed under eight-column headlines. In the news section, Mayor Hylan of New York would be saying, " 'When Knighthood Was in Flower' is unquestionably the greatest picture I have ever seen.... No person can afford to miss this great screen masterpiece," or " 'Little Old New York' is unquestionably the greatest screen epic I have ever looked upon, and Marion Davies is the most versatile screen star ever cast in any part. The wide range of her stellar acting is something to marvel at.... Every man, woman and child in New York City ought to see this splendid picture.... I must pay my tribute to the geniuses in all lines who created such a masterpiece."

When the toadying and praise were already sickening, Hearst fell for one of the dumbest smart con tricks of all time: A young movie reviewer named Louella O. Parsons, working for the New York *Telegraph* for $110 a week, wrote a column saying that although Marion Davies' movies were properly publicized, the star herself wasn't publicized *enough*. Hearst fell for it and hired Parsons at $250 a week, and she began her profitable lifework of praising (and destroying)

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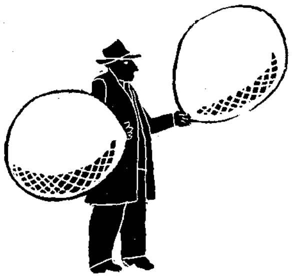
Marion Davies. Some of Davies' costume spectacles weren't bad—and she was generally charming in them—but the pictures didn't have to be bad for all the corrupt drumbeaters to turn the public's stomach. Other actresses were pushed to stardom and were accepted. (The flapper heroine Colleen Moore was Walter Howey's niece, and she was started on her career when she was fifteen. D. W. Griffith owed Howey a favor for getting "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance" past the Chicago censors, and her movie contract was the payoff. She says that many of the Griffith stars were "payoffs.") Marion Davies had more talent than most of the reigning queens, but Hearst and Louella were too ostentatious, and they never let up. There was a steady march of headlines ("Marion Davies' Greatest Film Opens Tonight"); there were too many charity balls. The public can swallow just so much: her seventy-five-thousand-dollar fourteen-room mobile "bungalow" on the M-G-M lot, O.K.; the special carpet for alighting, no. Her pictures had to be forced on exhibitors, and Hearst spent so much on them that even when they did well, the cost frequently couldn't be recovered. One of his biographers reports a friend's saying to Hearst, "There's money in the movies," and Hearst's replying, "Yes. Mine."



Marion Davies was born in 1897, and, as a teen-ager, went right from the convent to the musical-comedy stage, where she put in two years as a dancer before Ziegfeld "glorified" her in the "Ziegfeld Follies of 1916." That was where William Randolph Hearst, already in his mid-fifties, spotted her. It is said, and may even be true, that he attended the "Follies" every night for eight weeks, buying two tickets—one for himself and the other for his hat—just "to gaze upon her." It is almost certainly true that from then "to the day of his death," as Adela Rogers St. Johns put it, "he wanted to know every minute where she was." Marion Davies entered movies in 1917, with "Runaway Romany," which she also wrote, and then she began that really strange, unparalleled movie career. She had starred in about fifty pictures by the time she retired, in 1937—all under Hearst's aegis, and under his close personal supervision. (Leading men were afraid to kiss her; Hearst was always watching.) The pictures were all expensively produced, and most of them were financial failures. Marion Davies was a mimic and a parodist and a very original sort of comedienne, but though Hearst liked her to make him laugh at home, he wanted her to be a romantic maiden in the movies, and—what was irreconcilable with her talent—dignified. Like Susan, she was tutored, and he spent incredible sums on movies that would be the perfect setting for her. He appears to have been sincerely infatuated with her in old-fashioned, sentimental, ladylike roles; he loved to see her in ruffles on garden swings. But actresses didn't become public favorites in roles like those, and even if they could get by with them sometimes, they needed startling changes of pace to stay in public favor, and Hearst wouldn't let Marion Davies do anything "sordid."

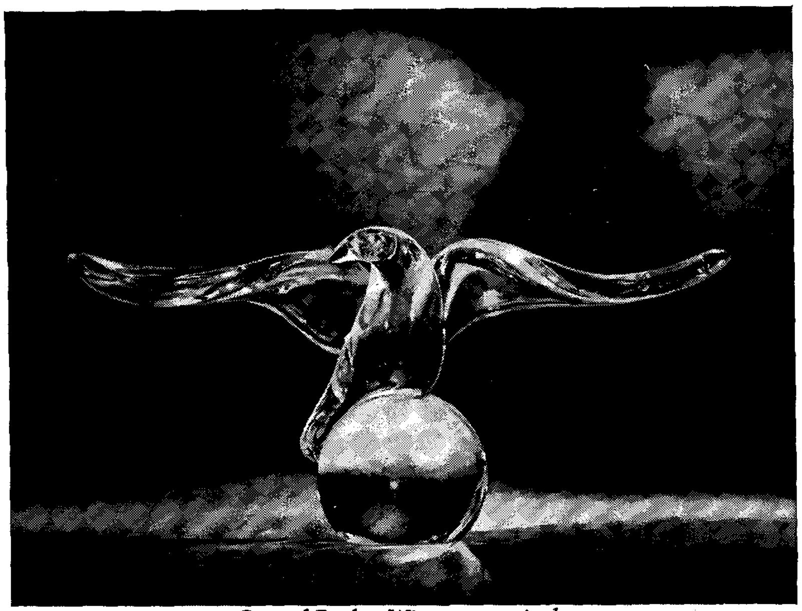
To judge by what those who worked with her have said, she was thoroughly unpretentious, and was depressed by Hearst's taste in roles for her. She finally broke out of the costume cycle in the late twenties and did some funny pictures: "The Red Mill" (which Fatty Arbuckle, whom Hearst the moralizer had helped ruin, directed, under his new, satirical pseudonym, Will B. Goodrich), "The Fair Coed," my childhood favorite "The Patsy," and others. But even when she played in a slapstick parody of Gloria Swanson's career ("Show People," in 1928), Hearst wouldn't let her do a custard-pie sequence, despite her own pleas and those of the director, King Vidor, and the writer, Laurence Stallings. (King Vidor has described the conference that Louis B. Mayer called so that Vidor could make his case to Hearst for the plot necessity of the pie. "Presently, the great man rose and in a high-pitched voice said, 'King's right. But I'm right, too—because I'm not going to let Marion be hit in the face with a pie.' ") She wanted to play Sadie Thompson in "Rain," but he wouldn't hear of it, and the role went to Gloria Swanson (and made her a star all over again). When Marion Davies should have been playing hard-boiled, good-hearted blondes, Hearst's idea of a role for her was Elizabeth Barrett Browning in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and when Thalberg reserved that one for *his* lady, Norma Shearer, Hearst, in 1934, indignantly left M-G-M and took his money and his "Cosmopolitan Pictures" label over to Warner Brothers. (The editors of his newspapers were instructed never again to mention Norma Shearer in print.) It was a long blighted career for an actress who might very well have become a big star on her own, and she finally recognized that with Hearst's help it was hopeless. By the time "Citizen Kane" came out, she had been in retirement for four years, but the sickening publicity had gone grinding on relentlessly, and, among the audiences at "Kane," probably even those who remembered her as the charming, giddy comedienne of the late twenties no longer trusted their memories.

Mankiewicz, catering to the public, gave it the empty, stupid, no-talent blonde it wanted—the "confidential" backstairs view of the great gracious lady featured in the Hearst press. It was, though perhaps partly inadvertently, a much worse betrayal than if he'd made Susan more like Davies, because movie audiences assumed that Davies was a pathetic whiner like Susan Alexander, and Marion Davies was nailed to the cross of harmless stupidity and nothingness, which in high places is the worst joke of all.

•

RIGHT from the start of movies, it was a convention that the rich were vulgarly acquisitive but were lonely and miserable and incapable of giving or receiving love. As a mass medium, movies have always soothed and consoled the public with the theme that the rich can buy everything except what counts—love. (The convention remains, having absorbed the "Dolce Vita" variation that the rich use each other sexually because they are incapable of love.) It was consistent with this popular view of the emptiness of the lives of the rich to make Susan Alexander a cartoon character; the movie reduces Hearst's love affair to an infatuation for a silly, ordinary nothing of a girl, as if everything in his life were synthetic, his passion vacuous, and the object of it a cipher. What happened in Hearst's life was far more interesting: he took a beautiful, warm-hearted girl and made her the best-known kept woman in America and the butt of an infinity of dirty jokes, and he did it out of love and the blindness of love.

"Citizen Kane," however, employs the simplification, so convenient to melodrama, that there is a unity between a man's private life and his public one. This simplification has enabled ambitious bad writers to make reputations as thinkers, and in the movies of the forties it was given a superficial plausibility by popular Freudianism. Hideous character defects traceable to childhood traumas explained just about



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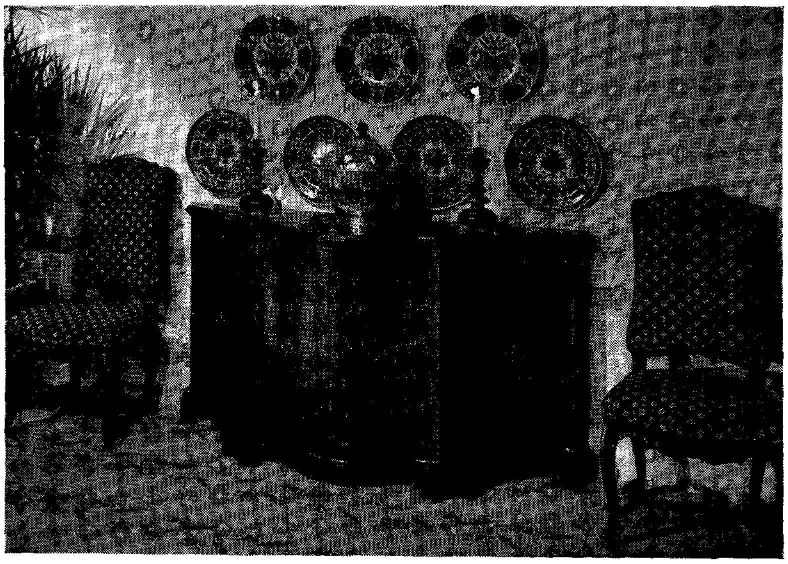

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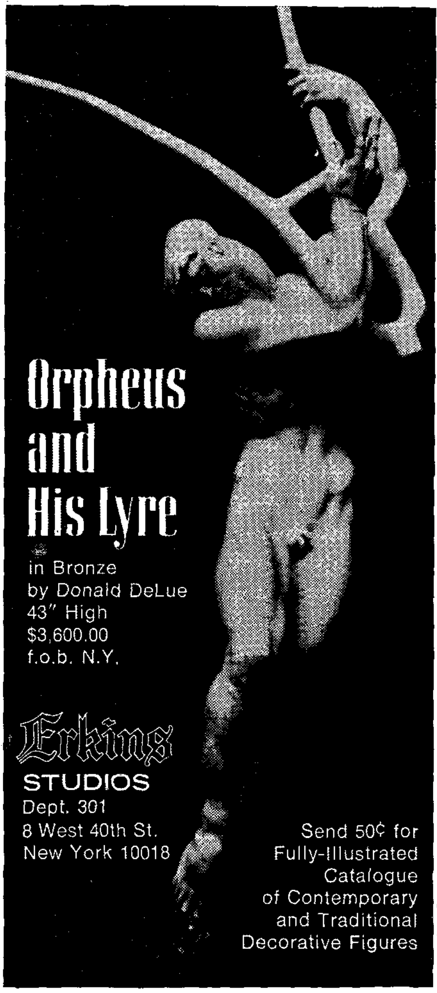
anything the authors disapproved of. Mankiewicz certainly knew better, but as a screenwriter he dealt in ideas that had popular appeal. Hearst was a notorious anti-union, pro-Nazi Red-baiter, so Kane must have a miserable, deformed childhood. He must be *wrecked* in infancy. It was a movie convention going back to silents that when you did a bio or a thesis picture (such as "The Roaring Twenties") you started with the principal characters as children and showed them to be miniature versions of their later characters. This convention almost invariably pleased audiences, because it also demonstrated the magic of movies—the kids so extraordinarily resembled the adult actors they would turn into. And it wasn't just makeup—they really did, having been searched out for that resemblance. (This is *possible* in theatre, but it's rarely feasible.) That rather old-fashioned view of the predestination of character from childhood needed only a small injection of popular Freudianism to pass for new, and if you tucked in a trauma, you took care of the motivation for the later events. Since nothing very bad had happened to Hearst, Mankiewicz drew upon Little Orson Annie. He *orphaned* Kane, and used that to explain Hearst's career. (And, as Welles directed it, there's more real emotion and pain in the childhood separation sequence than in all the rest of the movie.)

Thus Kane was emotionally stunted. Offering personal emptiness as the explanation of Hearst's career really doesn't do much but feed the complacency of those liberals who are eager to believe that conservatives are "sick" (which is also how conservatives tend to see liberals). Liberals were willing to see this hollow-man explanation of Hearst as something much deeper than a cliché of popular melodrama, though the film's explaining his attempts to win public office and his empire-building and his art collecting by the childhood loss of maternal love is as unilluminating as the conservative conceit that Marx was a revolutionary because he hated his father. The point of the film becomes the cliché irony that although Hearst has everything materially, he has nothing humanly.

Quite by chance, I saw William Randolph Hearst once, when I was about nineteen. It was Father's Day, which sometimes falls on my birthday, and my escort bumped me into him on the dance floor. I can't remember whether it was at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco or at the St. Francis, and I can't remember the year, though it was probably 1938. But I remember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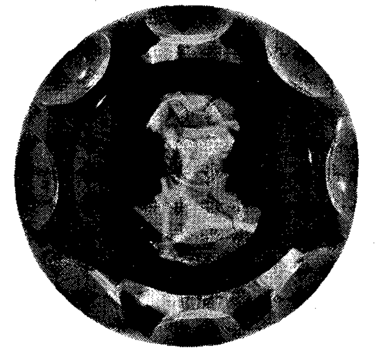
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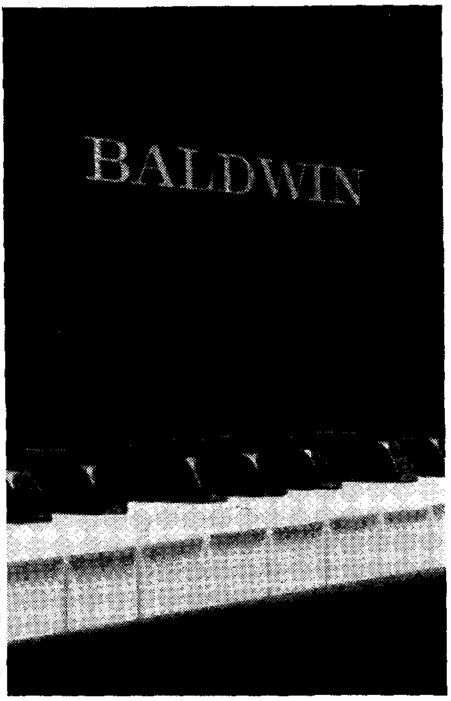
Hearst in almost terrifying detail, with the kind of memory I generally have only for movies. He was dinner-dancing, just like us, except that his table was a large one. He was seated with Marion Davies and his sons with their wives or dates; obviously, it was a kind of family celebration. I had read the then current "Hearst, Lord of San Simeon" and Ferdinand Lundberg's "Imperial Hearst," and probably almost everything else that was available about him, and I remember thinking, as I watched him, of Charles A. Beard's preface to the Lundberg book—that deliberately cruel premature "Farewell to William Randolph Hearst," with its tone of "He will depart loved by few and respected by none whose respect is worthy of respect. . . . None will be proud to do honor to his memory," and so on. You don't expect to bump into a man on the dance floor after you've been reading that sort of thing about him. It was like stumbling onto Caligula, and Hearst looked like a Roman emperor mixing with the commoners on a night out. He was a huge man—six feet four or five—and he was old and heavy, and he moved slowly about the dance floor with *her*. He seemed like some prehistoric monster gliding among the couples, quietly majestic, towering over everyone; he had little, odd eyes, like a whale's, and they looked pulled down, sinking into his cheeks. Maybe I had just never seen anybody so massive and dignified and old *dancing*, and maybe it was that plus who he was, but I've never seen anyone else who seemed to incarnate power and solemnity as he did; he was frightening and he was impressive, almost as if he were wearing ceremonial robes of office. When he danced with Marion Davies, he was indifferent to everything else. They looked isolated and entranced together; this slow, huge dinosaur clung to the frowzy-looking aging blonde in what seemed to be a ritual performance. Joined together, they were as alone as the young dancing couple in the sky with diamonds in "Yellow Submarine." Maybe they *were* that couple a few decades later, for they had an extraordinary romance—one that lasted thirty-two years—and they certainly had the diamonds (or *had* had them). He seemed unbelievably old to me that night, when he was probably about seventy-five; they were still together when he died, in 1951, at the age of eighty-eight.

The private pattern that was devised as a correlative (and possible explanation) of Hearst's public role was false. Hearst didn't have any (recorded) early traumas, Marion Davies did have talent, and they were an extraordinarily devoted pair; far from leaving him, when he faced bankruptcy she gave him her money and jewels and real estate, and even borrowed money to enable him to keep his newspapers. He was well loved, and *still* he was a dangerous demagogue. And, despite what Charles A. Beard said and what Dos Passos said, and despite the way Mankiewicz presented him in "Citizen Kane," and all the rest, Hearst and his consort were hardly lonely, with all those writers around, and movie stars and directors, and Shaw, and Winston Churchill, and weekend parties with Marion Davies spiking teetotaller Calvin Coolidge's fruit punch (though only with liquor that came from fruit). Even Mrs. Luce came; the pictures of Hearst on the walls at Time-Life might show him as an octopus, but who could resist an invitation? Nor did Hearst lose his attraction or his friends after he lost his *big* money. After San Simeon was stripped of its silver treasures, which were sold at auction in the thirties, the regal-party weekends were finished, but he still entertained, if less lavishly, at his smaller houses. Dos Passos played the same game as "Citizen Kane" when he wrote of Hearst "amid the relaxing adulations of screenstars, admen, screenwriters, publicitymen, columnists, millionaire editors"—suggesting that Hearst was surrounded by third-raters and sycophantic hirelings. But the lists and the photographs of Hearst's guests tell another story. He had the one great, dazzling court of the first half of the twentieth century, and the statesmen and kings, the queens and duchesses at his table were as authentic as the writers and wits and great movie stars and directors. When one considers who even those screenwriters were, it's not surprising that Hearst wanted their company. Harold Ross must have wondered what drew his old friends there, for he came, too, escorted by Robert Benchley.

It is both a limitation and *in the nature of the appeal* of popular art that it constructs false, easy patterns. Like the blind-beggar-for-luck, "Kane" has a primitive appeal that is implicit in the conception. It tells the audience that



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fate or destiny or God or childhood trauma has already taken revenge on the wicked—that if the rich man had a good time he has suffered remorse, or, better still, that he hasn't really enjoyed himself at all. Before Mankiewicz began writing the script, he talked about what a great love story it would be—but who would buy tickets for a movie about a rich, powerful tycoon who also found true love? In popular art, riches and power destroy people, and so the secret of Kane is that he longs for the simple pleasures of his childhood before wealth tore him away from his mother—he longs for what is available to the mass audience.

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EVEN when Hearst's speeches, or facsimiles of them, were used in "Kane," their character was transformed. If one looks at his actual remarks on property and then at Mankiewicz's adaptation of them, one can see how. Hearst's remarks are tight and slightly oblique, and it takes one an instant to realize what he's saying. Mankiewicz makes them easier to grasp (and rather florid) but kills some of their almost sinister double edge by making them consciously flip. He turns them into a joke. And when Mankiewicz didn't make the speeches flip, Welles' delivery did. When you hear Kane dictate the telegram to Cuba, you don't really think for a minute that it's *acted* on. And so the movie becomes a comic strip about Hearst, without much resonance, and certainly without much tragic resonance. Hearst, who compared himself to an elephant, *looked* like a great man. I don't think he actually was great in any sense, but he was *extraordinary*, and his power and wealth, plus his enormous size, made him a phenomenally commanding presence. Mankiewicz, like Dos Passos, may have believed that Hearst fell from greatness, or (as I suspect) Mankiewicz may have liked the facile dramatic possibilities of that approach. But he couldn't carry it out. He couldn't write the character as a tragic fallen hero, because he couldn't resist making him funny. Mankiewicz had been hacking out popular comedies and melodramas for too long to write drama; one does not *dictate* tragedy to a stenotypist. He automatically, because of his own temperament and his writing habits, turned out a bitchy satirical melodrama. Inside the three hundred and twenty-five pages of his long, ambitious first draft was the crowd-pleasing material waiting to be carved out. When one reads the long version, it's obvious what must go; if I had been doing the cutting I might have cut just about the same material. *And yet* that fat to be cut away is everything that tends to make it a political and historical drama, and what is left is the private scandals of a poor little rich boy. The scandals in the long draft—some of it, set in Italy during Kane's youth, startlingly like material that came to the screen twenty years later in "La Dolce Vita"—served a purpose beyond crowd pleasing: to show what a powerful man could cover up and get away with. Yet this, of course, went out, for reasons similar to the ones that kept Kane, unlike Hearst, from winning elected office—to reassure the public that the rich *don't* get away with it.

Welles now has a lumbering grace and a gliding, whalelike motion not unlike Hearst's, but when he played the role he became stiff and crusty as the older Kane, and something went blank in the aging process—not just because the makeup was erratic and waxy (especially in the bald-headed scenes, such as the one in the picnic tent) but because the character lost his connection with business and politics and became a fancy theatrical notion, an Expressionist puppet. Also, there are times when the magic of movies fails. The camera comes so close that it can reveal too much: Kane as an old man was an actor trying to look old, and Welles had as yet only a schoolboy's perception of how age weighs one down. On a popular level, however, his limitations worked to his advantage; they tied in with the myth of the soulless rich.

The conceptions are basically *kitsch;* basically, "Kane" is popular melodrama—Freud plus scandal, a comic strip about Hearst. Yet, partly because of the resonance of what was left of the historical context, partly because of the juiciness of Welles' young talent and of the varied gifts and personalities others brought to the film, partly because of the daring of the attack on the most powerful and dangerous press lord known to that time, the picture has great richness and flair; it's *kitsch* redeemed. I would argue that this is what is remarkable about movies—that shallow conceptions in one area can be offset by elements playing against them or altering them or affecting the texture. If a movie is good, there is a general tendency to believe that everything in it was conceived and worked out according to a beautiful master plan, or that it is the result of the creative imagination of the director, but in movies things rarely happen that way—even more rarely than they do in opera or the theatre. There are so many variables; imagine how different the whole feeling of "Kane" would be if the film had been shot in a naturalistic style, or even if it had been made at M-G-M instead of at R.K.O. Extraordinary movies are the result of the "right" people's getting together on the "right" project at the "right" time—in their lives and in history. I don't mean to suggest that a good movie is just a mess that happens to work (although there have been such cases)—only that a good movie is not always the result of a single artistic intelligence. It can be the result of a fortunate collaboration, of cross-fertilizing accidents. And I would argue that what redeems movies in general, what makes them so much easier to take than other arts, is that many talents in interaction in a work can produce something more enjoyable than one talent that is not of the highest. Because of the collaborative nature of most movies, masterpieces are rare, and even masterpieces may, like "Kane," be full of flaws, but the interaction frequently results in special pleasures and surprises.

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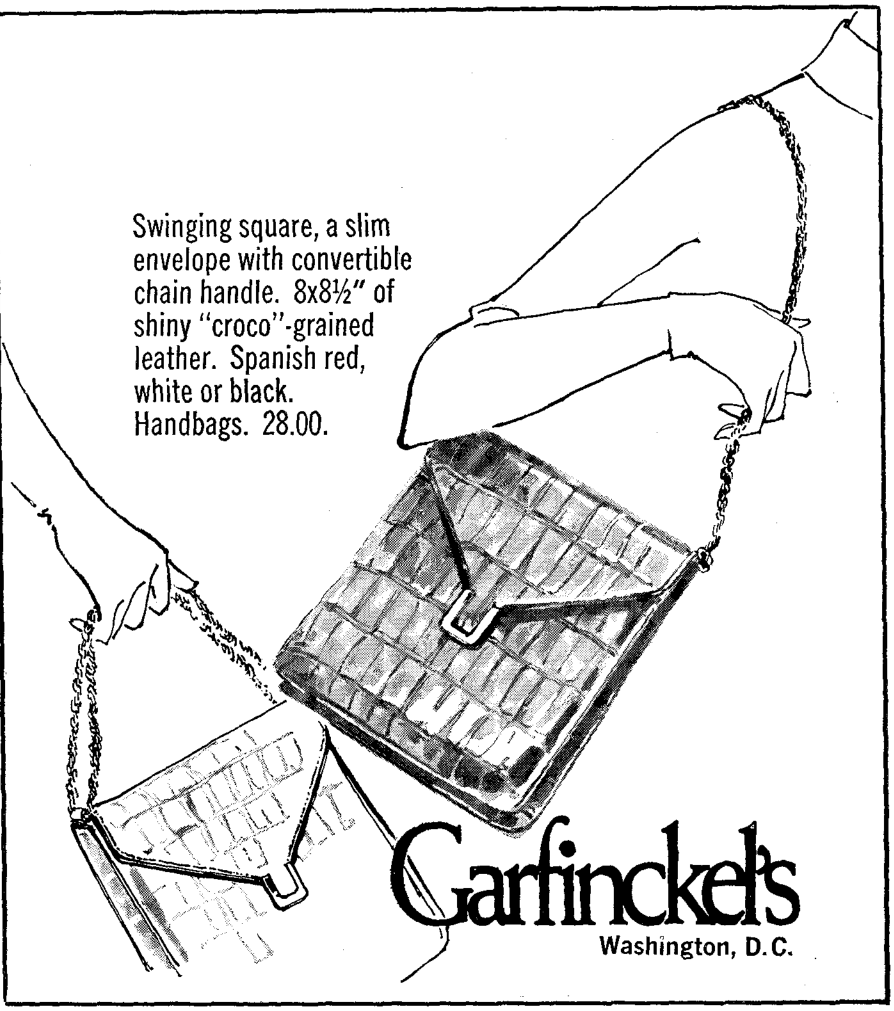
THE director should be in control not because he is the sole creative intelligence but because only if he is in control can he liberate and utilize the talents of his co-workers, who languish (as directors do) in studio-factory productions. The best interpretation to put on it when a director says that a movie is totally his is not that he did it all himself but that he wasn't interfered with, that he made the choices and the ultimate decisions, that the whole thing isn't an unhappy compromise for which no one is responsible; not that he was the sole creator but almost the reverse—that he was free to use all the best ideas offered him.

Welles had a vitalizing, spellbinding talent; he was the man who brought out the best in others and knew how to use it. What keeps "Citizen Kane" alive is that Welles wasn't prevented (as so many directors are) from trying things out. He was young and *open*, and, as the members of that crew tell it—and they remember it very well, because it was the only time it ever happened for many of them—they could always talk to him and make suggestions, as long as they didn't make the suggestions publicly. Most big-studio movies were made in such a restric-



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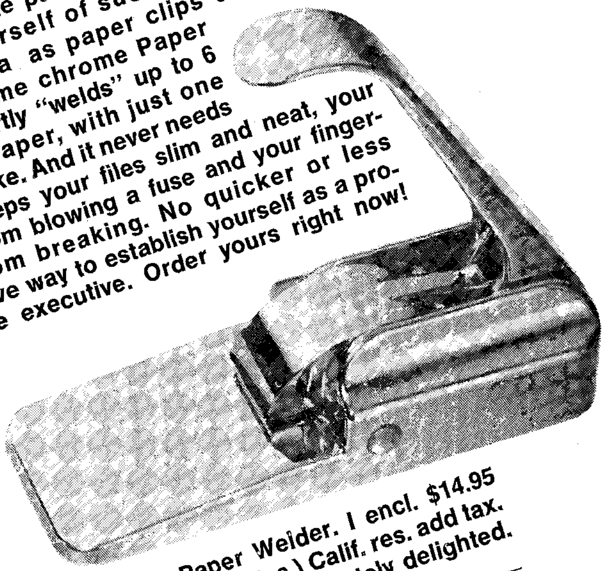

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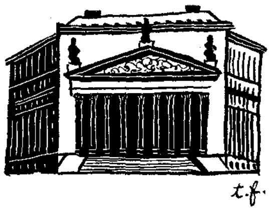
tive way that the crews were hostile and bored and the atmosphere was oppressive. The worst aspect of the factory system was that almost everyone worked beneath his capacity. Working on "Kane," in an atmosphere of freedom, the designers and technicians came forth with ideas they'd been bottling up for years; they were all in on the creative process. Welles was so eager to try out new ideas that even the tough, hardened studio craftsmen were caught up by his spirit, just as his co-workers in the theatre and in radio had been. "Citizen Kane" is not a great work that suddenly burst out of a young prodigy's head. There are such works in the arts (though few, if any, in movies), but this is not one of them. It is a superb example of collaboration; everyone connected with it seems to have had the time of his life because he was able to contribute something.

Welles had just the right background for the sound era. He used sound not just as an inexpensive method of creating the illusion of halls and crowds but to create an American environment. He knew how to convey the way people feel about each other by the way they sound; he knew how they sounded in different rooms, in different situations. The directors who had been most imaginative in the use of sound in the early talkies were not Americans, and when they worked in America, as Ernst Lubitsch did, they didn't have the ear for American life that Welles had. And the good American movie directors in that period (men like Howard Hawks and John Ford and William Wellman) didn't have the background in theatre or—that key element—the background in radio. Hawks handled the dialogue expertly in "His Girl Friday," but the other sounds are not much more imaginative than those in a first-rate stage production. When Welles came to Hollywood, at the age of twenty-four, his previous movie experience had not been on a professional level, but he already knew more about the dramatic possibilities of sound than most veteran directors, and the sound engineers responded to his inventiveness by giving him extraordinary new effects. At every point along the way, the studio craftsmen tried something out. Nearly all the thirty-five members of the R.K.O. special-effects department worked on "Kane;" roughly eighty per cent of the film was not merely printed but reprinted, in order to add trick effects and blend in painted sets and bits of stock footage. The view up from Susan singing on the opera stage to the stagehands high above on the catwalk, as one of them puts two fingers to his nose—which looks like a tilt (or vertical pan)—is actually made up of three shots, the middle one a miniature. When the camera seems to pass through a rooftop skylight into the El Rancho night club where Susan works, the sign, the rooftop, and the skylight are miniatures, with a flash of lightning to conceal the cut to the full-scale interior. The craftsmen were so ingenious about giving Welles the effects he wanted that even now audiences aren't aware of how cheaply made "Citizen Kane" was.



In the case of the cinematographer, Gregg Toland, the contribution goes far beyond suggestions and technical solutions. I think he not only provided the visual style of "Citizen Kane" but was responsible for affecting the conception, and even for introducing a few elements that are not in the script. It's always a little risky to assign credit for ideas in movies; somebody is bound to turn up a film that used whatever it is—a detail, a device, a technique—earlier. The most one can hope for, generally, is to catch on to a few late links in the chain. It was clear that "Kane" had visual links to James Wong Howe's cinematography in "Transatlantic" (Howe, coincidentally, had also shot "The Power and the Glory"), but I had always been puzzled by the fact that "Kane" seemed to draw not only on the Expressionist theatrical style of Welles' stage productions but on the German Expressionist and Gothic movies of the silent period. In "Kane," as in the German silents, depth was used like stage depth, and attention was frequently moved from one figure to another within a fixed frame by essentially the same techniques as on the stage—by the actors' moving into light or by a shift of the light to other actors (rather than by the fluid camera of a Renoir, which follows the actors, or the fragmentation and quick cutting of the early Russians). There were frames in "Kane" that seemed so close to the exaggerations in German films like "Pandora's Box" and "The Last Laugh" and "Secrets of a Soul" that I wondered what Welles was talking about when he said he had prepared for "Kane" by running John Ford's "Stagecoach" forty times. Even allowing for the hyperbole of the forty times, why should Orson Welles have studied "Stagecoach" and come up with a film

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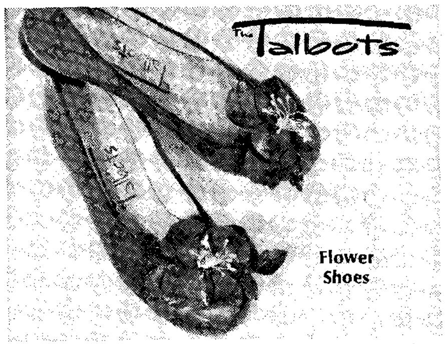

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that looked more like "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari"? I wondered if there might be a link between Gregg Toland and the German tradition, though most of Toland's other films didn't suggest much German influence. When I looked up his credits as a cameraman, the name "Mad Love" rang a bell; I closed my eyes and visualized it, and there was the Gothic atmosphere, and the huge, dark rooms with lighted figures, and Peter Lorre, bald, with a spoiled-baby face, looking astoundingly like a miniature Orson Welles.

"Mad Love," made in Hollywood in 1935, was a dismal, static horror movie—an American version of a German film directed by the same man who had directed "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." The American remake, remarkable only for its photography, was directed by Karl Freund, who had been head cinematographer at Ufa, in Germany. He had worked with such great directors as Fritz Lang and F. W. Murnau and G. W. Pabst, and, by his technical innovations, had helped create their styles; he had shot many of the German silent classics ("The Last Laugh," "Variety," "Metropolis," "Tartuffe"). I recently looked at a print of "Mad Love," and the resemblances to "Citizen Kane" are even greater than my memories of it suggested. Not only is the large room with the fireplace at Xanadu similar to Lorre's domain as a mad doctor, with similar lighting and similar placement of figures, but Kane's appearance and makeup in some sequences might be a facsimile of Lorre's. Lorre, who had come out of the German theatre and German films, played in a stylized manner that is visually imitated in "Kane." And, amusingly, that screeching white cockatoo, which isn't in the script of "Kane" but appeared out of nowhere in the movie to provide an extra "touch," is a regular member of Lorre's household.

Gregg Toland was the "hottest" photographer in Hollywood at the time he called Welles and asked to work with him; in March he had won the Academy Award for "Wuthering Heights," and his other recent credits included "The Grapes of Wrath" and the film in which he had experimented with deep focus, "The Long Voyage Home." He brought along his own four-man camera crew, who had recently celebrated their fifteenth year of working together. This picture was made with love; the year before his death, in 1948, Toland said that he had wanted to work with Welles because he was miserable and felt like a whore

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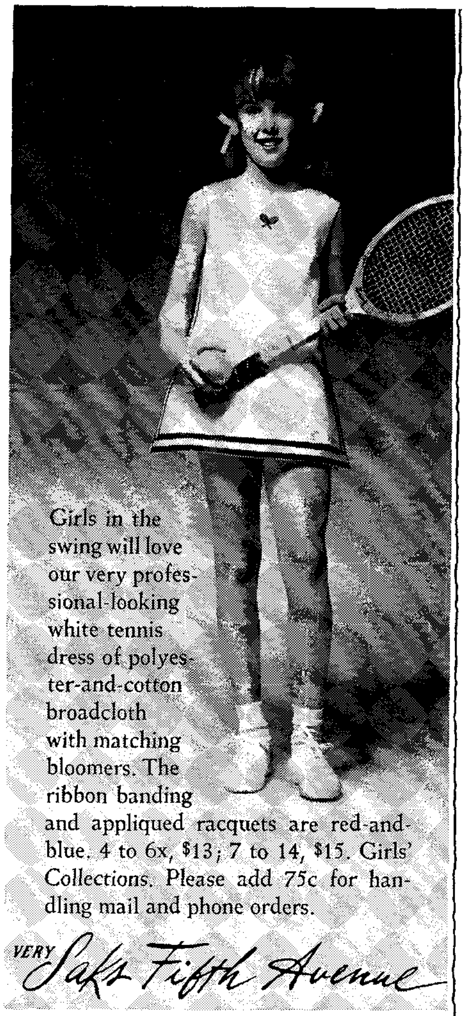

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when he was on run-of-the-mill assignments, and that "photographing 'Citizen Kane' was the most exciting professional adventure of my career." I surmise that part of the adventure was his finding a way to use and develop what the great Karl Freund had taught him.

Like the German cinematographers in the silent period, Toland took a more active role than the usual Hollywood cinematographer. For some years, whenever it was possible, he had been supervising the set construction of his films, so that he could plan the lighting. He probably responded to Welles' penchant for tales of terror and his desire for a portentous, mythic look, and since Welles didn't have enough financing for full-scale sets and was more than willing to try the unconventional, Toland suggested many of the Expressionist solutions. When a director is new to films, he is, of course, extremely dependent on his cameraman, and he is particularly so if he is also the star of the film, and is thus in front of the camera. Toland was a disciplined man, and those who worked on the set say he was a steadying influence on Welles; it is generally agreed that the two planned and discussed every shot together. With Welles, Toland was free to make suggestions that went beyond lighting techniques. Seeing Welles' facial resemblance to the tiny Lorre—even to the bulging eyes and the dimpled, sad expression—Toland probably suggested the makeup and the doll-like, jerky use of the body for Kane in his rage and as a lonely old man, and, having enjoyed the flamboyant photographic effect of the cockatoo in "Mad Love," suggested that, too. When Toland provided Welles with the silent-picture setups that had been moribund under Karl Freund's direction, Welles used them in a childlike spirit that made them playful and witty. There's nothing static or Germanic in Welles' direction, and he had such unifying energy that just a couple of years ago an eminent movie critic cited the cockatoo in "Citizen Kane" as "an unforced metaphor arising naturally out of the action."

It's the Gothic atmosphere, partly derived from Toland's work on "Mad Love," that inflates "Citizen Kane" and puts it in a different tradition from the newspaper comedies and the big bios of the thirties. "Citizen Kane" is, in some ways, a freak of art. Toland, although he used deep focus again later, reverted to a more conventional look for the films following "Kane," directed by men who rejected technique "for its own sake," but he had passed on Freund's techniques to Welles. The dark, Gothic horror style, with looming figures, and with vast interiors that suggested castles rather than houses, formed the basis for much of Welles' later visual style. It suited Welles; it was the visual equivalent of The Shadow's voice—a gigantic echo chamber. Welles, too big for ordinary roles, too overpowering for normal characters, is stylized by nature—is by nature an Expressionist actor.

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TWO years after the release of "Citizen Kane," when Herman Mankiewicz had become respectable—his career had taken a leap after "Kane," and he had had several major credits later in 1941 and had just won another Academy nomination, for his work on "The Pride of the Yankees"—he stumbled right into Hearst's waiting arms. He managed to have an accident that involved so many of the elements of his life that it sounds like a made-up surreal joke. Though some of his other calamities are lost in an alcoholic fog—people remember only the bandages and Mankiewicz's stories about how he got them, and maybe even he didn't always know the facts—this one is all too well documented.

Driving home after a few drinks at Romanoff's, he was only a block and a half from his house when he hit a tiny car right at the gates of the Marion Davies residence. And it wasn't just any little car he hit; it was one driven by Lee Gershwin—Ira Gershwin's wife, Lenore, a woman Mankiewicz had known for years. He had adapted the Gershwins' musical "Girl Crazy" to the screen in 1932, and he had known the Gershwins before that, in the twenties, in New York; they were part of the same group. It was a gruesomely comic accident: Hearst was living on the grounds of the Marion Davies estate at the time, in that bungalow that Marion had used at M-G-M and then at Warners, and he was conferring with the publisher of his New York *Journal-American* when he heard the crash. Hearst sent the publisher down to investigate, and as soon as the man reported who was involved, Hearst went into action. Lee Gershwin had had two passengers—her secretary, who wasn't hurt, and her laundress, whom she was taking home, and who just got a bump. Mrs. Gershwin herself wasn't badly hurt, though she had a head injury that required some stitches. It was a minor accident, but Man-

kiewicz was taken to the police station, and he apparently behaved noisily and badly there. When he got home, a few hours later, his wife, Sara, sobered him up, and, having ascertained that Lee Gershwin had been treated at the hospital and had already been discharged, she sent him over to the Gershwins' with a couple of dozen roses. Marc Connelly, who was at the Gershwins' that night, says that when Mankiewicz arrived the house was full of reporters, and Ira Gershwin was serving them drinks and trying to keep things affable. Mankiewicz went upstairs to see Lee, who was lying in bed with her head bandaged. Amiable madman that he was, he noticed a painting on the bedroom wall, and his first remark was that he had a picture by the same artist. He apparently didn't have any idea that he was in serious trouble.

Hearst's persistent vindictiveness was one of his least attractive traits. Mankiewicz was charged with a felony, and the minor accident became a major front-page story in the Hearst papers across the country for four successive days, with headlines more appropriate to a declaration of war. It became the excuse for another Hearst campaign against the orgies and dissolute lives of the movie colony, and Hearst dragged it on for months. By then, the Hearst press was on its way to becoming the crank press, and Hearst had so many enemies that Mankiewicz had many friends. When Mankiewicz appealed to the American Civil Liberties Union, there had already been stories in *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Variety*, and elsewhere pointing out that the persecution in the Hearst papers was a reprisal for his having written the script of "Citizen Kane." Mankiewicz, however, had to stand trial on a felony charge. And although he got through the mess of the trial all right, the hounding by the Hearst papers took its toll, and his reputation was permanently damaged.

In a letter to Harold Ross after the trial, Mankiewicz asked to write a Profile of Hearst that Ross was considering. "Honestly," he wrote, "I know more about Hearst than any other man alive. (There are a couple of deaders before their time who knew more, I think.) I studied his career like a scholar before I wrote 'Citizen Kane.' " And then, in a paragraph that suggests his admiration, despite everything, for both Hearst and Welles, he wrote, "Shortly after I had been dragged from the obscurity of the police blotter and—a middle-aged, flat-footed, stylish-stout scenario writer—been promoted by the International News Service into Cary Grant, who, with a tank,

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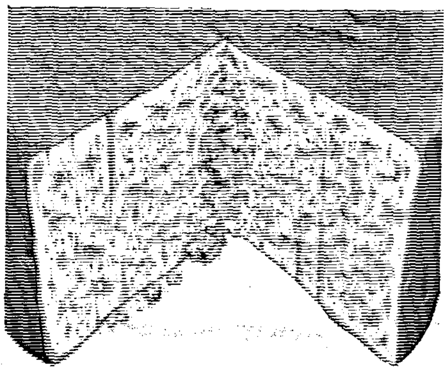

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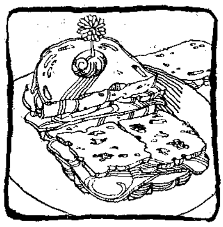

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had just drunkenly ploughed into a baby carriage occupied by the Dionne quintuplets, the Duchess of Kent, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt (the President's wife), and the favorite niece of the Pope, with retouched art combining the more unflattering features of Goering and Dillinger, I happened to be discussing Our Hero with Orson. With the fair-mindedness that I have always recognized as my outstanding trait, I said to Orson that, despite this and that, Mr. Hearst was, in many ways, a great man. He was, and is, said Orson, a horse's ass, no more nor less, who has been wrong, without exception, on everything he's ever touched. For instance, for fifty years, said Orson, Hearst did nothing but scream about the Yellow Peril, and then he gave up his seat and hopped off two months before Pearl Harbor."

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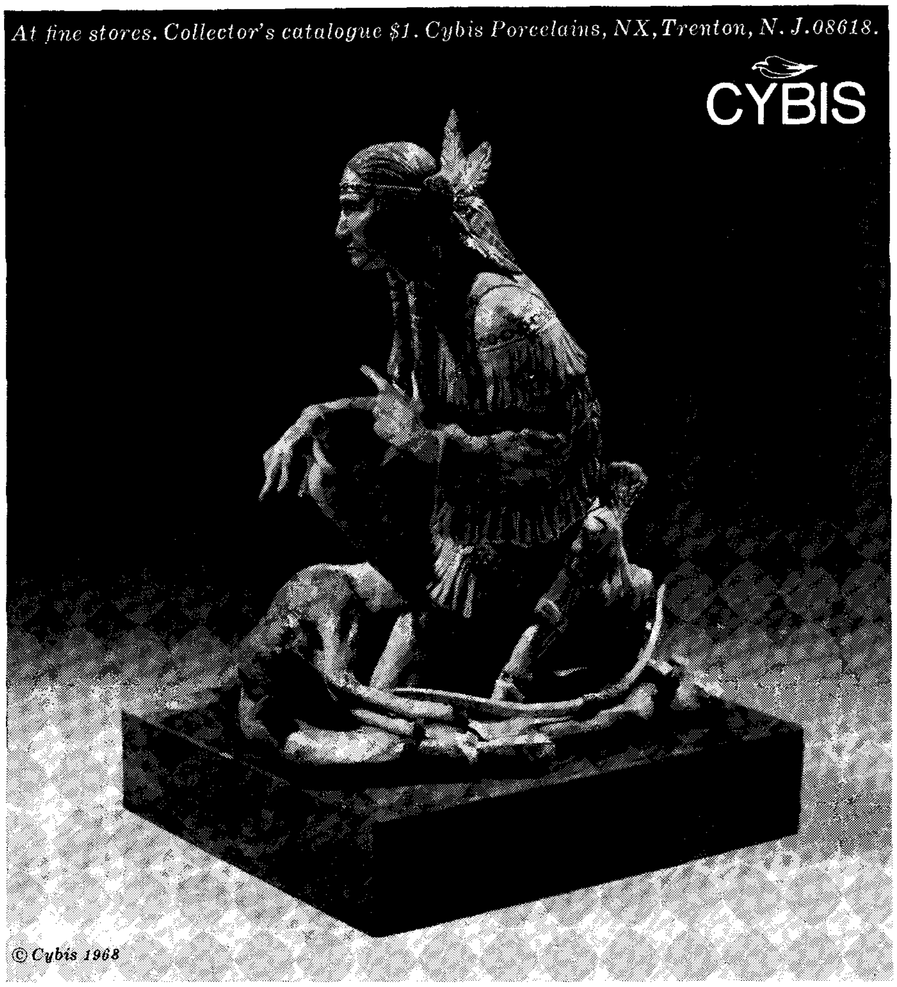
IN 1947, Ferdinand Lundberg sued Orson Welles, Herman J. Mankiewicz, and R.K.O. Radio Pictures, Inc., for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for copyright infringement, charging that "Citizen Kane" had plagiarized his book "Imperial Hearst." On the face of it, the suit looked ridiculous. No doubt (as Houseman admits) Mankiewicz had drawn upon everything available about Hearst, in addition to his own knowledge, and no doubt the Lundberg book, which brought a great deal of Hearst material together and printed some things that had not been printed before, was especially useful, but John Dos Passos might have sued on similar grounds, since material that was in "U.S.A." was also in the movie, and so might dozens of magazine writers. Hearst himself might have sued, on the basis that he hadn't been credited with the dialogue. The defense would obviously be that the material was in the public domain, and the suit looked like the usual nuisance-value suit that Hollywood is plagued by—especially since Lundberg offered to settle for a flat payment of $18,000. But R.K.O. had become one of Howard Hughes' toys in the late forties, and a crew of expensive lawyers was hired. When the suit came to trial, in 1950, Welles was out of the country; he had given his testimony earlier, in the form of a deposition taken before the American vice-consul at Casablanca, Morocco. This deposition is a curious document, full of pontification and evasion and some bluffing so outrageous that one wonders whether the legal stenographer was able to keep a straight face. "Citizen Kane" had already begun to take over and change the public image of Hearst; Hearst and Kane had become inseparable, as Welles and Kane were, but Welles possibly didn't really know in detail—or, more likely, simply didn't remember—how close the movie was to Hearst's life. He seemed more concerned with continuing the old pretense that the movie was not about Hearst than with refuting Lundberg's charge of plagiarism, and his attempts to explain specific incidents in the movie as if their relationship to Hearst were a mere coincidence are fairly funny. He stated that "I have done no research into the life of William Randolph Hearst at any time," and that "in writing the screenplay of 'Citizen Kane' I drew entirely upon my own observations of life," and then was helpless to explain how there were so many episodes from Hearst's life in the movie. When he was cornered with specific details, such as the picture of Jim Gettys in prison clothes, he gave up and said, "The dialogue for the scene in question was written in its first and second draftings exclusively by my colleague Mr. Mankiewicz. I worked on the third draft." When he was read a long list of events in the film that parallel Hearst's life as it is recorded in "Imperial Hearst," he tried to use the Insull cover story and came up with the surprising information that the film dealt "quite as fully with the world of grand opera as with the world of newspaper publishing."

Mankiewicz, in a preparatory statement, freely admitted that many of the incidents and details came from Hearst's life but said that he knew them from personal acquaintance and from a lifetime of reading. He was called to testify at the trial, and John Houseman was called as a witness to Mankiewicz's labor on the script. Mankiewicz was indignant that anyone could suggest that a man of his knowledge would need to crib, and he paraded his credentials. It was pointed out that John Gunther had said Mankiewicz made better sense than all the politicians and diplomats put together, and that he was widely known to have a passionate interest in contemporary history, particularly as it related to power, and to have an enormous library. And, of course, he had known Hearst in the years of his full imperial glory, and his friends knew of his absorption in everything to do with Hearst. According to Houseman, he and Mankiewicz thought they were both brilliant in court; they treated the whole suit as an insult, and enjoyed themselves so much while testifying that they spent the time between appearances on the stand congratulating each other. Mankiewicz, in a final gesture of contempt for the charge, brought an inventory of his library and tossed it to the R.K.O. lawyers to demonstrate the width and depth of his culture. It was an inventory that Sara had prepared some years before, when (during a stretch of hard times) they had rented out their house on Tower Road; no one had bothered to look at the inventory—not even the R.K.O. attorneys before they put it into evidence. But Lundberg's lawyers did; they turned to "L," and there, neatly listed under "Lundberg," were three copies of "Imperial Hearst." During Mankiewicz's long recuperation, his friends had sent him many books, and since his friends knew of his admiration for many sides of the man he called "the outstanding whirling pagoda of our times," he had been showered with copies of this particular book. The inventory apparently made quite an impression in court, and the tide turned. The jury had been cordial to Mankiewicz's explanation of how it was that he knew details that were in the Lundberg book and were unpublished elsewhere, but now the width and depth of his culture became suspect. After thirty days, the trial resulted in a hung jury, and, rather than go through another trial, R.K.O. settled for $15,000—and also paid an estimated couple of hundred thousand dollars in lawyers' fees and court costs.

Mankiewicz went on writing scripts, but his work in the middle and late forties is not in the same spirit as "Kane." It's rather embarrassing to look at his later credits, because they are yea-saying movies—decrepit "family pictures" like "The Enchanted Cottage" and "The Spanish Main." The booze and the accidents finally added up, and he declined into the forties sentimental slop. He tried to rise above it. He wrote the script he had proposed earlier on Aimee Semple McPherson, and he started the one on Dillinger, but he had squandered his health as well as his talents. I have read the McPherson script; it is called "Woman of the Rock," and it's a tired, persevering-to-the-end, burned-out script. He uses a bit of newspaper atmosphere, and Jed again, this time as a reporter, and relies on a flashback structure from Aimee's death to her childhood; there are "modern" touches—a semi-lesbian lady who manages the evangelist, for instance—and the script comes to life whenever he introduces sophisticated characters, but he can't write simple people, and even the central character is out of his best range. The one device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that is interesting is the heroine's love of bright scarves, starting in childhood with one her father gives her and ending with one that strangles her when it catches on a car wheel, but this is stolen from Isadora Duncan's death, and to give the death of one world-famous lady to another is depressingly poverty-stricken. Mankiewicz's character hadn't changed. He had written friends that he bore the scars of his mistake with Charlie Lederer, but just as he had lent the script of "Kane" to Lederer, Marion Davies' nephew, he proudly showed "Woman of the Rock" to Aimee Semple McPherson's daughter, Roberta Semple, and that ended the project. His behavior probably wasn't deliberately self-destructive as much as it was a form of innocence inside the worldly, cynical man—I visualize him as so *pleased* with what he was doing that he wanted to share his delight with others. I haven't read the unfinished Dillinger; the title, "As the Twig Is Bent," tells too hoary much.

In his drama column in *The New Yorker* in 1925, Mankiewicz parodied those who thought the Marx Brothers had invented all their own material in "The Cocoanuts" and who failed to recognize George S. Kaufman's contribution. It has been Mankiewicz's fate to be totally ignored in the books on the Marx Brothers movies; though his name is large in the original ads, and though Groucho Marx and Harry Ruby and S. J. Perelman all confirm the fact that he functioned as the producer of "Monkey Business" and "Horse Feathers," the last reference I can find to this in print is in *Who's Who in America* for 1953, the year of his death. Many of the thirties movies he wrote are popular on television and at college showings, but when they have been discussed in film books his name has never, to my knowledge, appeared. He is never mentioned in connection with "Duck Soup," though Groucho confirms the fact that he worked on it. He is now all but ignored even in many accounts of "Citizen Kane." By the fifties, his brother Joe—with "A Letter to Three Wives" and "All About Eve"—had become the famous wit in Hollywood, and there wasn't room for two Mankiewiczes in movie history; Herman became a parenthesis in the listings for Joe.

•

WELLES has offered his semi-defiant apologia for his own notoriously self-destructive conduct in the form of the old fable that he tells as Arkadin in "Confidential Report," of 1955—an "original screenplay" that, from internal evidence, he may very well have written. A scorpion wants to get across a lake and asks a frog to carry him on his back. The frog obliges, but midway the scorpion stings him. As they both sink, the frog asks the scorpion why he did it, pointing out that now he, too, will die, and the scorpion answers, "I know, but I can't help it; it's my character." The fable is inserted conspicuously, as a personal statement, almost as if it were a confession, and it's a bad story for a man to use as a parable of his life, since it's a disclaimer of responsibility. It's as if Welles believed in predestination and were saying that he was helpless. Yet Welles' characterization of himself seems rather odd. Whom, after all, has he fatally stung? He was the catalyst for the only moments of triumph that most of his associates ever achieved.

Every time someone in the theatre or in movies breaks through and does something good, people expect the moon of him and hold it against him personally when he doesn't deliver it. That windy speech Kaufman and Hart gave their hero in "The Fabulous Invalid" indicates the enormous burden of people's hopes that Welles carried. He has a long history of disappointing people. In the *Saturday Evening Post* of January 20, 1940, Alva Johnston and Fred Smith wrote:

> Orson was an old war horse in the infant prodigy line by the time he was ten. He had already seen eight years' service as a child genius.... Some of the oldest acquaintances of Welles have been disappointed in his career. They see the twenty-four-year-old boy of today as a mere shadow of the two-year-old man they used to know.

A decade after "Citizen Kane," the gibes were no longer so good-natured; the terms "wonder boy" and "boy genius" were thrown in Welles' face. When Welles was only thirty-six, the normally gracious Walter Kerr referred to him as "an international joke, and possibly the youngest living has-been." Welles had the special problems of fame without commercial success. Because of the moderate financial returns on "Kane," he lost the freedom to control his own productions; after "Kane," he never had complete control of a movie in America. And he lost the collaborative partnerships that he needed. For whatever reasons, neither Mankiewicz nor Houseman nor Toland ever worked on another movie with Welles. He had been advertised as a one-man show; it was not altogether his own fault when he became one. He was alone, trying to be "Orson Welles," though "Orson Welles" had stood for the activities of a group. But he needed the family to hold him together on a project and to take over for him when his energies became scattered. With them, he was a prodigy of accomplishments; without them, he flew apart, became disorderly. Welles lost his magic touch, and as his films began to be diffuse he acquired the reputation of being an intellectual, difficult-to-understand artist. When he appears on television to recite from Shakespeare or the Bible, he is introduced as if he were the epitome of the highbrow; it's television's more polite way of cutting off his necktie.

The Mercury players had scored their separate successes in "Kane," and they went on to conventional careers; they had hoped to revolutionize theatre and films, and they became part of the industry. Turn on the TV and there they are, dispersed, each in old movies or his new series or his reruns. Away from Welles and each other, they were neither revolutionaries nor great originals, and so Welles became a scapegoat—the man who "let everyone down." He has lived all his life in a cloud of failure because he hasn't lived up to what was unrealistically expected of him. No one has ever been able to do what was expected of Welles—to create a new radical theatre and to make one movie masterpiece after another—but Welles' "figurehead" publicity had snowballed to the point where all his actual and considerable achievements looked puny compared to what his destiny was supposed to be. In a less confused world, his glory would be greater than his guilt.

—PAULINE KAEL

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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[*From the Times*]

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THE THEATRE

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS said that "Better late than never" was almost the dismalest proverb he knew, and since "Be grateful for small favors" strikes me as being at least equally dismal, I am sorry it has leaped to my mind in connection with the version of Molière's "L'École des Femmes" that the valiant Phoenix Theatre group is putting on at the Lyceum. The production is so honorably bent on doing justice to its great author that for a long time on opening night I resisted noticing how fatally far the distance between seventeenth-century Paris and almost-twenty-first-century New York was proving to be; somewhere on that perilous journey the joy went out of a matchless comedy, leaving conscientiousness to take its place. Plainly, the director (Stephen Porter), the set designer (James Tilton), the costume designer (Nancy Potts), and the cast (Brian Bedford, Joan van Ark, David Dukes, Paul Ballantyne, et al.) have worked very hard, and it amounts to a characteristic Moliérean irony that one result of their labors should be that the play itself has slipped through their overcareful fingers.

Mr. Bedford plays the role of the humorless, calculating, and ever-to-be-outwitted Arnolphe—a role that Molière wrote for himself and filled with lines and occasions for stage business which he could count on to bring down the house. (It is a pleasant minor feat of literary detection to catch a glimpse of Molière mugging and carrying on over the other actors' lines. He had a chronic cough, which he turned into a device for getting laughs; when, in this play, he is driven to calling Agnès a bitch, he claims afterward that he has merely coughed. The word "*chienne*" is quite literally the sound of Molière coughing.) Mr. Bedford speaks his delectable lines with perhaps too obvious relish, and there is something about the way he inhabits the frills of his antique costume that makes him seem to be playing the part of a female impersonator—a sort of seventeenth-century Charley's Aunt. The hazard in this is that Arnolphe threatens to become merely silly; in reality, he is that favorite object of study for Molière—a man obsessed, whose intense reasonableness all but unhinges him. Miss van Ark makes a pleasant young baggage out of the virginal Agnès, who, at once invincibly ignorant and invincibly womanly, will let *nothing* stand between her and her manifest destiny, and Mr. Dukes is big, bluff, and love-sick as the embodiment of that destiny.

The play has been translated by Richard Wilbur, who provided an attractive version of Molière's "The Misanthrope" for the Phoenix a couple of seasons ago. Translating French verse, which is syllabic, into English verse, which is accented, tends to play the devil with rhymed couplets; Mr. Wilbur's rhymes, coming at the end of a five-beat line, fall in place a little too quickly for their own good, and I would willingly do without them altogether. A further, trifling complaint: Mr. Wilbur has translated "L'École des Femmes" as "The School for Wives," and not as "School for Wives," which I feel sure is closer to the sense that Molière intended. The definite article is unavoidable in the French, but the blessed freedom of choice we have in respect to its use in English ought to be taken advantage of. It is getting to be my King Charles's head that almost everyone unthinkingly translates the definite article from the French simply because it is there. That may be all very well as a reason for climbing Everest, but it isn't one for irritating

BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Queue

"'ACROBATS' AND 'LINE' is a first effort to produce works in the genre of post-Beckett New Comedy, a new form rooted in ancient tragedy tradition that redefines conventional comic rules." So runs a program note for this pair of one-acters by Israel Horovitz, which opened last week for what I hope will be a sizable run at the de Lys. It is important, first of all, to reassure lovers of humor (and admirers of Mr. Horovitz) that the plays also have many attributes of *pre*-Beckett comedy—original ideas and situations, funny lines and (presumably with the collaboration of James Hammerstein, who directed the plays) funny business to go with them, and odd, believable characters. Those who saw "The Indian Wants the Bronx" and that small masterpiece "It's Called the Sugar Plum" need hardly be reminded of Mr. Horovitz's extraordinary ability to create a group of people and to conjure up, by the words they speak and by the rhythm of those words, the atmosphere of the special segment of society that they represent, or of his ability to turn cruelty, heartlessness, and even suffering into the components of his comedy, as they are of Beckett's. "Line," by far the more substantial of the plays, is a set of variations on the theme of people scrambling for position in a line that apparently goes nowhere (post-Beckett). It is these particular lunatic variations, plus, of course, these particular people, that give the play its backbone, tone, and color. They are small-time losers, and so much a part of this city that it took me quite a long while to realize that they were not waiting for seats in the bleachers of Yankee Stadium or Shea. At the beginning, only one man is standing on the stage—a large, dumb, burly soul with a denim duffelbag beside him. He takes a can of beer and a sack of potato chips from the bag, and as he eats and drinks he sings "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." He has been waiting all night, but once the action starts he loses his place in line and never gets it back. He is joined by three other men and a woman, one at a time. They are a rather crazy fellow and deadpan needler with a handy repertoire of Gems from Mozart, which he sings to the words on the credit cards in his wallet; a quiet, determined, tough man who gives the false impression of being more spectator than contestant for a spot at the head of the line; a wanton, whorish, pretty woman, as callous as anyone around, who goes off with each of the men in turn for strategic line-jumping purposes as well as sexual ones; and her straight, defeated, much older husband, in a business suit and a white shirt and a tie. The action, needless to say, is capricious, sometimes violent, and full of small jokes, and during its course we learn quite a lot about everyone concerned. The husband is almost impotent, and the wife, dis- and

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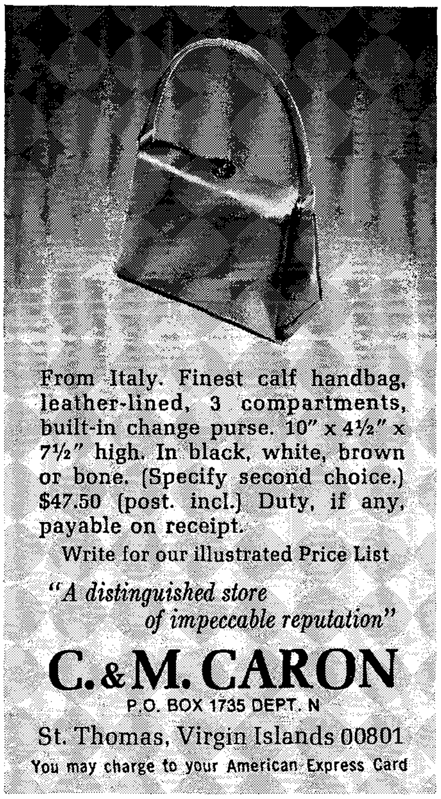
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unsatisfied, has turned savage with frustration. His fumbling efforts to maintain a kind of offhand composure while in the throes of triple cuckoldry are sad and comical. Barnard Hughes is very good in this humiliating role, suffering through its indignities with his usual style. Ann Wedgeworth is the wife, John Randolph is the beer drinker, John Cazale is the quiet man, and Richard Dreyfuss is the Mozart nut, on temporary leave from Harold Pinter.

"Acrobats" is a brief curtain-raiser—a variation, come to think of it, on Noël Coward's "Red Peppers." An acrobatic team—husband and wife—are performing their act, and all their rage and their hatred of each other boil to the surface during its dangerous twists and turns and then completely evaporate once the act is over and the tension has dissipated. The acrobatic team is played by Danny and Trina duVal, an acrobatic team.

A YOUNG playwright named Robert Montgomery has at least made a bold start in the theatre—the Other Stage, down at the Public—with "Subject to Fits," a fantasy or improvisation based on Dostoevski's "The Idiot." (He calls it "a response" to "The Idiot.") There are nine characters from the original, and a sprinkling of Dostoevski's lines is mingled with Montgomery's lines throughout. If the distinction can be drawn, the show is theatrical without being especially dramatic—a kind of ballet with words that is intermittently interesting for about one and a quarter of its two acts. There are some moments that evoke the right kind of response, and some moments so abrasive that they set the teeth on edge. The view of the complex characters is of necessity a shallow one; as soon as I saw Natasha, black hair and dressed in black, and Aglaya, red-blond hair and dressed in bluish white, I knew we were in for exactly the kind of trouble we turned out to be in for. Nevertheless, as the scenes quickly shift, the way they would in a dream, the action maintains great momentum. The players are nimble. Of all of them, only Jason Miller, as the smoldering Rogozhin, suggests more than is immediately apparent. Mr. Montgomery has composed agreeable music to go with his play.

"HEDDA GABLER," at the Playhouse, is all right but no more. There are none of those illuminating

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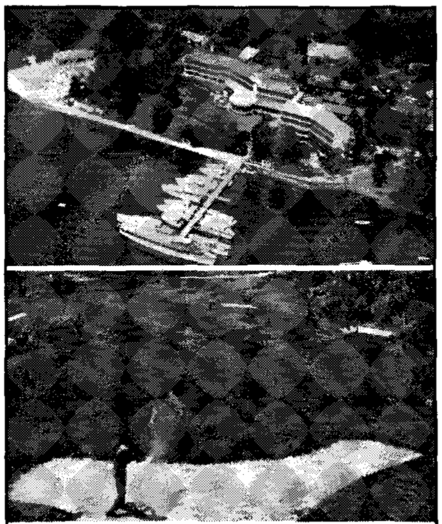
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surprises of interpretation or perception that seem to me to be the whole point of revivals. Claire Bloom is anything but boring, sometimes funny, and certainly beautiful enough, but her performance lacks inner force and magnetism. Hedda's devastating restlessness and murderous romanticism should transcend her vulgar social pretensions and her bitchiness, and here they don't. But what a play "Hedda Gabler" is! Unlike much of Ibsen, and in spite of all those clots of exposition in the dialogue, it does not date—no concealed hereditary syphilis to unmask here, no pillars of nineteenth-century society to topple. The only social problem it deals with is Hedda Gabler. She is the prototype of nobody but herself. It is a great part and demands more than Miss Bloom gives it, but even so she is quite good, and we should be grateful for that. The support she gets from the rest of the cast is only so-so. I did enjoy Roy Shuman as that fussy pedant Tesman, standing with his mouth ajar in a peculiarly academic way as he looks over Hedda's shoulder at an album of photographs. Donald Madden is Lovborg, Patricia Elliott is Thea Elvsted, and Robert Gerringer is Judge Brack. I didn't find any of them particularly convincing or, for that matter, particularly unconvincing. No serious complaints about this production, except that it isn't very interesting.

—EDITH OLIVER

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"OH, DON'T THE DAYS SEEM LANK AND LONG WHEN ALL GOES RIGHT AND NOTHING GOES WRONG?"

[*Social note from the Hamden* (*Conn.*) *Chronicle*]

Recent visitors to Miami, Fla., were Mr. and Mrs. Pat Inzero and Scott and Jay of Paradise Ave. Although the first two days of their vacation were spent at Bradley Field, the jet flight was a thrilling experience for the boys and they arrived to find ideal swimming conditions prevailing although their motel reservations had been given away. Pleasant accommodations were soon found and when Mr. and Mrs. Inzero and Jay had recovered from two days illness they were all able to enjoy a very nice stay in the sun highlighted by a reunion with relatives.

•

Col. Tagumpay Nanadiego, PC judge advocate general, said yesterday activists using profound language or circulating printed matter promoting intrigue to divide the AFP could be formally charged, under Section 3 of Commonwealth Act 616.—*Manila* (*P.I.*) *Times*.

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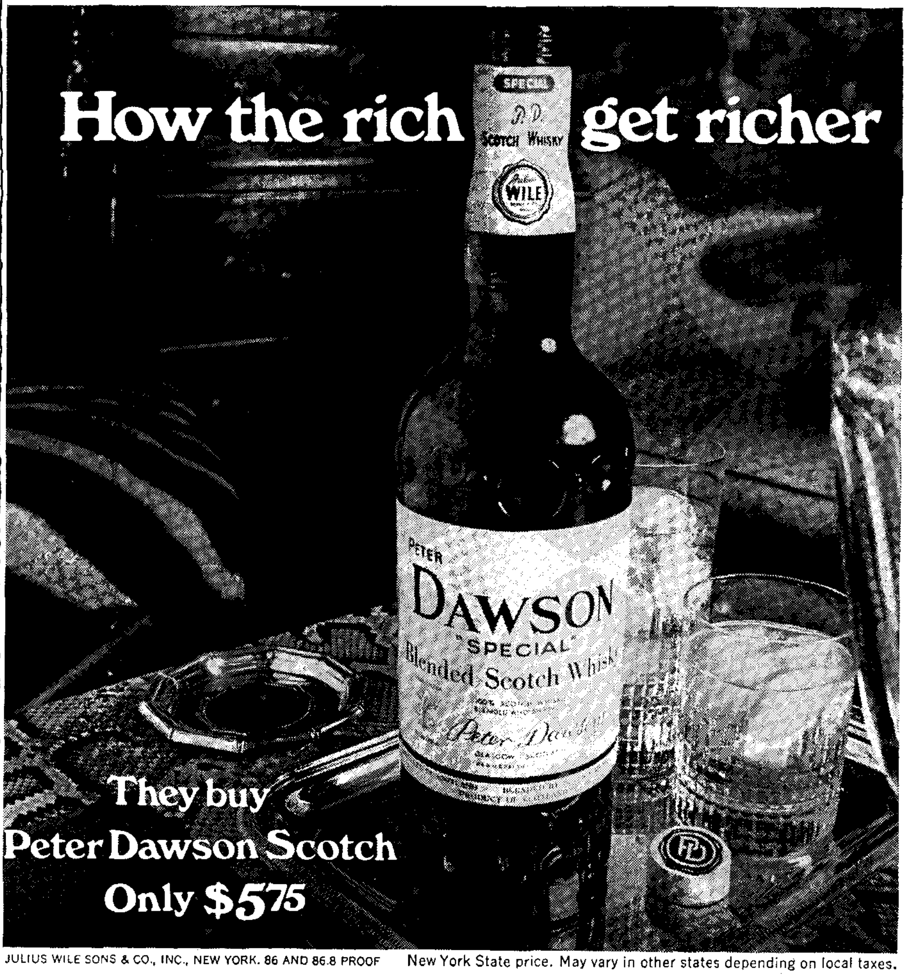

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THE RACE TRACK

Better and Better

IT'S hard to say just how good True North is; he keeps getting better and better. He won the Widener Handicap, worth $96,850 to the winner, for C. V. Whitney at Hialeah last Saturday, topping his effort in the Seminole a fortnight before. Bobby Woodhouse also deserves full marks for his handling of this light-bodied chestnut by Northern Dancer. Woodhouse saved ground along the rails (it was easy to follow his light-blue jacket) from the beginning of the mile and a quarter until he was half a furlong from home, where he eased his mount out from behind Sunny Tim and then put in some extra licks to stand off Twogundan's challenge. Sunny Tim was third. No doubt Corn Off the Cob's fast pace—he did the quarter in 0:22⅘ and the half in 0:46⅗—helped True North, but he and Woodhouse had to have what it takes to win.

Earlier in the week, fourteen three-year-olds had a lively gallop in the Everglades Stakes, prepping for the Flamingo on March 3rd, and Darby Dan's His Majesty turned the tables on Jim French, who had beaten him in the Bahamas. His Majesty's race was a smasher. Away slowly, he was tenth at one point, but when Baeza set him down he reminded watchers of his brother Graustark, who was the talk of the track this time five years ago. In an overnight race a couple of days before the Everglades, Bold and Able stepped six furlongs in 1:08⅘, leaving the other starters lengths behind. He'll have a following for the Flamingo. And don't be surprised if Johnny Campo, a trainer who keeps his eye on the jackpots, sends Boone the Great out for the purse along with Jim French. Campo shipped Boone to Bowie for the Palmer Heagerty Stakes a few weeks back, and he won it by six, breezing.

Another Hialeah item was Fort Marcy's return to the races for his sixth season under colors. It was in the Bougainvillea Handicap, and Shelter Bay, to whom he gave nine pounds, beat him by a head. My impression as I watched it on television was that Velasquez, who rode Fort Marcy, was too preoccupied with how Drumtop, who is extra good on the grass, was going. (I've seen that sort of thing happen so many times.) Perhaps young Woodhouse sensed the situation, for he popped Shelter Bay into a good lead at the turn into the stretch, and that did the trick. Still, it was nice to see Fort Marcy in such form at his age. Drumtop finished fourth.

FOR the record, at Santa Anita week before last, War Heim, a California-bred who paid a hundred-dollar mutuel, won the Charles H. Strub Stakes, the big event of the meeting for four-year-olds and the first of the year with a purse in six figures. From all accounts, War Heim had a good position in the early running and wore Hanalei Bay down in the stretch. Mickey McGuire was third. A hex still dogs Loud. He finished seventh. And last weekend the trainer Charlie Whittingham, who is a good man with foreign horses on the grass, sent out both Daryl's Joy, who comes from New Zealand, and Cougar II, who comes from Chile, for the San Luis Obispo Handicap, and they ran one, two. Onandaga was third.

HORSES were arriving by the van-load at Belmont Park last week, and workmen were prettying up Aqueduct (*that* would take some doing) for the opening there on March 8th. Also, at a City Hall news conference, Howard Samuels, the head of the Off-Track Betting Corporation, set March 15th as the day his organization would get going, but he seemed doubtful that it would. He declared that "special interests are frustrating the will of the people" in delaying the operation. (Mayor Lindsay was specific, blaming the New York Racing Association, which runs Aqueduct, Belmont, and Saratoga; the ticket sellers' unions, which have been engaged for months in a jurisdictional dispute; and the state commissions governing racing and the trots.) Mr. Samuels added that if he fails to get coöperation he could just go ahead and open the fourteen offices he has around town, and take bets on the races at Aqueduct and Roosevelt Raceway, using his own electronic tote set-up independently, instead of tying it in with the one at the tracks. Everybody seems to be trying to avoid taking the case to the courts. Colonel Martingale has no comment.

—AUDAX MINOR

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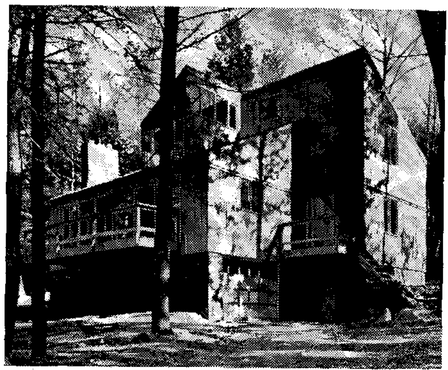

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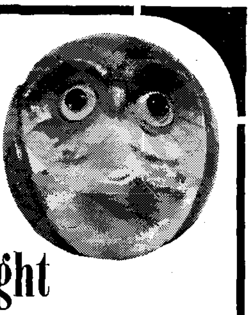

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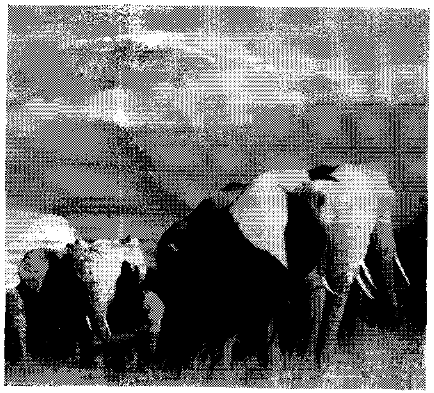

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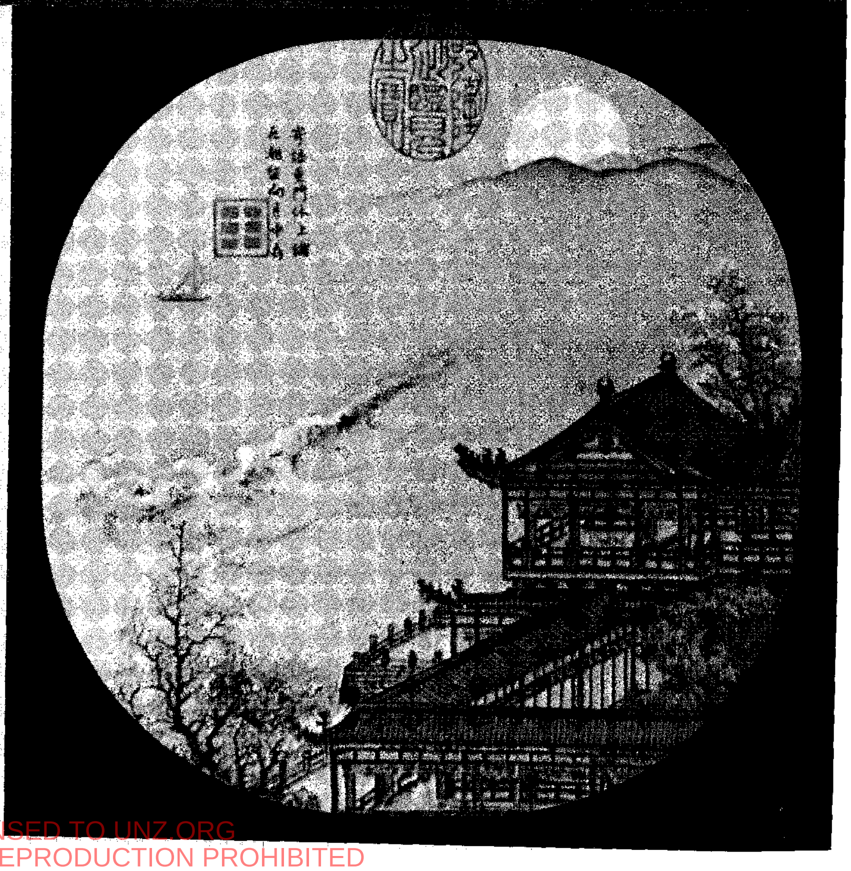
who missed it,

望月懷遠（張九齡）

海上生明月
天涯共此時
情人怨遥夜
竟夕起相思
滅燭憐光滿
披衣覺露滋
不堪盈手贈
還寢夢佳期

Gazing at the moon and cherishing thoughts of a distant friend (Chang Chu Ling)

Above the sea the bright moon is born
From the horizon it lights up the whole length of heaven.
Passionately I mourn your absence throughout the night
All night long my loving thoughts arise
I put out my candle in compassion for the light of the moon
I put on my cloak because the dew is heavy;
As I am sorry I cannot fill my hands with moonlight and give it to you
I go back to bed and dream of meeting you again.



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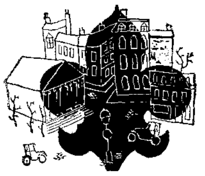
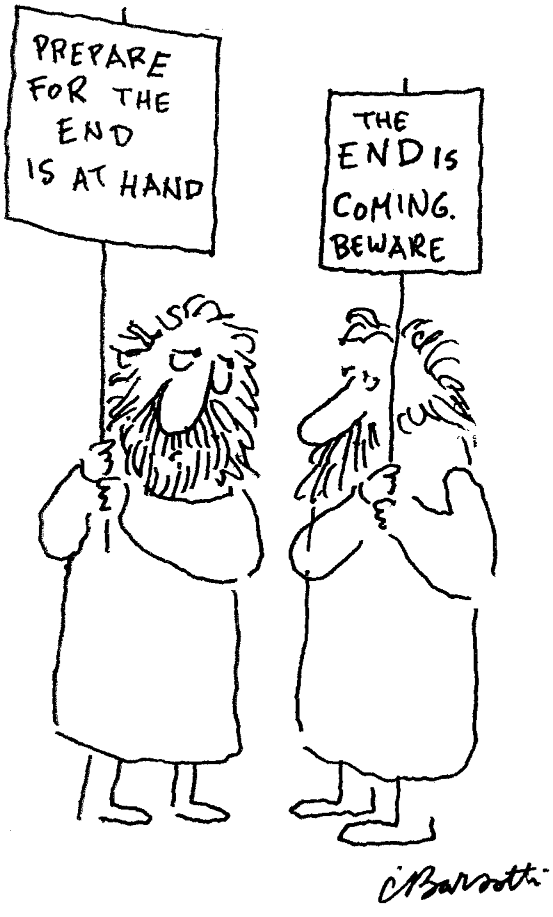
1971. You've changed. We've changed. **Nova**

LETTER FROM PARIS

FEBRUARY 16



UNDER rather mild blue skies, the snowdrops in suburban gardens are already up early, reckless flower, and the seasonal strikes that, like the earliest weeds, customarily accompany the French spring have put in their regular appearance on the national scene. During this winter, France has been unusually inert sociologically, probably as the final reaction of surprise at the death of General de Gaulle, as if it had been expected that he would never disappear but would live and rule forever. Last week, the state TV and radio were on a four-day strike over salaries and over priorities among the staffs. Near Avignon, a drunken peasant who had been following a radio serial was so outraged at its interruption that he took out his hunting rifle and shot his radio dead, he said—a news item that was covered by the provincial newspapers, at least. The radio silence had been preceded by a week-long tieup of postal services, when even telegrams could be sent only in dramatic cases of fatal family illness or other disaster. In at least one small-town post office, the postmistress sent around word by midweek that she had no more room for storing the accumulating letters. When President Pompidou departed on his African tour during the postal strike, a *Figaro* cartoon showed his Minister of Communications leaning from a post-office window to call to his chief, "And don't send me any postcards!" For capital and labor, the most important strike has been that of the northern coal miners in Lorraine, followed by that of the miners in the Dauphiné and the Auvergne, who have all struck because the management of the mines, nationalized right after the war, had announced that, to prevent the Lorraine mines from being dug as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard by 1984, employment of miners would henceforth be restricted—a dire situation for workers in those grim valleys and hills, where there is no substitute work available. The walkout of the miners is of acute importance to national political leaders right now, because nationwide municipal elections are to be held in mid-March for city and village mayors—always a test vote, in a manner of speaking, of the way the French political winds are blowing, and a vote of particular interest this year as an indication of the more liberal-minded politicos' chances of dislodging the remains of the Gaullist establishment. Other sore points in the walkout of the hundred and twenty thousand miners lie in the fact that this is their fourth costly strike since the end of the war, and that the mild Socialist labor union controls only a fifth of the miners, compared to the stricter, more belligerent Communist union, which controls a little more than half of them. Politics plays the least important part in the radio-and-TV strike, which has enormously irritated the public, deprived of four days of their favorite programs. Obviously, the coal-mine strikes and where they may lead are further afield from the French public's private interest. At any rate, the government has not been caught napping. It has sharply ordered the coal industry to cut down its annual deficit, now running at the rate of three hundred and fifty million dollars. It is conscious that the Lorraine Basin mines now employ twenty-six thousand persons—a figure severely reduced from that of four years ago—with only eight thousand expected in the nineteen-eighties. This means dangerous areas of unemployment in a country like France, where people decay morally as well as physically without employment, since living free on relief is something never practiced here to the degree that occurs in the United States.


PREPARE FOR THE END IS AT HAND
THE END IS COMING. BEWARE
Barsotti

"I'm worried. They're not laughing anymore."

There is one piece of possibly good news in the February events. Two Sundays ago, there was signed a little-talked-of protocol drawn up by a Franco-Soviet commission that has been meeting here to consider an exchange of color-TV programs between the Russians and the French. Tentative experiments on the technical side had already been successfully completed by experts from both countries, bouncing their signals off the Soviet satellite that Moscow calls V. Imia No. 1. To see what Russia will choose to broadcast to Western Europe could be a treat, or at least something brand-new.

THE cinema actor Jean-Louis Trintignant, who starred a few years ago in what remains a remarkably good, if passé, movie, "A Man and a Woman," has been inexplicably promoted to the role of Hamlet at the Théâtre de la Musique. He seems unable to make the switch, walking and talking in a solemn thespian manner but without any emotional content, and apparently untroubled by the worrying question of being or not being anything except a movie star temporarily out of bounds. The single great theatre performance now available here is that of Madeleine Renaud—without Barrault—at the Théâtre Récamier, in a murder play based on the Marguerite Duras novel "L'Amante Anglaise." Her performance is radiant, her shining, elderly face illuminated by the enunciation of words that mark the substitution onstage, for only an hour or so, of one person for quite another. Few people in the world's theatres have her ability to change identity and take on another's, in a kind of inspired permissive fraud. The attention she gives to this transfer of personalities is truly meticulous, her face brutally exposed, on a blacked-out stage, to a spotlight focussed directly on her. The play's entire action consists of two interrogations by an intelligent police

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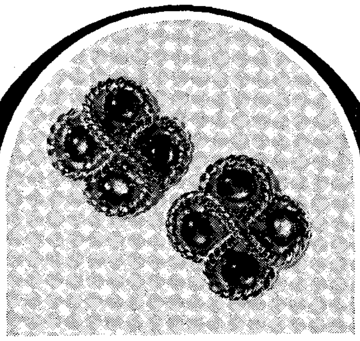

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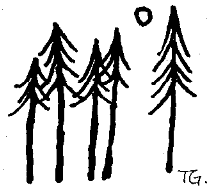
officer (admirably played by Michel Lonsdale) of first a husband and then his wife as to the reasons for the wife's having murdered and cut into bits an elderly female relative—a deaf-mute—who served them. Apparently, the murder represented some domestic gesture of liberty, so that the wife could sit more constantly in her small village garden and occasionally recall her first love affair, with some unforgotten, nameless young man. The bits of the cadaver she wrapped into little packages and tossed into the passing freight cars of the village's daily train—all except the head. To locate the lost head is the object of the policeman's determined curiosity. With a sort of womanly vanity, the confessed murderess refuses to accommodate him, as if she were withholding a favor. This is the entire astonishing play—this and Madeleine Renaud's face under the spotlight. The face supplies the only physical action.



THE recent book of political analysis by the brilliant, and often deliberately provocative, leftist writer Jean-François Revel is having a very considerable Paris success, animated partly by its title, "Ni Marx Ni Jésus." Actually, Jesus is little discussed, since Revel's subject is the possibility of a new world revolution, which, if it comes, he believes must originate in America; indeed, he believes that it has already basically started there. It is his conviction that the only society on earth today that could cradle so great an upheaval is the United States, because of our superiority in wealth, which ripens rebellions, and our extended realm of the open mind, occasioned by our relative political youth in the world. He lays down a number of conditions that he claims are indispensable to a successful revolution, all of which America uniquely offers. These include economic prosperity, since a revolution cannot be made without resources; a high level of technological and scientific competence; a spirit turned toward the future—toward new, inventive solutions—rather than dwelling on past ideologies; and great freedom in the political, social, cultural, and international domains. This American revolution, he says, would be one that Europeans would not understand or welcome, because they have created their own ideological civilization, which they jealously cherish, already feeling they have lost the directional and creative control of the world. Revel defends himself against the accusation that in crediting us Americans with dominance he is pro-American; in his view, he is no more pro-American in endowing us with the notion of revolution than are the young Americans who are already destroying the old America of their forefathers. Revel's book is like a mental and historical sieve in the hands of a superior, scholarly Frenchman who has the quick brain and the bright eyes of a gadfly, and who believes, without a shadow of a doubt, that in winnowing values as he does he knows the treasures from the dross. This attitude makes what he writes often exasperating to the reader. To his materialistic indispensables for a successful revolution he adds what he considers are America's superior mental qualifications for the great task. These are our activist attitudes vis-à-vis injustice, management, political power, culture, and relations between the individual and society—all of them attitudes, he says, that the United States has been boiling over with during the last few years, and all of them, in his opinion, trump cards that Americans hold in their hands and Western Europeans lack to a regrettable degree. His final dictum in his choice of America as a candidate for revolution—an honor, you understand—is that a proper revolution cannot be improvised and we Americans are solid planners, unlikely to fly off into the blue. To bring about a proper revolution, he says, those who make it must have economic and technical solutions of a higher efficiency than the ones in the system destroyed. As for any revolution modelled on the Russian experience that began in 1918, he sweepingly declares that no one of any consequence in any Western Communist Party today would maintain that the Soviet Union could serve as a model for revolution in other countries. As for Socialism, once the gentlest European revolutionary doctrine, and still popular among the hazy-minded in France who lack realism, he declares succinctly that "for fifty years all paths have led to more or less strong doses of Socialism," one exception being the French Socialist Party, which rests on its ancient wreath of faded laurels. He devotes a brief paragraph to the French left—usually intellectuals—calling them "the eternal opposition party," capable mostly of giving power to their opponents by their own evasion of responsibility.

Revel's is an irritating, stimulating

book—a kind of purge and tonic at the same time. It does not pretend to offer the same rich mixture for public use as G. B. Shaw's book on Socialism of many years ago. But it is on that order. Being French, it is piquant rather than witty—and persistently paradoxical, in the Shavian manner. But "Ni Marx Ni Jésus" is highly knowledgeable about French and European history, and also well informed about youthful society in the United States. Revel believes that for young America of the colleges to have taken the resistant stand they have against the Vietnam war is an assurance of their valor and value in what could be a changed land.

—GENÊT

•

THE FAIR WOMAN

(FROM "THE MAGIC BOOK OF LOVE EXERCISES")

You are walking in a crowded
street. Ahead of you goes a
fair woman, her long hair
blowing in the wind. She is
tall, with the stride of the
prairies, and her perfume is
gentle but persistent. Perhaps
she has just come from a lover.

You walk alongside the fair
woman, almost touching her
long hair. Perhaps you do
touch her hair or her garment.

You speak:

"Do you live nearby?"

". . . No."

She goes into one of those
enormous buildings.

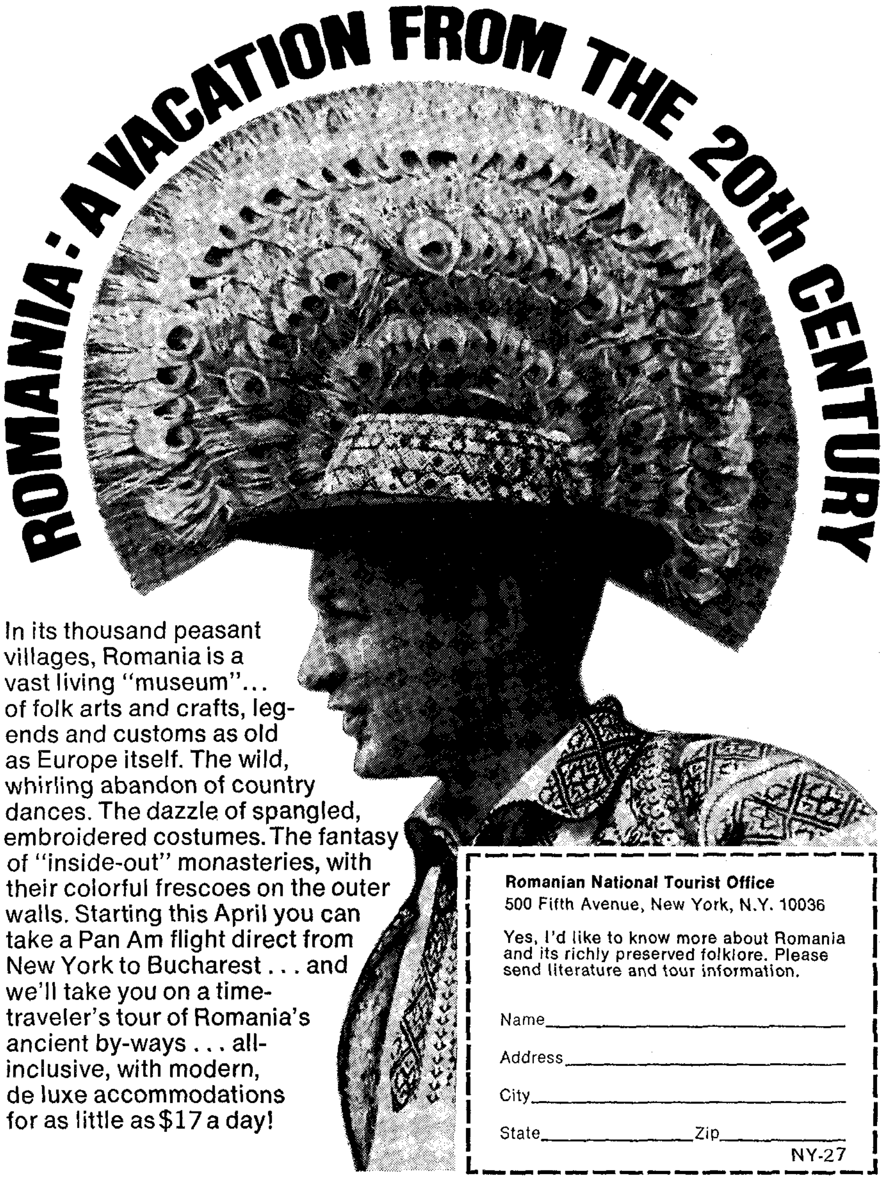
Urgently, your voice musical:

"May I see you again?"

The blonde disappears into
an arched doorway. You
continue on, walking fast.

After this, the fair woman
will enter your mind when
you make love. Tall and
fair she is, with the perfume
of men on her skin.
Your companion in the bed
feels something strange in
you, and becomes very
passionate. You do not tell
your companion about the
fair woman. This is an exercise for the summer months.

—ANN-ELIZABETH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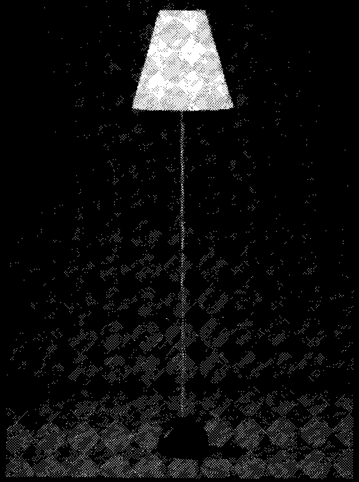
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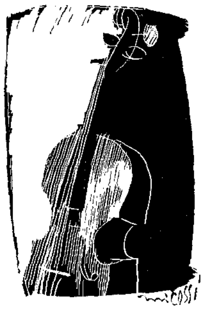
MUSICAL EVENTS

Introductions

THE operatic convention—it was once a literary and dramatic convention, too—that romantic love can end only in death is probably sound. Nobody can imagine romantic love's withstanding the rigors of domesticity, and death seems to be the only way to get rid of romantic lovers. Since the days of Freud we have known, however, that there is a good deal of egotism in romantic love—that the romantic lover is in love with a projection of himself (a figment of his imagination) rather than with a real person. Still, there is a small portion of romantic love in most love affairs involving anything more than brute sex—enough to make people in an audience sigh sympathetically when the convention is set before them. Goethe's "The Sorrows of Young Werther" is as romantic a love story as has ever been created, and the opera "Werther" that Massenet based on it ornaments the story with some very beautiful music. It is not often performed nowadays, and I confess with some embarrassment that, owing to a peculiar twist of circumstance, I had never heard the opera until it was presented in a new production at the Metropolitan Opera House last Friday night.



The performance did not really pull itself together until the third act. There were several reasons for this. Franco Corelli, who was to have sung the title role, had developed trouble with his throat and cancelled his appearance at the last minute. Alain Lombard's orchestra played out of tune during a good deal of the first act, and the nervousness attendant on Mr. Corelli's absence marred some of the stage business. Eventually, however, things came out right. Mr. Corelli's substitute was Enrico DiGiuseppe, a singer long familiar at the New York City Opera, who had been sitting in an orchestra seat in black tie until almost the moment the curtain went up. Though he had been Mr. Corelli's understudy, he had never sung the role before anywhere, and his singing, once he got into his stride, created quite a sensation. He is, to begin with, a much better singer in French than Mr. Corelli is, and he is also a better actor. His "Pourquoi me réveiller," in the third act, brought him an ovation. He was surrounded by a fine cast, including Christa Ludwig as Charlotte, Judith Blegen as Sophie, John Reardon as Albert, and Fernando Corena as the Bailli, or Justice of the Peace. Miss Ludwig looked attractive and sang gloriously, though her French was a bit indistinct, and the others, using somewhat more understandable French, did their roles quite well. Mr. DiGiuseppe's death amid the throes of romantic passion was affecting, despite the fact that Massenet had written an awfully protracted death scene. How a man with a bullet in his chest can sing that beautifully for a half hour is one of those things that operagoers must take on trust. The scenery and costumes by Rudolf Heinrich were agreeably naturalistic. After the final curtain, the house was deluged with a shower of leaflets demanding "Gedda for Werther"—leaflets referring to Nicolai Gedda, who sings French beautifully, obviously prepared before Mr. Corelli's indisposition and aimed at Mr. Bing's extraordinary genius for miscasting.

Why is "Werther" not anywhere near as popular as the same composer's "Manon"? I suspect because its libretto is too monochromatic and too bourgeois. It has no villainous or otherwise colorful characters. It is pretty much about the emotional experiences of a single individual, and there is consequently a certain romantic unreality about the others in the cast. The melodies Massenet created for it, however, are altogether lovely.

THE New York City Opera opened its spring season on Wednesday night of last week—rather limply, I regret to report. The opera was Rossini's "La Cenerentola," a work that, properly sung, can sparkle like champagne. There were a few good things about the performance: the skillful conducting of Jorge Mester, the experienced comic abilities of Spiro Malas as Don Magnifico, the clever sets by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, which have graced this production for almost twenty years. But the sparkle of "La Cenerentola" depends on the coloratura agility of the performers, and though some admirable singers were present, they were the sort of admirable singers who are admirable in other kinds of opera. Susanne Marsee, the Angelina, for example, is a splendid mezzo-soprano, with a voice almost large enough to qualify as a dramatic one. But all her *fioritura* was pushed and junky. The same can be said of Kenneth Riegel—a promising tenor but one not sufficiently agile for his role as Don Ramiro. Well, I shall not continue. Better things are to come on the schedule of the New York City Opera.

THIS Sunday night at 10 P.M., the N.E.T. Opera will broadcast over Channel 13 an edited version of Tchaikovsky's opera "The Queen of Spades." The editing, by Peter Herman Adler, has eliminated the character of Prince Yeletzky and the long garden scene, and I am told that the action is thus brought closer to Pushkin's story. At any rate, the edited version, which I saw at a screening last week, makes for a tight, gripping narrative. The hero goes mad at the end, and Lisa is left to her sorrows without the necessity of jumping into the Neva. The *mise en scène*, by Francis Mahard, is entirely pleasing and appropriate. Jennie Tourel, as the aging countess, makes a dramatic triumph of her part. The memories of her girlhood shine in her eyes as she sings of them. The beautiful Philippine soprano Evelyn Mandac sings and acts the role of Lisa with sensitivity and lovely vocal tone. Vahan Khanzadian makes an effective Gherman, though his English diction can stand a bit of improvement. John Reardon (the Albert of Friday night's "Werther") does the role of Tomsky with just the right air of cynicism. The opera contains much music of truly symphonic quality, and the themes ring in the ear long after they are sung. The singers were photographed while they were actually singing, and I must say that after looking at dubbing designed to make singers look nice while they are presumably straining their vocal cords, I much prefer this method, which gives credibility to a spectacle.

ON Tuesday evening of last week, Zubin Mehta appeared with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall to present just one work—Bruckner's Eighth Symphony. Since this symphony takes an hour and a quarter to perform, and is an exhausting musical experience for the really knowledgeable Bruckner enthusiast, nothing more was called for. Mr. Mehta has always had a feeling for Bruckner, and his interpretation that night was a memorable one—well thought out, noble in concept, and, in my experience of present-day conductors, surpassed in profundity only by

Karajan and Solti. It is, thank heaven, no longer necessary to explain or apologize for Bruckner. The passion expressed in this symphony is the transmuted sexual passion that often comes from the minds of mystics in their adoration for God and all His works. Bruckner was a lifelong ascetic, but this symphony is as passionate as "Tristan." Mr. Mehta adopted a very slow tempo for the slow movement—a tempo that recalled Knappertsbusch—and he made small ritardandos at the ends of the first phrases of the first theme. The passages toward the end of the trio of the scherzo were also extraordinarily and pleasingly elastic in tempo. Everything, in fact, was handled in good taste, and the orchestra responded superbly.

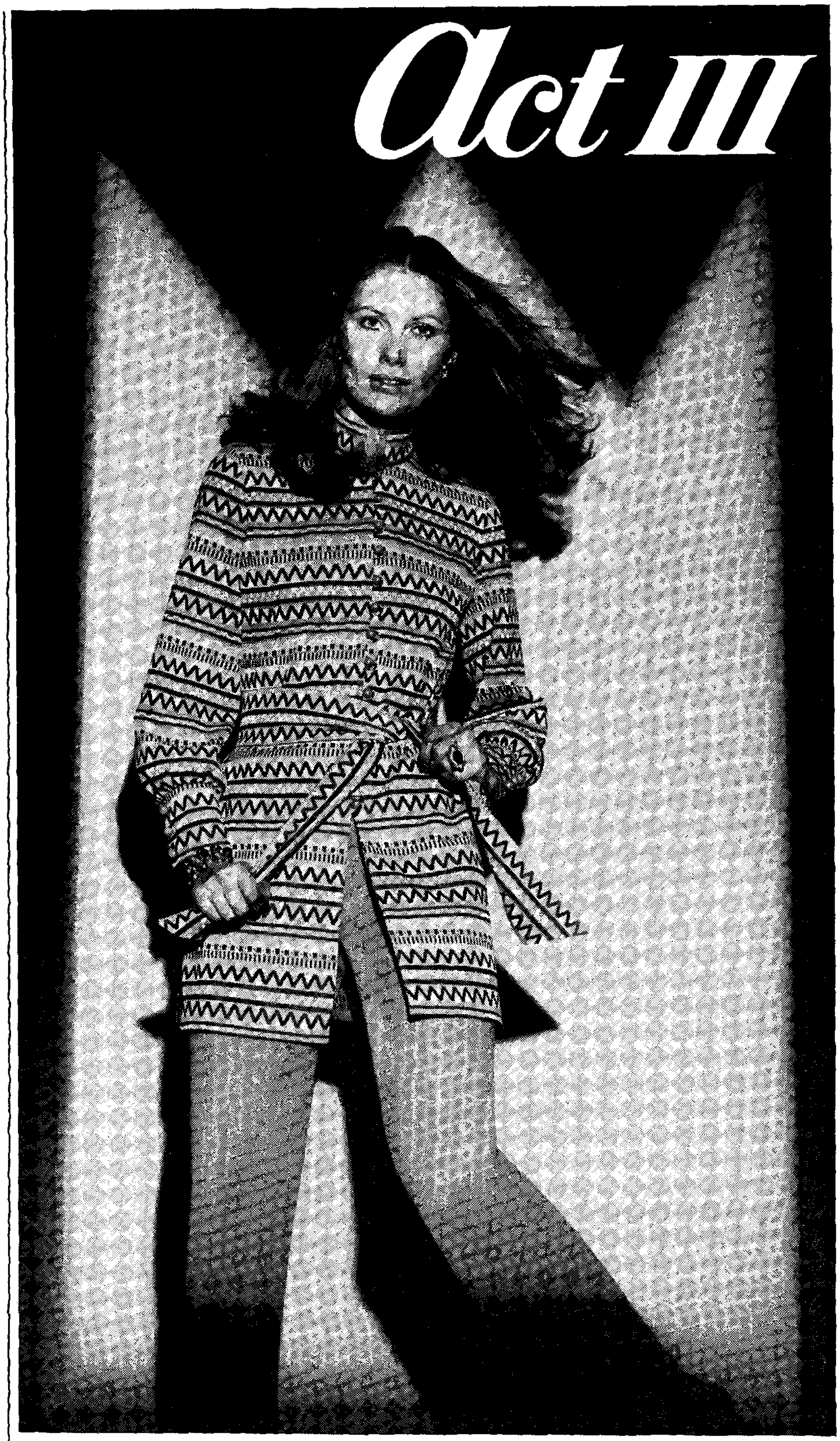
LAST Thursday night, the Cleveland Orchestra came to Carnegie Hall under the baton of Rafael Kubelik, with the American pianist John Browning as soloist in Prokofieff's Third Piano Concerto. Mr. Kubelik is a large, partly bald man, who bears a slight resemblance to the late Wilhelm Furtwängler, though his conducting technique is of an altogether different kind. He is a seasoned maestro, at home in many types of music, and a conductor well worth encountering. Under his direction, the Clevelanders have taken on a more relaxed and luscious quality of tone, while preserving the discipline they had under the late George Szell. The program was fairly conventional. Mozart's Symphony No. 34 (K.338) opened it with a sterling performance. The accompaniment of the Prokofieff concerto was deft, and Mr. Browning, a familiar and dependable artist, made quite a splash with the piano solo. It is not a work of much profundity, but it is fun, and Mr. Browning made it sound so. The evening ended with Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra, one of the more ingratiating of that composer's works, and splendidly performed.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

ROCK, ETC.

George and John

ALL things must pass—even the most spectacular mass-cultural phenomenon in history. I think the Beatles as an idea began to erode when George Harrison discovered India. Eastern mysticism was antithetical to the Beatle tradition of cheerful Western pragmatism, and the group's attempt to assimilate it, besides producing some wonderful music and some plati-



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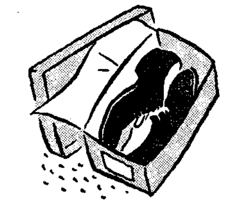
tudinous philosophy, seemed to put a strain on the collective psyche that might have been irremediable even if John had never married Yoko or hired Allen Klein. George, of course, has had some assimilating of his own to do, the composer of "Love You To" and "Within You Without You" being, after all, none other than the composer of "Taxman." "All Things Must Pass" (Apple STCH 639) is Harrison's attempt to bring it all together—to weld good old rock and roll to religion, and the Eastern concept of enlightenment to the Christian ideals of peace and love. Phil Spector has co-produced the album with Harrison, and its over-all sound is beautiful. The sense of grandeur Spector evokes is rock at its most religious; the unity miraculously wrought out of so much busyness might be said to be rock at its most Eastern. The cut that best fulfills these ecumenical aspirations is "My Sweet Lord." It is, first of all, rock that has proved itself the way rock is supposed to; as a single, it topped the charts. The beat reinforces the words and Harrison's vocal conviction to give the feeling of a revival meeting. In the beginning, the background chorus's response to Harrison's prayer is "Hallelujah;" soon it switches to "Hare Krishna;" by the end its invocations to various Hindu deities have become the focus of the song. Similar in spirit but less successful is "Awaiting on You All," an abortive mixture of nervous rock and lyrics that I suppose were meant to be funny: "You don't need no passport, you don't need no visas,/ You don't need to designate or to emigrate before you can see Jesus."

The theme that most naturally links rock and religion is love. Many bands, notably Jefferson Airplane, have used the conventions of the pop love song to suggest more communal or sacred emotions; Harrison does this effectively in songs like "Let It Down" and "I Dig Love." In its emphasis on love, Harrison's spirituality has a lot in common with Bob Dylan's new-found tranquillity, and Dylan is much in evidence on this album. It includes one Dylan song ("If Not for You"), one collaboration with Dylan ("I'd Have You Anytime," a kind of secular version of "My Sweet Lord," without the beat), and two songs that are obviously tributes to Dylan ("Apple Scruffs," an ode to that legendary group of fans featuring an exuberant harmonica, and "Behind That Locked Door," a sentimental Nashville-type song that doesn't make it—Dylan has already written too many of them, and his are better).

Considering that "All Things Must Pass" consists almost entirely of moral and spiritual propaganda, it is remarkably (though by no means totally) free of the pretensions that have detracted from some of Harrison's recent work. For one thing, the music is unassumingly Western—the Indian influence has been integrated quietly. Occasionally, Harrison uses Dylan's technique of reclaiming clichés—which Dylan probably picked up in the first place from Lennon—to mitigate his sermonizing: "Sunrise doesn't last all morning,/ A cloudburst doesn't last all day./. . . All things must pass, all things must pass away." But mostly the songs work because Harrison is using his words—along with his music and his tone of voice—less to convey a message in the intellectual sense than to instruct us in states of mind. The best example is "Beware of Darkness," the most mind-blowing musical evocation of the bad trip or the Valley of the Shadow of Death, or whatever your favorite metaphor is for that sad and fearful mental place, that I've ever heard: "Watch out now, take care beware of/ falling swingers, dropping all around you/. . . The thoughts that linger/ winding up inside your head,/ The hopelessness around you in the dead of night."



"All Things Must Pass" is a double album. Included in the package is a bonus L.P., "Apple Jam," on which Harrison, Eric Clapton, and assorted other musicians jam away. Like most records of rock musicians jamming away (cf. "Grape Jam"), it's a harmless, if superfluous, ego trip.

LENNON's new album, "John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band" (Apple SW 3372), is on one level the metaphysical opposite of Harrison's. It's a collection of songs about Lennon's feelings—personal rather than cosmic, emotional rather than meditative, cathartic rather than persuasive, and disillusioned with a catalogue of snares ranging from religion ("Keep you occupied with pie in the sky./ There ain't no guru who can see through your eyes") to class-climbing ("There's room at the top they are telling you still,/ But first you must learn how to smile as you kill"). Unlike single-minded George, John is always looking for a new and better revelation; having been through acid, the Maharishi, and peace, he is now into Arthur Janov's ("The Primal Scream") psychotherapy, which the introspection on this album reflects. But the two ex-Beatles do have one thing in common: they both believe in love. For John, love is no lofty *agape;* it's longing, deprivation, protectiveness, and has-this-really-happened-to-me awe. Harrison digs love. Lennon tries to define it: "Love is real, real is love./ Love is feeling, feeling love./ Love is wanting to be loved." Yet his conviction that love is truth and hope in a hostile world borders on the mystical—Yoko Ono is the most durable of his revelations. And Lennon's album, like Harrison's, is about being saved. Salvation—from childhood hurts, from false panaceas for those hurts, from the oppression of the middle class and the dogmatism of radicals and the treachery of supposed friends—lies in facing one's feelings, acknowledging the pain, and, above all, loving: "I just believe in me,/ Yoko and me,/ And that's reality."

The music on this record is artfully simple, some of it (particularly "Look at Me") of a piece with the music on the white "Beatles" album. The lyrics are mostly spare, sometimes biting, sometimes self-indulgent. I especially like "Mother," Lennon's protest to the parents who walked out on him, and "Isolation," a soft, almost timid song that refers obliquely to the put-downs Yoko received from Paul, George, and the Apple staff (related in John's notorious and wonderful interview in *Rolling Stone*). "Working Class Hero" is a surprisingly trenchant political song, and so, in a more convoluted way, is "Well Well Well." "God," "I Found Out," and "Mummy's Dead" are more interesting as autobiography than as music or poetry ("God is a concept/ By which we measure/ Our pain" may be the most awkward lines Lennon has ever written), but that's O.K., too.

Yoko has put out a companion album, "Yoko Ono/Plastic Ono Band" (Apple SW 3373). Those who liked "Wedding Album" and "Live Peace in Toronto 1969"—I didn't—should enjoy this one. —ELLEN WILLIS

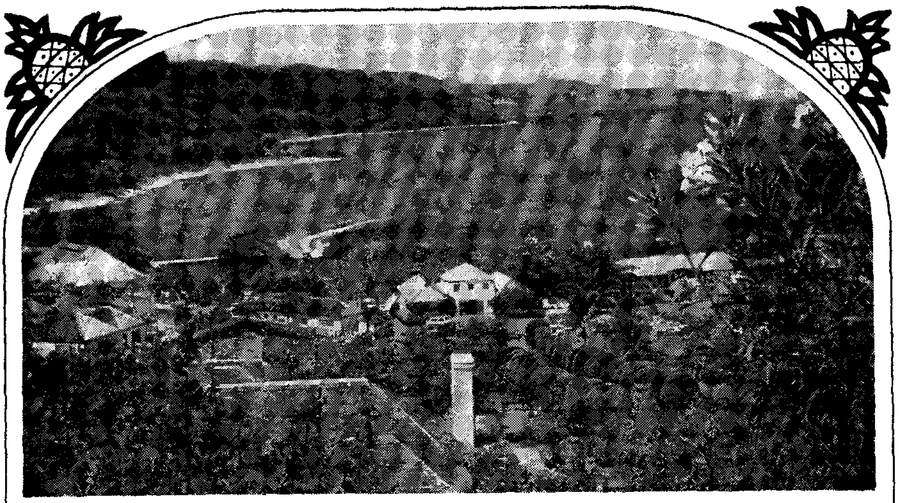
•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The Creeps," by Anthony Abbott*]

Charlie was no more than forty-two years old, I would judge; he was handsome in a rather earnest way; the sleekness of his thick black hair was the only foppish thing about him. —*Page 33.*

Charlie, blond and genial and round of face, laughed penitently. —*Page 57.*



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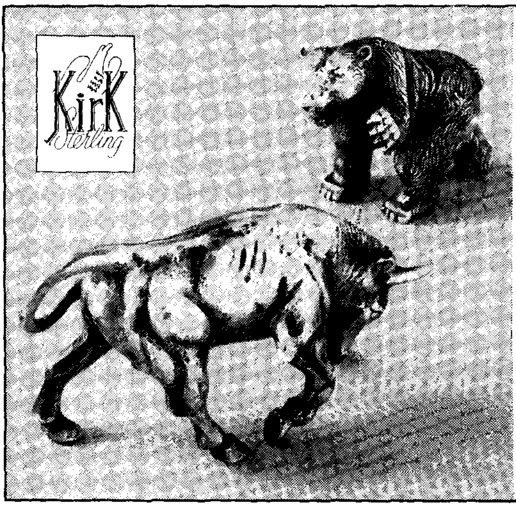

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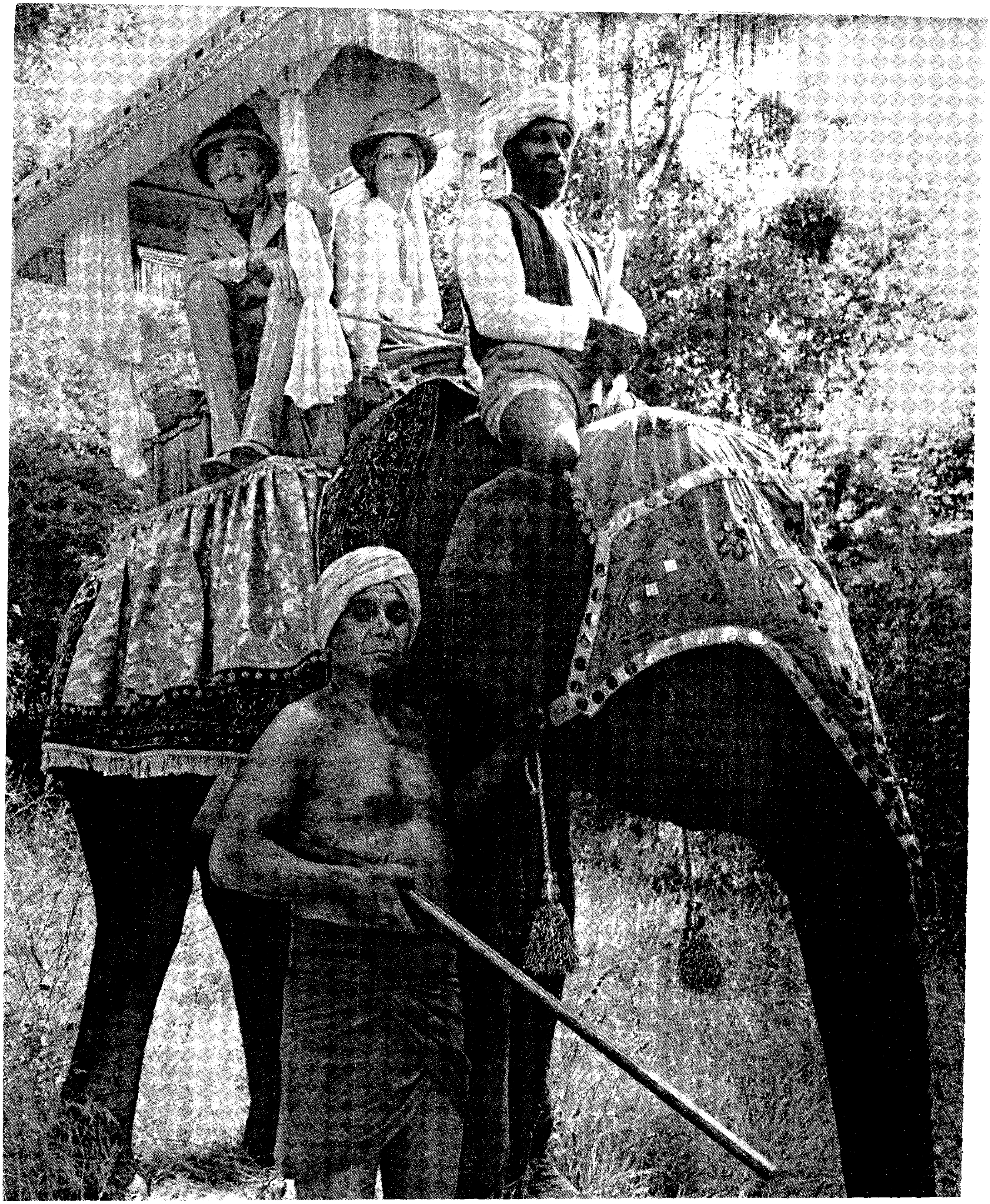

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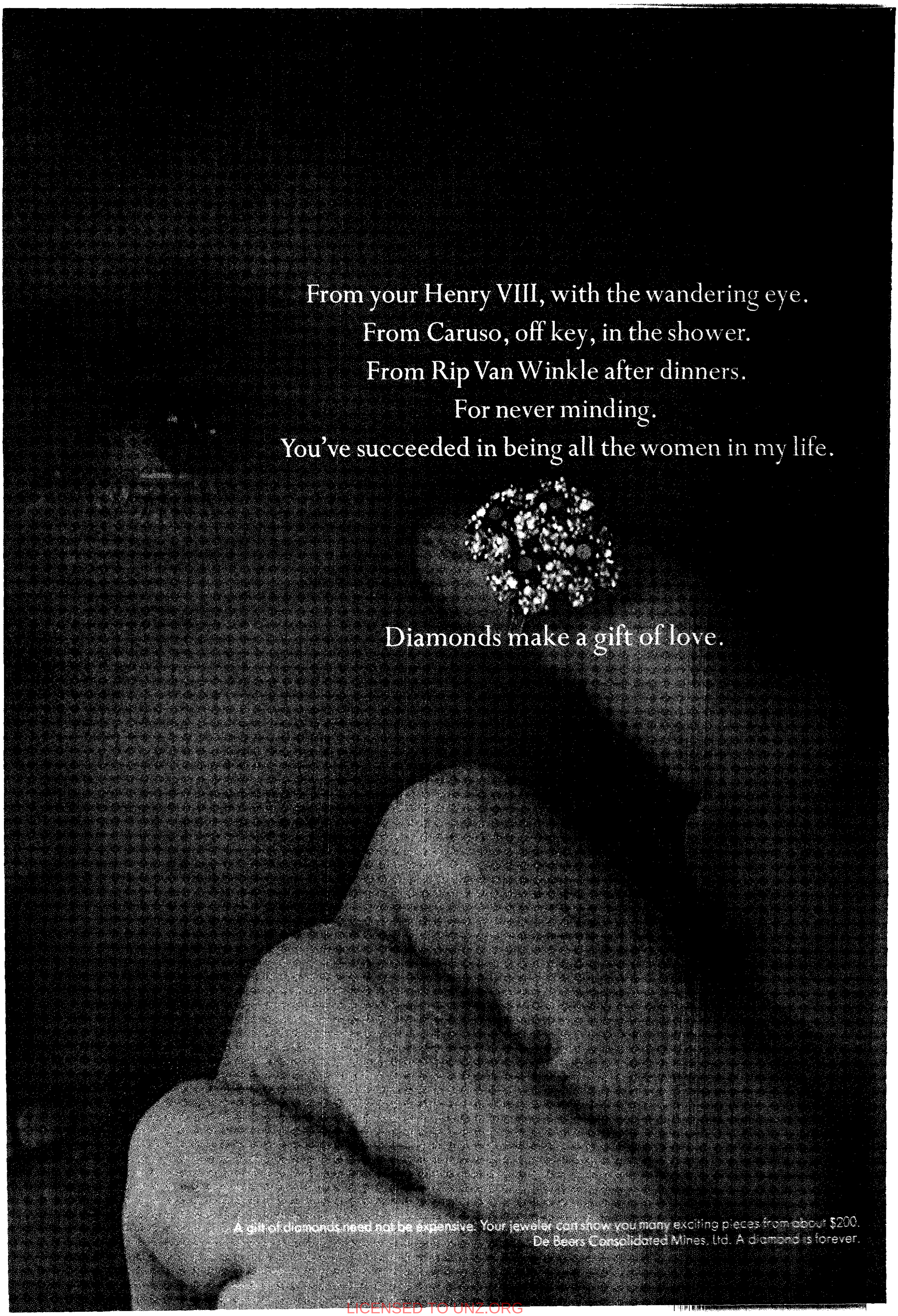
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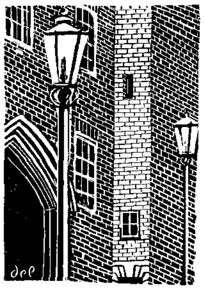
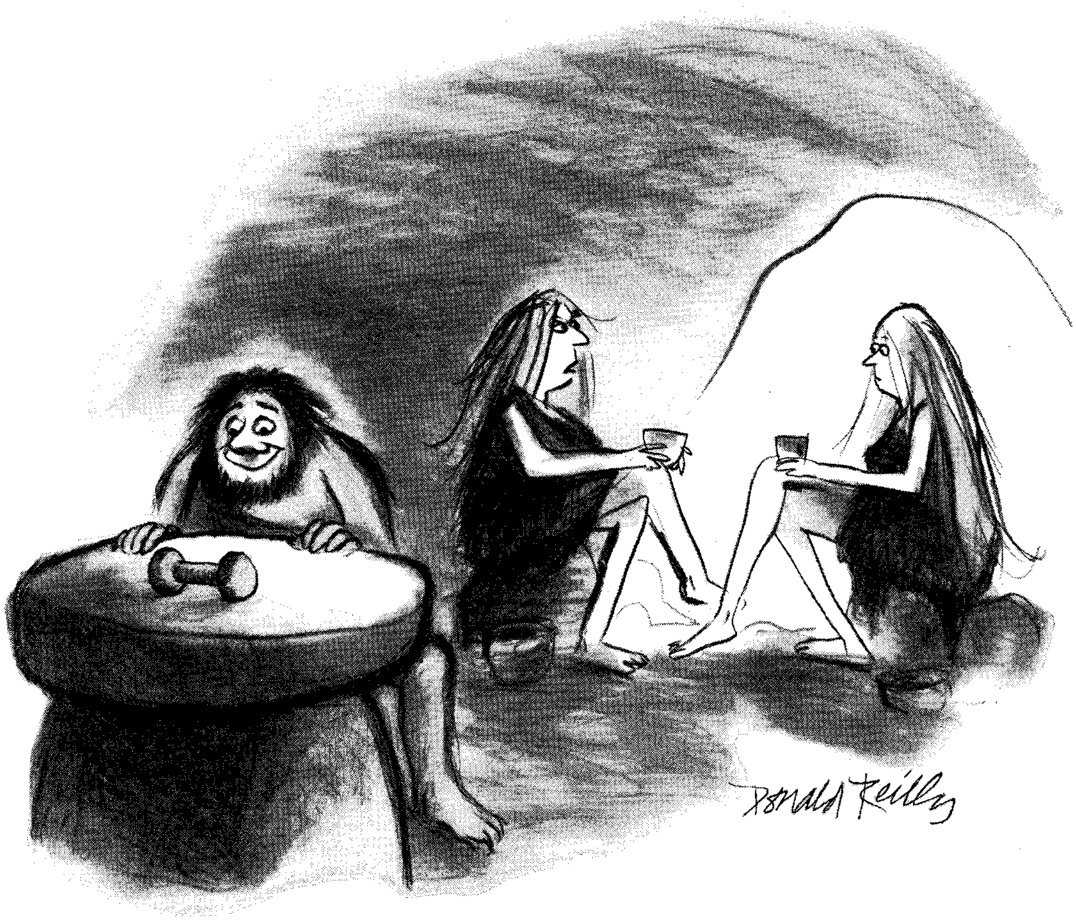
LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 18



BRITAIN went decimal on Monday last without enthusiasm, it seemed, but with a fairly cheerful acceptance of the inevitable. Only the middle-aged and over bewailed the passing of the old coins and the new look and feel of the brighter, smaller bronze objects they received gingerly in their change. On the historical D Day, as it was bracingly called in the official propaganda, the shops were full of people studying their little booklets issued by the Decimal Currency Board as diligently as Maoists conning the words of the Chairman. Besides this aid, the radio and television have been giving decimal lessons for weeks past, sometimes featuring a maddeningly proficient infant called Sebastian, who advised his seniors pipingly that it would all work out easier than they thought. It will probably do so, but the transition period was perhaps too short to upset the habits of generations of spenders straightaway. At the moment, the difficulties are complicated by some shops' not yet being equipped with new cash registers and staying on the old pounds-shillings-and-pence basis, which presumably will require separate pockets and purses for shoppers to juggle with until everybody gets into line. There has been much criticism of the nasty little halfpenny, a wretched coin about the same niggling size as the old silver threepenny bit, which mercifully disappeared long ago. The banks decided to ignore it and convert sixpences (they remain, for the time being, by popular demand) into three new pence instead of the maddening two and a half in the decimal-currency chart. The change, dreaded for so long, seems to have gone off pretty well. It is another stage of preparation for that problematical journey across the Channel into Europe, against which a larger slice of public opinion appears to have hardened somewhat of late, incidentally.



"Now the cluck's invented the doorknob!"

THERE was little comfort, and certainly precious little illumination for anyone—M.P.s or ordinary citizens reading the reports next day—in the noisy confusion of the Commons last Thursday when the bill to nationalize Rolls-Royce was bundled through all its stages with the anxious speed of dependents seeking probate after a sudden, shattering death. All parties united to make it law, though showing themselves angrily disunited and uneasy over the numbers of questions left hazily half answered or not answered at all by the Government front bench. It was a highly unsatisfactory debate, not calculated to improve the public's regard for Parliament and politicians. The Opposition attacked the Government for letting Rolls-Royce lie down and die, as a result, mainly, of the disastrous Lockheed contract, which was backed enthusiastically by the Labour Party when it was in power. Some of the Labour backbenchers could not restrain their rapture—and there was obvious embarrassment in the Conservative ranks—at the highly paradoxical spectacle of a Conservative Government's being forced to take the remains of the company into state ownership. It was optimistically hoped by some that the magnitude of the Rolls-Royce collapse and the appalling distress it will bring may jolt other sections of the community into seeing the writing on the wall at last. If so, there are few signs of it to date. But the news that the sacred, symbolic twined initials had gone down into failure made the ground quake under everyone's feet more violently than any of the economic tremors of the past few years except the shock of devaluation in 1967. This, too, seemed a kind of devaluation, marking down the credibility of everything else in sight, so that some Londoners found themselves gazing thoughtfully at the calm, impregnable portals of the Bank of England itself.

THE country is still hung up in the throes of a month-old postal workers' strike—no letters, no telegrams except urgent life-and-death tidings, counters opening only to give out old-age pensions each week, and, theoretically, no telephone services for country dwellers outside the automatic-dialling radius. This last deprivation has not always worked out, since the union is not rich enough to provide

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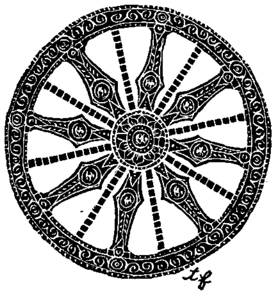
strike pay for its members, and numbers of hard-pressed telephone operators have apparently slipped quietly back to their switchboards. The deadlock between the employer—the Government—and the strikers is the same sharply differing argument over what constitutes an inflationary pay rise that started the electricity workers on their highly unpopular go-slow last December. Again the Government is refusing to budge, and now so are the postal workers, who are not highly paid and for whom there is generally a good deal of sympathy. In this intractable dispute, the public finds itself sandwiched helplessly, and with growing exasperation, between the two sides. For the first week or two, surprisingly few complaints were to be heard about the strange, dreamy absence of mail. Firms have improvised with hand deliveries, and travellers going to the Continent take along friends' foreign letters to post there. But now the losses of the strike are beginning to be felt very disagreeably indeed in business and professional life. As a result of the long stoppage, postmen have often filled in with any jobs they can find, and many of them will not return readily to the old one. The Post Office may find that its customers will not pick up their pens again so enthusiastically, either, especially since the new decimal stamps issued this week, when nobody can buy them, will make postage dearer. Last night's bad news was that the latest attempt at negotiation between the parties has broken down as the earlier ones did.



OPPOSITION to the Government's decision to charge an entrance fee for London's always free national museums and galleries, announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his October list of economies, is still rumbling indignantly in the art world and among educators, students, and ordinary citizens, who may not have realized how much they valued this particular freedom until it appeared about to be taken away from them. The correspondence columns of the *Times* have carried letters of protest from the heads of the museums and galleries asking Lord Eccles, the Paymaster General and Minister for the Arts, to consider again before taking a step they regard as deplorable. It seems an astonishing discourtesy, to say the least, that the Government apparently did not consult the trustees, boards, or directors of any of these institutions when it took the decision. Many people who at first had concluded that the entrance fees would go toward improving the slender budgets of the museums and galleries subsequently discovered that the money would disappear into the exchequer like any other form of indirect taxation, as on such mundane things as cigarettes and whiskey. It does not seem that the idea would be a profitable one, either; the annual gain, it is figured, would be a mere nothing in comparison with the vast, imponderable loss. The most frequently mentioned figure for the entrance charge is twenty new pence, which until last Monday was four shillings. Though numbers of visitors would certainly find this no hardship, the sum would be a barrier to a multitude of quiet, not affluent gallery users, not to mention young artists who are accustomed to drop in at the Tate or the British Museum or the National Gallery for perhaps a few minutes when the spirit flags, as though dipping into a splendidly reviving pool. Graham Sutherland and Ben Nicholson were among the artists who wrote of their debt to the constant use of the national collections in their struggling early days, and of their horror that the state now proposes to withdraw the right of every citizen to walk in out of the street and look at them. At the moment, the Government has given no sign of having heard any of the impassioned words of the campaigners, who had collected twenty thousand signatures to a protest before the postal strike intervened.

The accusations of Philistine complacency being brought against Lord Eccles are oddly inappropriate. He was a first-rate Minister of Education in a former Conservative Government, is an enthusiastic art connoisseur himself, and, as the last chairman of the British Museum trustees, successfully worked to prevent the Labour Government from selling the valuable building site opposite the museum that had been long marked as the only possible place for its new library and sending the scholars traipsing out to some distant spot with their reading tickets. On that occasion, the Government admitted that it was wrong. If Mr. Heath's administration stands firm on this, many people are going to remember it as a bad, illiberal mark against the Conservatives, who seem in particular need of some favorable refurbishing of their image right now.

"THE PHILANTHROPIST," by Christopher Hampton, one of the youngest (he is twenty-four) and most interesting of the new playwrights, has been a sellout ever since it opened in the rather claustrophobic little Mayfair Theatre, scooped out beneath the Mayfair Hotel. His play, which received much critical acclaim, is also on two levels, being on the surface a modishly glittering black comedy, hilarious and sometimes grisly, which suddenly turns out to be a statement about the fearful loneliness of the human situation. The protagonist, or victim, is a gentle lecturer in philology in some university town. He is a quiet, absentminded fellow to whom words are more memorable than people, and a whole lot more likable, though he has strangely contrived to get engaged to a brisk and gorgeous girl, who also seems hazy as to how she ever got hooked so unsuitably. Alec McCowen gives a performance that is the perfection of comedy as Philip, whose kindly desire to hurt nobody somehow causes violent offense to one and all. There is a very funny scene where he politely goes to bed with another young woman, the college's amateur nymphomaniac, after a dinner party in his rooms, as an inescapable though distasteful part of his hostly duties. He is even better in the play's more serious stretches, when painfully exposing his own personal predicament, which leaves him at the end totally and not happily alone—as he has been all along, really. As his friend Donald, another member of the faculty, Dinsdale Landen gives a highly intelligent impersonation of a large cat, sleepily languid but marvellously quick on the pounce. If you are coming to London, this is one not to miss.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

When you redecorate a room, give the floor the rough sanding before you repaint the walls and woodwork. The idea here is that the rough sanding produces a good deal of dust and if you do this first it will make the surfaces to be painted just that more difficult to clean.—*Providence Sunday Journal.*

Well, we'll *try* and remember.

•

Hoover reported the plot in testimony before a Senate appropriations subcommittee.—*Tucson (Ariz.) Arizona Daily Star.*

No vivid writing, please.

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BOOKS

To Try Men's Souls

WE all know that America's cities are in trouble, especially because blacks have fled to them in mixed hope and fear. We know, because we are constantly told, that the whites don't understand the needs of the blacks, that we will go from bad to worse, that it is too late, because another apocalypse is at hand. But almost no one has tried to tell us about the early lives, the *inner* early lives, of black people, the particular ways that black children in a rural setting grow, only to leave and become the urban poor, the "social dynamite" we hear abstractly described again and again. The tragedy had to be documented, yet social documentation and political prescription can be static and flat and self-defeating when the men, women, and children involved become merely part of something called "a history of exploitation and oppression." And books and thinking that carry on in this fashion will not, unfortunately, really be counterbalanced by Alice Walker's "The Third Life of Grange Copeland" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Novelists and poets (Miss Walker is a published poet, too) are not the people we look to for help about "ghetto children" and "racial violence in our cities." Moreover, Miss Walker was born in and has spent most of her life in the Southern countryside, and she is now a writer-in-residence at Tougaloo College, a black Mississippi school that is not in a city. What can she know of the crime and violence, the drug addiction and alcoholism and despair we have been told exist so significantly in our urban ghettos? What can she volunteer about the "attitudes" of black children or their "problems"?

In her own way, she has supplied some answers, but she has not written a social novel or a protest novel. Miss Walker is a storyteller. A black woman from the farmlands of Georgia, she knows her countryside well—so warm and fertile and unspoiled, so bleak and isolated and blood-soaked—and especially she knows the cabins, far out of just about everyone's sight, where one encounters the habits of diet, the idioms of speech, the styles of clothing, the ways of prayer that contrast so strikingly with the customs of the rest of us. Fearful and vulnerable, rural blacks (and whites, too) can at the same time be exuberant, passionate, quick-witted, and as smartly self-displaying as the well-dressed and the well-educated. She knows, beyond that, what bounty sharecroppers must hand over to "bossmen," and how tenant farmers struggle with their landlords, and how subsistence farmers barely get by. But she does not exhort. In "The Third Life of Grange Copeland," the centuries of black life in America are virtually engraved on one's consciousness. Equally vivid is Grange Copeland, who is more than a representative of Georgia's black field hands, more than someone scarred by what has been called "the mark of oppression." In *him* Miss Walker has turned dry sociological facts into a whole and alive particular person rather than a bundle of problems and attitudes. Character portrayal is what she has accomplished, and character portrayal is not to be confused with "motivational analysis."

Grange Copeland is a proud, sturdy black yeoman who has the white man on his back. He picks cotton, lowers his head when "they" appear, goes through the required postures a segregationist society demands—the evasions, duplicities, and pretenses that degrade black men and make moral cowards out of white men. Underneath, he is strong enough to hate, and without rage a man like him might well become the ingratiating lackey he has to pretend to be. His anger is not really political or ideological. He sulks, lashes out at his wife, his young son Brownfield, and her illegitimate infant. He sees too much, feels too much, dreams too much; he is like an actor who has long ago stopped trying to estimate where "he" begins and his "roles" end. He works backbreaking days in the field, comes home saddened and hungry for sleep, but tense and truculent. ("By Thursday, Grange's gloominess reached its peak and he grimaced respectfully, with veiled eyes, at the jokes told by the man who drove the truck. On Thursday nights he stalked the house from room to room and pulled himself up and

"Do you have any identification?"

swung from the rafters of the porch.") He is nearly consumed by his contempt for the white landowners, the bossmen, but he and his wife struggle tenaciously for the little integrity and self-respect they can find. Eventually they conclude that they are losers and take to drink and promiscuity, followed by hysterical efforts at atonement on Sunday mornings. Then Grange abandons his wife, and she poisons herself and her illegitimate infant. Brownfield, the child of their hope and love, is left to wander across the land, left to learn how much a child has to pay for the hurt and pain his parents live with and convey.

I suppose it can be said that "The Third Life of Grange Copeland" is concerned with the directions a suffering people can take. His first life ends in flight, and his wandering son takes flight, too, becoming in time a ruined and thus ruinous man, bent on undermining everyone who feels worthwhile and has a sense of pride and dignity. For a while, the lives of father and son converge on the establishment run by Josie, a sensual, canny, generous, possessive madam whose café and "rooms" full of women feed off the frustrations men like Grange and Brownfield try to subdue. There are complications, accidents, sudden and surprising developments. And always there is the unpredictable and potentially violent "atmosphere" of the small Georgia towns and the dusty, rutted roads that lead from them into the countryside.

Grange's second life, in Harlem, is equally disastrous. He becomes slick, manipulative, unfeeling—the thief and confidence man our respectable world (which has its own deceptions and cruelties) is shocked to find and quick to condemn—yet not wholly unfeeling: he tries to help a white woman in distress and is rebuffed. His hatred of whites presses more relentlessly, and so he goes South, to find escape from them at any cost. Josie is waiting for him. Brownfield has married her niece, a charming girl, "above" her husband in intelligence and education and sensitivity, but step by step he goes down, systematically destroying his wife and daughters. Yet Grange finds at last—in his third life, as an exile returned home—the freedom he has asked for. The whites are everywhere still powerful, so it is not political and economic freedom he achieves. But he does take care of his son's youngest daughter after her mother is killed by her drunken husband, and, finally, he can say to his beloved granddaughter, "I know the danger of putting all the blame on

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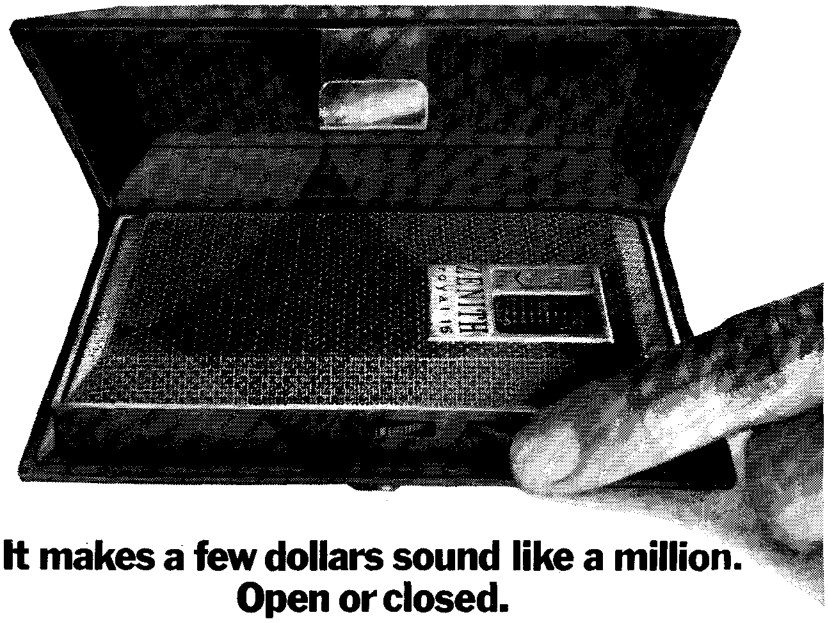

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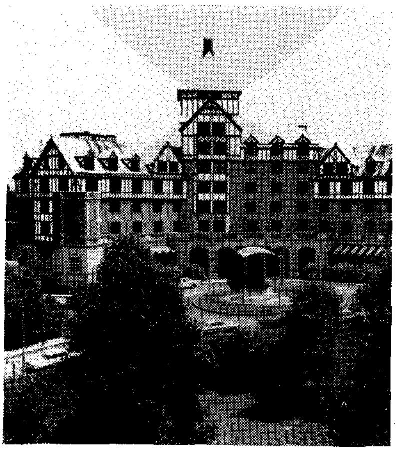

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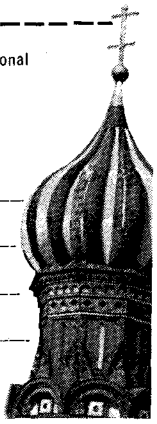

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somebody else for the mess you make out of your life. I fell into the trap myself. And I'm bound to believe that that's the way the white folks can corrupt you even when you done held up before. 'Cause when they got you thinking that they're to blame for *every*thing they have you thinking they's some kind of gods!"

Brownfield tries to get his daughter back, and to prevent that Grange kills him. What goes on between that daughter, that growing child, and her grandfather is told with particular grace; it is as if one were reading a long and touching poem. But Alice Walker is a fighter as well as a meditative poet and a lyrical novelist. She has taken part in the struggles her people have waged, and she knows the struggles they must yet face in this greatest of the world's democracies. She also knows that not even ample bread and wine or power and the applause of one's countrymen can give anyone the calm, the freedom that comes with a mind's acceptance of its own worth. Toward the end of his third life, Grange Copeland can at last stop being hard on himself and look with kindness upon himself—and one wonders whether any achievement can be more revolutionary.

—ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER and NOVELLA, by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, translated by Elizabeth Mayer and Louise Bogan, with a foreword by W. H. Auden (Random House). Through no fault of its own—that is to say, through no lack of vitality or charm—"Werther" has long since become part of that body of literary classics that everybody knows about and nobody outside the classroom reads. Thackeray's parody and the excesses of romanticism that the novel itself gave rise to did it in, quite unfairly. The sorrows, though self-centered, are real, not fustian, and not unintentionally comic, and not dated. Whatever "Werther" meant to an eighteenth-century reader, a modern reader will find in it an accurate and moving portrait of a man who valued his emotions above everything else and, in the dedicated pursuit of them, destroyed himself. It was written in 1774. Two hundred years from now, "Appointment in Samarra" and Schnitzler's "Daybreak" could easily have suffered a similar fate:

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ARTS AND LETTERS

HAROLD BLOOM—Yeats, *Oxford University Press*

ROBERT COLES—Erik H. Erikson: The Growth of His Work, *Atlantic/Little, Brown*

NANCY MILFORD—Zelda: A Biography, *Harper & Row*

LEWIS MUMFORD—The Myth of the Machine: The Pentagon of Power, *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*

KENNETH REXROTH—The Alternative Society, Essays from the Other World, *Herder and Herder*

FRANCIS STEEGMULLER—Cocteau, *Atlantic/Little, Brown*

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LLOYD ALEXANDER—The Marvelous Misadventures of Sebastian, *E. P. Dutton*

VERA AND BILL CLEAVER—Grover (Illus. by Frederic Marvin), *J. B. Lippincott*

PAULA FOX—Blowfish Live in the Sea, *Bradbury Press*

ARNOLD LOBEL—Frog and Toad Are Friends (Illus. by the author), *Harper & Row*

E. B. WHITE—The Trumpet of the Swan (Illus. by Edward Frascino), *Harper & Row*

FICTION

SAUL BELLOW—Mr. Sammler's Planet, *Viking Press*

JAMES DICKEY—Deliverance, *Houghton Mifflin*

SHIRLEY HAZZARD—The Bay of Noon, *Atlantic/Little, Brown*

JOHN UPDIKE—Bech: A Book, *Alfred A. Knopf*

EUDORA WELTY—Losing Battles, *Random House*

HISTORY & BIOGRAPHY

JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS—Roosevelt: The Soldier of Freedom, *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*

DAVID DONALD—Charles Sumner and the Rights of Man, *Alfred A. Knopf*

ANDY LOGAN—Against the Evidence: The Becker-Rosenthal Affair, *McCall Publishing Company*

DUMAS MALONE—Jefferson the President: First Term, 1801-1805, *Little, Brown*

C. L. SULZBERGER—The Last of the Giants, *Macmillan*

POETRY

GREGORY CORSO—Elegiac Feelings American, *New Directions*

W. S. MERWIN—Carrier of Ladders, *Atheneum*

MARK STRAND—Darker, *Atheneum*

MAY SWENSON—Iconographs, *Scribners*

MONA VAN DUYN—To See, To Take, *Atheneum*

THE SCIENCES

GUSTAV ECKSTEIN—The Body Has a Head, *Harper & Row*

VICTOR FERKISS—Technological Man: The Myth and the Reality, *George Braziller*

IAN L. McHARG—Design with Nature, *Natural History Press*

THEODOR ROSEBURY—Life on Man, *Viking Press*

RAYMOND PHINEAS STEARNS—Science in the British Colonies of America, *University of Illinois Press*

TRANSLATION

JOSEPH BARNES—The Fierce and Beautiful World, Stories by Andrei Platonov, *E. P. Dutton*

RICHARD HOWARD—Professional Secrets, An Autobiography of Jean Cocteau (Drawn, from his lifetime writings, by Robert Phelps), *Farrar, Straus & Giroux*

FRANK JONES—Saint Joan of the Stockyards by Bertolt Brecht, *Indiana University Press*

GREGORY RABASSA—One Hundred Years of Solitude by Gabriel García Márquez, *Harper & Row*

EDWARD G. SEIDENSTICKER—The Sound of the Mountain by Yasunari Kawabata, *Alfred A. Knopf*

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The judgment of posterity is not all it is cracked up to be. "Novella" was written four years before Goethe's death and is a didactic tale, of considerable rococo elegance, about Man and Nature. The translations of both works are simple and natural, with the result that what is beautiful in German is also beautiful in English. Because of Mr. Auden's preference for the mature Goethe over the youthful one, he was perhaps the wrong man to do the introduction to this book.

GENERAL

Lenin's Childhood, by Isaac Deutscher (Oxford). This short book was the beginning of a long one—a biography of Lenin that the author did not live to complete. It is careful, thorough, and deeply affecting, because its tragic hero—Lenin's father, Ilya Ulyanov—was a gifted, hard-working, and wholly admirable man. The Ulyanov family, Mr. Deutscher says, may or may not have been Tatars or Kalmucks, and may or may not have been serfs, but when Ilya was born they were indubitably very poor. With help from an older brother, the young man worked his way through Kazan University, where, in 1854, he began to teach. Later, he became a civil servant—an inspector of education for the vast province of Simbirsk. For more than thirty years before and after the emancipation of the serfs by Alexander II, in 1861, Ilya dedicated himself to the education of the serfs' children. He died at the age of fifty-five, shortly after the reactionary and repressive program of Alexander III began to affect his work. Mr. Deutscher tells about Lenin's brilliant older brother Alexander—the whole family, by the way, was intellectually exceptional—who was also a victim of this Russian thaw-then-freeze pattern. With the renascence of autocracy, Alexander Ulyanov was persuaded to take part in a plot to assassinate the Czar, for which he was hanged in 1887, at the age of twenty-one. Despite these bereavements, young Vladimir Ulyanov, the future Lenin, achieved all the academic distinction imaginable; he was preparing for his university entrance exams during his brother's trial and on the day of his execution. In the youngster's self-control Mr. Deutscher sees an inheritance from his strong-willed mother and an omen of his future greatness.

Americans and Chinese: Purpose and Fulfillment in Great Civilizations, by Francis L. K. Hsu (Natural History Press). The author is an anthropologist who was born in China, did graduate work in England and the United States as well as field work in China, and has been teaching here—a perhaps unique set of competences for writing this book. Professor Hsu is not addressing himself to anything as simple as Sino-American political relations; he has set himself the profounder task of comparing two civilizations that he knows intimately. He demonstrates their radical dissimilarities and the advantages and disadvantages of each with a lucid, calm, down-to-earth approach. His language is simple and free of professional jargon, and, using these cultures to criticize each other, he illuminates both. Though Professor Hsu writes with professional exactness and scientific restraint, his personality comes through—an acute, sensitive thinker and a man of very good will. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

Note: Atheneum has published "Selected Poems," by Howard Moss. Many of them originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Fools in Town Are on Our Side, by Ross Thomas (Morrow). Mr. Thomas has proved that he has the skill and the ingenuity and the humor and the information that are necessary to the construction of a good suspense story, and he has special gifts of his own—a quick, flexible style and the ability to build his characters fast—but more and more he is slipping into the pure sensationalism that in his case can only be the refuge of an overworked imagination. His present story, a supertangle of American espionage agents abroad and American criminals and crime-fighters at home, is so soggy with blood and torture and sexual exhibitionism that only the most slavishly devoted fan will read it all the way through.

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is divine.**

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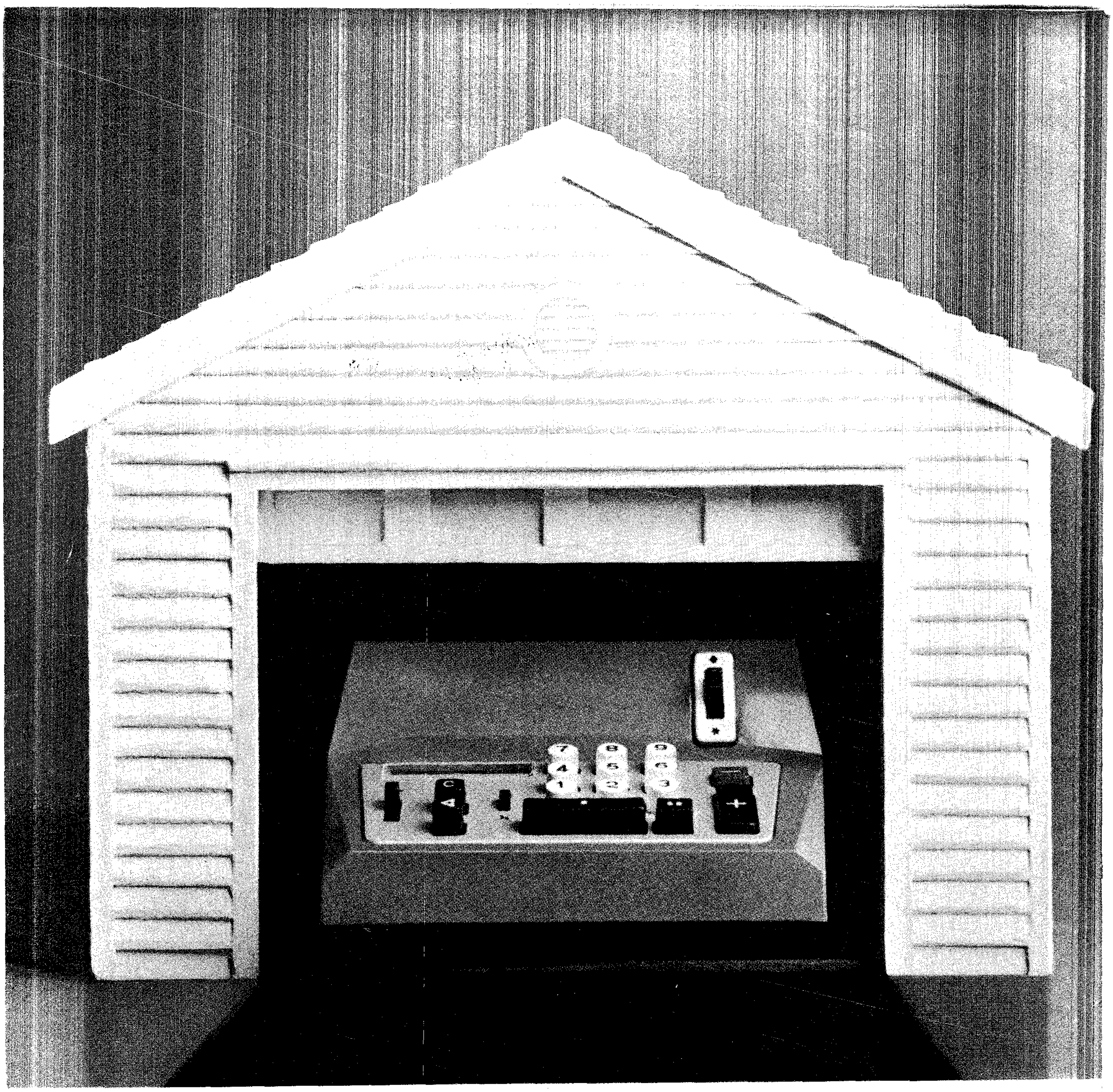

The souped-up adding machine.

The Quanta Electric, Olivetti's new, high-powered model—think of it as a car. It's competitive with anything on the road.

Like a Ferrari it can go from zero to a hundred in a split second.

It's made for extra mileage. 99 out of 100 Quantas purchased in the last 9 years are still in use.

It needs less repair and we can prove it. It can be serviced anywhere in the world. If you've got a phone, you've got a serviceman.

It's low-priced. Like a Volkswagen. Only pretty. 99.50*. With options, 109.50 and 129.50*.

Like a Volvo, a Swedish accountant can't ride it too hard (even at tax time). It has a metal interior and a crash helmet body. It's a machine with drive.

The Quanta has push-button clearance, two-tone printing, simplified dashboard controls, two-shift multiplication and is easy to park.

When you're ready to trade your Quanta, it will bring you a resale price only a Cadillac can match proportionately.

Now stop thinking of the Quanta as a great car and see it for what it is—the most souped-up adding machine in the world.

Look for your local Olivetti dealer in the Yellow Pages under Adding Machines.

olivetti

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*OLIVETTI CORPORATION OF AMERICA SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES.